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THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF THE LATE

REV. PHILIP SKELTON,

RECTOR OF FINTONA, &c. &c.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

BURDY'S LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

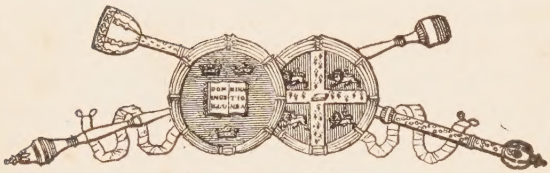
EDITED BY THE

REV. ROB$^{T.}$ LYNAM, A. M.

ASSISTANT CHAPLAIN TO THE MAGDALEN HOSPITAL.

IN SIX VOLUMES:

VOL. V.



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SEVERAL ESSAYS;

AND

JUVENILIA:

CONSISTING OF

TRUTH IN A MASK,

&c. &c.

Farrago Libelli.——Juv.

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TO THE

REV. DR. HENRY CLARKE.

Dear Sir,

You will be greatly surprised, but I hope, not so much offended, at the sight of this letter, first read in print. To account for a thing so odd, I readily confess, it was my vanity alone, that prompted me to speak to you through the press, in the sight and hearing of mankind. I was resolved the world should know, that you had been my tutor, and friend, for a long course of years; not more my tutor in College, than since in the revisal of my poor performances, which, defective as they still are, must have appeared to much greater disadvantage, had they not passed through your hands; and not less my friend, in your severest animadversions on them, than in the long-continued and cordial kindness, wherewith you have treated me on every occasion. With you, and amidst your very amiable relations, I have tasted the sweets of social life, in as high perfection, as polite learning, unreserved openness and freedom, and a gaiety, tempered by good sense, decorum, and virtue, could give them. That which crowned all, and exalted my pleasure at Clonfekle into happiness, was an inviolable integrity of heart, which places you and yours among the foremost rank of my acquaintances, who, if I mistake not, are, in that respect, the first of mankind. To a society, so engaging, and to friendships, that did me so much honour, I could bring no contribution, but a cheerfulness and honesty, like your own, and a heart filled with gratitude and affection. Accept my thanks, dear Sir, and pardon that vanity which would tell th world, that Dr. Clarke hath been my friend, without the possibility of a view to serve himself of me in any one particular. Here I plume myself indeed, for they who know him, are sensible he is no prodigal of his friendship; nor can they assign an

instance of his having misplaced it, if not on me. In some measure, to save you, dear Sir, even that imputation, I am grateful; indeed I am; and write this, purely because the greatness of your spirit, and the nothingness of my power, permit me to give no better proof of it.

Can you, worthy Sir, forgive my thus dragging you out from a retirement, too long affected, into public notice? Can you forgive my bringing you into a crowd, only that I may shew myself near you, though it is but to shoulder you? Can you forgive my pride in vaunting the wealth I have drawn from your coffers, so liberally opened to me, and a few others, while they were concealed from the rest of mankind, not more by their envy at, than by your contempt for, your own funds? If you can do this, and relieve me from my fears of offending in the very act, whereby I would testify my esteem and love, you will add considerably to the happiness of,

Dear and worthy Sir,

Your ever grateful, faithful,

And affectionate friend,

PHIL. SKELTON.

SOME NEW

REASONS FOR INOCULATION.

Some years ago, the small-pox carried off a prodigious number of young people at Lisburn in the province of Ulster, where I then happened to be. One day with another, seven were observed to die of this shocking disorder, during a considerable part of the summer, in this town alone, wherein, I believe, there are not more than one thousand five hundred or one thousand six hundred souls. Of two hundred children that had been inoculated in that town and its environs, two only had died. About six in ten of those who took it in the natural way, were lost in spite of all the care and skill of the physicians, although all the children of the place, whether intended for inoculation, or not, were equally dieted, purged, and prepared for the attack.

Let the physicians judge now, whence arose so great a difference of event between those who were naturally, and those who were artificially infected. For my part, I could assign no other cause for this, but the supposition of a natural crisis in every constitution, happening earlier in one, and later in another, whereby the blood and other juices of the human body are disposed to receive this particular infection. If the infection is obtruded, whether naturally, or artifically, on the constitution, at the time of the crisis, then, if I am not much deceived, the disorder is taken, in the utmost degree of severity and malignity, wherewith the particular constitution seized, is capable of being infected, the constitution at that critical time, as it were inviting the contagion, and forwarding its rise, in the course of the distemper, with its proper pabulum, till the whole mass of humours is as thoroughly corrupted, and the symptomatic fever as highly exalted, as they can pos-

sibly be in this or that constitution engaged. Observe, I only say, as thoroughly, and as highly, for some who are seized with this disorder naturally and critically, have it very favourably, because no critical disposition can carry the infection, in its utmost force, into a constitution otherwise inept and indisposed thereto, or rather into a constitution, which, although in part critically provided with the pabulum of the disorder, is also, in part, provided with a natural medicine or antidote, which resists its progress. It must, I should think, be owing to something of this nature, that children of the same parents, nearly of the same age, perhaps twins, and dieted in the same house, and on the same sort of food, should be affected so very differently with this disorder. Be this as it will, give me leave to pursue my conjectures a little farther. It is my humble opinion, that should a young person be inoculated at the precise time, when he is critically disposed to receive the infection, he almost runs as great a hazard in regard to his senses, or his life, as he could have done, had he received it in the natural way. Hence some who are inoculated, die. But then, in case of inoculation, there is, at least, a hundred to one, that the patient is inoculated before or after the crisis, that is, when his constitution is more or less disposed to resist the infection, and consequently receives, when it is forced upon him, but the third, the sixth, perhaps, only the tenth part of its malignity. The patient who would have sunk under the disorder, had he, by a critical disposition to it, taken it entire, having received only a small share of the infection, with a constitutional indisposition to it, plays with it as a slight complaint, wherein there is little sickness, and far less danger, absolutely none of ever taking it again; for this infection cannot be repeated on the same person, the pabulum of the distemper having been so eradicated in the first admission and the ensuing discharge, that there is none left to carry the taint anew into the mass of blood. It is true a nurse who formerly had the small-pox, has sometimes a pustule or two arising on her breast or arms, while she suckles a child in the disorder; but nobody calls this the small-pox, because she never sickens, nor do those pustules appear on any part of her body, but such as had been in immediate contact

with the patient. Note, that the pabulum of this distemper, whatever it may be, is no otherwise morbific, than as it is fitted to admit and encourage this particular infection, so that the ejection thereof wholly or in part, is not in any other respect, conducive to the health or duration of the constitution. I am farther strengthened as to the validity of these conjectures, by a common observation, that in a numerous family of children, the small-pox at one time seizes two or three only, and not the rest, who play, who feed, who lie with the infected. But some two or three years afterward, when the contagion prevails again, they who were spared on the former occasion, are now attacked, perhaps destroyed. It may be said, perhaps, that the former infection was of a weaker kind, than the latter. With me this is of little weight, because it as often happens that the first was the more mortal of the two, not only throughout the neighbourhood, but in the very family, from whence I take the state of my observation.

What I have here said on the small-pox, I extend to all epidemic fevers, the measles, the plague, the yellow, the spotted fevers, &c. which, when very destructive, ought, on my principles, to be inoculated, as well as the disorder in question. Nay, it is my opinion, they will be inoculated, as soon as necessity shall have opened the eyes of mankind, as it did the eyes of a Turkish bashaw, who, it is said, successfully inoculated the plague; and as soon too as the physicians shall have found out a right method of conveying the respective infections. By my conjectures on the leading fact, stated as above, it would seem to follow, that peparation for inoculation is not necessary. Not so necessary, I confess, as hath been imagined, but still very useful, and therefore by no means to be neglected. Every disorder incident to the human body, is more or less mitigated by a right and sound state of the humours, to which purging and a well-judged regimen may, no doubt, contribute somewhat, although by no means so much as a light and wholesome diet from infancy upward, together with a good air, and continual exercise, seldom pushed to a profuse sweat.

And now that my subject naturally leads me to that of temperance, give me leave to say, as a clergyman, that al-

though the small-pox, and other infectious disorders, are each of them, 'sui generis,' and but little connected, if at all with other disorders, as might be made appear by innumerable experiments, yet all of them are considerably connected with the state of the constitution. Here temperance, that is, the use in sufficient quantities of light and wholesome food, appears to be no less calculated for health as a physical regimen, than for virtue, as the prescription of Christianity. It is equally well fitted either to guard against, to subdue, or to mitigate, all kinds of bodily disorders; or those of the mind. Infidelity, and her natural daughter intemperance, are more lucrative friends to the faculty than is commonly imagined. Christianity, if once thoroughly tried, will be found, that universal remedy which hath been so anxiously and so unsuccessfully sought after every where, but in that obvious, yet almost obsolete receipt-book—I mean the Bible.

The physical part of this letter I do most humbly submit to its proper judges, the gentlemen of the faculty; in some feeble hopes, that this additional reason for inoculation may augment the frequency of that most useful practice; the religious or moral part of it, I submit only to experiment, which if the public will not make, much good may its ill health and vices do the public.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF

A WELL OR POOL

IN THE COUNTY OF MONAGHAN,

FAMOUS FOR CURING THE JAUNDICE.

About three easy miles from Clones, on the way from thence to Monaghan, and very near the road, is the pool, or well, as the country people call it, of Grallibois, wherein great numbers have bathed for the jaundice, and been cured, from time immemorial (to my certain knowledge for more than forty years), after trying all other methods recommended by their friends and physicians, but in vain. There is not a year, wherein cures enough are not performed here to give this water a vogue, superior to all other remedies in this disorder, had it never been resorted to before. People of all ranks and conditions, and under all circumstances and stages of the disorder, excepting such as are far gone in a black jaundice, come hither extremely ill, and go away in a few days perfectly well. The notoriety of what I here assert is so established throughout the whole country for twenty miles round, and to a much greater distance, among the acquaintances of such as have come from other countries to be cured, that it is wholly needless to assign particular instances. A very great number have fallen within my own knowledge, and some, of persons who were growing black. So far humanity obliges me to vouch the benefit of repairing to this pool.

I hope the physicians will allow me to speak from the same principle, when I attempt to carry its effects a little farther on this subject. To do so, I must give a particular

account of the water itself, and the method of cure, which have somewhat in them extremely curious, and almost incredible.

This pool, which is not over a foot and a half in depth, and not more than four or five feet over, is situated within three feet of a rivulet, from whence it borrows all its water by a short inlet or gut of two or three yards, and by a soakage from a mill-race, flowing entirely from the same rivulet, and running along the side of a hill, about eight or ten feet higher than the well. This latter supply however is very inconsiderable. Passing this way in June 1769, with a very sensible young gentleman, we stopped to make observations on this pool; and having smelt and tasted the water both of the rivulet and well, with all the accuracy we were masters of, we had reason to judge them precisely the same water to all sensible evidence, and likewise the same with common river water. Not satisfied with this trial, which might have deceived us, we carefully shut out all influx from the rivulet, and from the adjacent ground, and then caused the pool to be emptied to the last drop, whereby we perceived, that here is absolutely no spring, nor a single drop of any fluid arising from within the cavity itself. Yet all the people, who live in the neighbourhood of this pool, declare the water of this rivulet to be as incapable of curing the jaundice, either above or below the pool, as any other water. They insist, it hath been tried, and found ineffectual. Their report of this trial however is to me very doubtful and improbable, as the method of cure by the water of this pool hath somewhat so uncommon, and apparently dangerous in it, that I can hardly think any patient in his senses, having come to the spot, would risk his life, merely for an experiment, when he might as well use the water, vouched by every body there to be safe and sanative, as that which they all must have declared to be useless. The reader will judge of this, when I acquaint him with the method of cure, which is this.

The patient, stripped to the shirt or shift, sits down in the pool, and some body heaves the water of the pool upon his or her head, and all over the body. Thus thoroughly wet, the patient, still keeping on the wet linen, is again clothed, but tears off a rag of his clothes, no matter from

what part of them, and ties it on an Alder-tree, which grows very near to the pool, then is carried off to some house in the neighbourhood, put to bed, sweats profusely without any farther medicines or means made use of for that purpose, and finds himself prodigiously relieved as to all the symptoms of his disorder, and calls impatiently for food. To perfect his cure he repeats this method a second and a third time, and fails not to go away perfectly sound and well; so well, that I have never heard it said, the disorder returned. I forgot to tell the reader, he need not repeat the ceremony of the rag, the Alder or the genius of the pool, being always content with one offering of this kind from each patient.

Here is all I know concerning the facts, but only, that forty years ago, I was told, some stranger, acquainted with the method of cure, but not with the pool, nor the ragged Alder, had thrice bathed, in the manner above-mentioned, at some other part of this rivulet, or in a larger river, into which this little stream discharges itself, not two hundred yards below the pool; and was perfectly cured. The oldest people who live near the pool, declared to me, they never heard of any such patient or cure; and the report appears very improbable, as every one, coming from a distance, would be careful to inquire for the right place to bathe in, and as hardly any one would be so cruel, as to give him wrong directions in a matter so hazardous as to his life.

As I lay no great stress on the qualities of this water, applied but superficially to the skin, and prevented from penetrating through the absorbent vessels into the blood or habit, by the great and almost immediate diaphoresis which ensues; I am very much inclined to an opinion, that the cure is owing to the method, not any peculiar virtue in the water, and in short that any other water so applied, would work the same sort of cure; and I am the more confirmed in this opinion, because, in dry weather, this rivulet does not bring with it the fortieth part of the water, which is passed by it in time of heavy rains. Yet in all seasons of the year, and be the quantity of water more or less, out of which the pool is supplied, the method of cure equally succeeds, and consequently the cure cannot depend on

any peculiar virtue in this water, since, supposing such a virtue, it must be greatly diluted in rainy weather, and often forty times weaker, than after a continuance of fair weather. You must therefore either attribute the cure to a supernatural power, as the common Irish do, who shew you the mark of St. Patrick's knee in a large stone on one side of the well, or to method only. The monks, in the darker ages of the church, took infinite pains to furnish themselves with nostrums, especially for unaccountable disorders, and with methods of cure, as like miracles as possible. Hence their carmina or charms for epilepsies; and especially for all disorders accompanied with a flatulency, which they applied along with the nostrum, giving the whole credit of the cure to the charm, that it might seem a miracle, but allowing the nostrum, however, to carry the appellation of carminative. It was their common practice to give a locality to their method of cure, when bathing or drinking a particular mineral water, was chiefly depended on, by affixing their miracle to a certain well, and drawing the diseased from all parts to that well; where, after all, nothing could be done without masses, charms, amulets; nor they obtained, without stated taxes paid to the attendant priests. It is very probable Gralliboi owes its vogue to this sort of pious fraud, and the cures it performs merely to a method which might succeed as well with any other sort of water. Nothing could be better chosen than this pool, to improve a natural cure into a miracle, as it is evident, the pool hath no water of its own, nor can, with any colour of reason, be supposed to impart the sanative virtue in an instant to the water of the rivulet, and as instantaneously to withdraw it again, when that water regorges into the stream. A medicine, or method of cure is apt to abate the credit of a miracle, supposed to be wrought with it, as necessary to the success; but the oddity and seeming danger of this method, with the rag-offering, were very well fitted to parry the supposition of a natural or mechanical effect. I am convinced also by the repeated experiments made at this pool, on persons as susceptible of colds as any whatsoever, that there is little or no danger of taking cold by the process mentioned, absolutely none, of taking any other cold, than what is instantly

thrown off by the plentiful perspiration ensuing. Not one of the patients, who have gone through with this extraordinary method of cure, ever complains of the slightest cold in consequence of it, no more than the Laplanders, Labradors, nor some of our northern Irish, who still retain the custom, complain of colds in consequence of a contrary practice, much more likely to obstruct both sensible and insensible perspiration, that, I mean, of sitting in a stove, till they are almost dissolved in sweat, and rushing from that immediately into the coldest water, or a deep drift of snow. But these things, whether matter of theory or practice, I submit wholly to the judgment of those gentlemen, whom much study, and long experience have taught to reason on medical subjects with incomparably more ability and accuracy, than I can pretend to, I at the same time submit it, whether or no the trial, so often made with success at Gralliboi, may not be safely made with other water, and on the encouragement of so many incontestable facts in that which, I am pretty sure, is but common water, with very good prospect of benefit. All I dare insist on is, that the facts in this narrative, are incontestably and notoriously true, and that any physician may have full satisfaction of their truth at the place, either by going thither to inquire into it, or by sending his jaundiced patient to the pool.

I am sensible, it will be objected, that in case the liver should be considerably obstructed by a schirrus, or should be affected by even a recent ulceration, or should produce the bilious juice in too great abundance, or of a morbid disposition, no cure can possibly be hoped for a jaundice, proceeding from any such causes, be the means made use of what they will. To this I can say nothing, but that among so many thousands, cured at this pool, it would be too bold an assertion to say, that not one of them had his liver affected with any of the ailments, just now mentioned. It is rather highly probable, that many, or most of them, actually had, and carried off this bowel in good enough order, be the amendment as unaccountable as you please to suppose. It is not easy to assign a greater absurdity in any branch of knowledge, than that among medical writers of condemning and casting medicines, long ap-

proved in practice, because they can find in them no sensible qualities, answerable to the sanative effects ascribed to them by former physicians. Allow this criterion, and you shall deny, that opium can alleviate pain, mercury salivate, crocus metallorum puke, or Peruvian bark do any service in intermitting fevers or gangrenes. There is nothing in these drugs to promise our senses the extraordinary effects they produce, nor in the odd sort of a cold bath at Gralliboi to heal a distempered liver, or cure the jaundice; yet that it actually does the one is not to be contested, and therefore, that it does the other, is a point too probable to be given up on a mere assertion, that obstructions, schirruses, indurations, ulcers of the liver, are incurable, at least by the Gralliboi process.

N. B. Grally or gralliagh signifies pool or puddle, and bois or boi, yellow, in Irish.

AN

ACCOUNT OF LOUGH DERG,

IN A

LETTER

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND

THE

LORD BISHOP OF CLOGHER.

My Lord,

Your curiosity concerning Lough Derg, and the penances performed at that place, is the same, and likely to be gratified, if I may be allowed so to say, in much the same manner, with that of other Protestants, who actually go thither. They at the peril of every bone, pass over a rocky mountain, to view that, which once seen, is found not worth the seeing; and your lordship, through this tedious and rugged detail, in order to be informed of certain particulars, either not worth the knowing, or known to the reproach of human nature. But till they are known, it is not to be believed, that such a noise could have been made at a distance by matters so extremely trifling. Yet, howsoever insignificant they may be in themselves, as they bear some analogy to religion; as for three or four centuries they have been much talked of in the world; and as they still draw together annually in that remote part of your lordship's diocess not less than four thousand persons, it undoubtedly concerns your lordship to know the cause of this concourse, what is there done, and what is the scene of action, on the part of the priests, or of suffering on that of their deluded people.

In the county of Donnegal, at the distance of four miles from Lough Earn, and in the midst of mountains and mo-

rasses, extending every way to a considerable distance, there is a very fine lake, in ancient times called Lough Fin, or White Lake, but for several ages past, called Lough Derg, or Red Lake. This piece of water is about a mile and a half in breadth, and somewhat more in length, spangled here and there with small rocky or heathy islands. In the largest of these, still called the Island of Saints, are the ruins of a small well-built chapel, at which the penances were, some ages ago, performed. But that island standing too near the shore, the penitents often stole in at nights, the water being there but shallow, without paying for waftage.

On this account it was that the penitential scene was shifted to another island, somewhat more central. To this latter, from the beginning of May until about the middle of August, every year, the penitents resort from all parts of Ireland (as in old times they did from most parts of Europe) to expiate their sins. This they do in obedience to their confessors, who may enjoin them any other penance at discretion, to be performed nearer home. The number therefore of the pilgrims who take this tour, depends more on the friendship of distant priests to the prior of Lough Derg, than on the opinion of superior efficacy in this particular expiation. However, to keep up that opinion, and give a countenance to the lucrative practice, founded on it, the priests frequently, the titular bishops sometimes, and now and then a romanist of some fashion, appear among the penitents. The rest are all of the poorer sort, to the number of three or four thousand every year. Of these the greater part are only proxies for wealthier people, who at a small expense in cash thus discharge their sins through the feet and knees of their indigent neighbours.——As soon as a pilgrim hath arrived at the summit of a neighbouring mountain, from whence the holy lake is to be seen, he, or she, is obliged to uncover both head and feet, for all is holy from sight to sight, thus to walk to the water side, and thence at the expense of sixpence, to be wafted into the island. On this are erected two chapels, and fifteen other houses, all thatched, for the accommodation of the priests and penitents. Formerly the poor penitents had little other covering than the sky; but as this proved mortal to some of them, and consequently detrimental to the views of the

priests, sufficient shelter is now provided. In these houses there are several confessionals, so contrived that the priest cannot see the person who disburdens his conscience. Each pilgrim on landing here, is confessed anew, and enjoined a longer or shorter station (so the performance of this penance is called) according to the quality of his sins, his leisure, or the judgment of his confessor. He subsists on oatmeal, sometimes made into bread, and on water, during his stay in the island, which lasts three, six, or nine days, as the station is more or less extended. Thus, bare at both ends, and half starved, his body pays for the tricks it hath played on his soul. The more delicate however are a little indulged in point of food and covering. This article of suffering is not a little aggravated by the sight of cold meat and wine, given by the priests to such protestant gentry as come hither out of curiosity.

To have a right idea of that part of the penance I am going to mention, your lordship must first be told, there are seven little heaps of rude stone, with each of them a cross at top, about five or six yards from one another; at a couple of yards distance from each is a circular row of the like stones, not above a yard in height drawn round the central heap, with a little gap or passage on one side. The pilgrim is obliged to foot it, without shoes or stockings, nine times round the outside of each row on a path consisting of very rough and sharp stones, and must by no means pick his steps, for this would hinder the emission of his sins at the soals of his feet, their proper outlet, and besides might divert his attention from the Ave Marias and Pater Nosters, whereof he is to mumble a certain number, letting fall a bead at each, as he circulates, for on the holy string depends the arithmetic of a devotion, which hath number, but no weight. These heaps and rows are, for what reason I know not, called, the beads of so many celebrated saints in the Roman calendar. When this is over, and the penitent's conscience and pocket, are called to a fresh account, for, every day, sometimes more than once a day, he confesses and pays sixpence, he is sent to traverse on his bare knees, and on stones as sharp as before, the shorter path within each row, and round the little heap, nine times repeating over and dropping beads, as at first.

This done he continues kneeling before the central cross, repeating and dropping, till his account is out, at the end of which he kisses the cross, and his knees make holy-day. It is not, till all this is over, that he is admitted into purgatory; but to conceive a right idea of this penance, your lordship should be told what purgatory is. You have heard and read a great deal of this in various writers, and may possibly have seen what Matthew Paris says of it, on the subject of Lough Derg, through twelve folio pages. But though the Romanists are at liberty to romance on a place of their own contrivance, as they think fit, I must assure you, my lord, purgatory (for I saw it) is nothing more, than two parallel rows of pretty large stones, set upright at the distance of scarcely three feet, with others as large, laid over, and altogether forming a kind of narrow vault, of not more than four feet elevation, pervious here and there to the light, not of burning brimstone, but of the sun, for purgatory is rather above, than under ground. This vault is only so long as to hold twelve penitents at once, who sit close to one another in a row, with their chins almost touching their knees, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, for the space of twenty-four hours, repeating and dropping as above. To prevent, in this situation, the danger of a nap, each penitent is armed with a long pin, more poignant it seems, than conscience herself, to be suddenly inserted into the elbow of his next neighbour at the first approach of a nod. But not to depend wholly on either, the priest hath inserted into his mind an article of faith, more stimulating than even the pin, namely, that if any one penitent should fall asleep in purgatory, the devil thereby acquires a plenary right to the whole covey, having already swept away two, and having a prophecy in his favour, that he shall get a third. It is therefore a clear case, that holy as this place is, the devil is always hovering about it.

Nothing farther, at least so highly deserving remark, as the former very important particulars, occurs at present, unless it is, that they sometimes add an extraordinary exposure or two in cases uncommonly criminal, such as setting the delinquents to roost on the beams that go across the chapels, with their busts sticking through the broken places in the thatch; and here the women are often placed

as well as the men, while the congregation is beneath employed in prayer.

The sufferings hitherto mentioned do not carry off the whole mass of sins. Some are forced out through the feet, some through the knees, but the remainder is so softened and loosened, that a good wash is sufficient to scower them away. In order to this, the penitent is placed on a flat stone in the lake, where, standing in the water, up to his breast or chin, according to his stature, and repeating and dropping, to I know not what amount, he is reduced to the innocence of an infant just christened.—When all is over, the priest bores a gimlet hole through the pilgrim's staff, near the top, in which he fastens a cross peg, gives him as many holy pebbles out of the lake, as he cares to carry away, for amulets to be presented to his friends, and so dismisses him an object of veneration to all other Papists, not thus initiated, who no sooner see the pilgrim's cross in his hand, than they kneel down to ask his blessing.—They here shew a bass relief of Keeronagh, the devil's mother, rudely done on a coinstone of one of the chapels, a figure somewhat resembling that of a wolf, with a monstrous long tail and a forked tongue.—It seems this infernal princess, allured, we may believe, by the coolness of the element, took up her habitation in this lake in the third generation after Phin-Macool (when he lived every slender chronologer knows as well as I), and from thence sallying out every day, devoured great numbers of the inhabitants here and there throughout the neighbouring countries. But at length the poor people brought her to terms, not very untoward, considering who she was, namely, to abstain from her customary depredations, on the condition of having one annual victim chosen out by lot, placed on the top of a mountain about three miles from the lake, from whence, such was the force of her suction, she drew him into her mouth, and at one gulp swallowed him. Connon, the grandson of Phin-Macool, that is, of the great Irish hero, voluntarily undertook to be the victim, was drawn in, and cut his way out at her broad-side. So great a quantity of blood followed him through the aperture, that the whole lake looked red, and was ever since sirnamed Derg. But as she had been accustomed to breakfast on burning brimstone, so great was

the heat of her maw, that his suit of armour was melted off, and all his hair and skin singed away, from which time he was always called Connon Muil, that is, Connon the bald or hairless.

One may see here also on a rude altar of stone the bones of a man, who had vowed the pilgrimage; but finding himself on the entrance of another to the next world, and not furnished with means of carrying his bones with him, ordered them to the place of designation in his vow, where they have continued doing penance for his soul, during a long succession of years.

Your lordship may perhaps look on the account of the devil's mother, &c. as a little legendary. However, it passes current enough with the generality of our devotees, and is nothing to a variety of particulars gravely detailed by Matthew Paris, in the body of his history, on the affidavit of a very pious pilgrim, who swore that, at Lough Derg, he had passed through the purgatory of the dead, seen innumerable souls in torment, was plunged into the mouth of hell, escaped, had a conference with two departed saints at the gate of paradise, and then returned into this world. All this, with a horrid list of particulars, continued an indisputable truth, from Matthew's time, down to the Reformation.

Whether this narrative should have been given in a tragic or comic style; or should excite tears or laughter, is wholly submitted to the state of spirits your lordship shall happen to be in when it shall arrive from

Your lordship's

Most obliged, most obedient, &c.

VALLIS LONGIVADA;[a]

SIVE

MEDITATIONES POETICÆ.

ALLUSIO.

Haud procul Ergaliis,[b] quæ nunc cecidere ruinis,
Atque ubi cum gregibus pastores pascua carpunt,
Qualia caprinis nunquam tribuere Pelasgi,
Qualia nec poterant Itali præbere suillis,
Continui montes viridantia culmina tollunt,
Solis et antrorsum radiis Australibus ardent.
Hic celsos inter colles torrente revulsos,
Vallis hiulca patet, curvisque anfractibus ægrè
Pandit iter luci sinuosum, in viscera montis.
Torrens ille ruens convallem permeat imam,
Quem Phœbum versus de stagno despuit Arctos.
Hinc, illinc, pendet scopulus, vultuque verendo
Terret et oblectat pariter spectantis ocellos.
Extat in immensum hinc sublato vertice rupes,
Pronaque in adversum jam jam ruitura videtur:
Inde recessuræ similis, perterrita cautes,
Pene supinata facie fugit illa retrorsum.
Culmina dum fremitu resonant prærupta minaci,
Dum rabiosa cient insani prælia venti,
Et sursum vires luctantia flamina tentant;
Alta quies infra est, et pacatissimus aer.
Murmura vix imum penetrant moribunda recessum.
Gaudeat excelso, quem non deterruit, inde
Præcipitem lapsu conspergere saxa cruore;

[a] Anglice, Longford's Glen.

[b] Juxta vicum non ita magnum, qui hodie Clogherensis nuncupatur, civitas olim erat, nomine, Ergal, necnon palatium cujusdam Reguli Ultoniensis, cujus posterioris vix extat memoria. Saxum autem, (Hibernice Clogh) in cæmeterio, antiquum sane, sed illiteratum, dat nomen nunc temporis vico, sedique Episcopali.

Elatumque caput summa inter nubila condat,
Quisquis in extentum librat vestigia funem.
Me, quem delectat subsellia tuta prementem,
Atque metu vacuum, placidæ indulgere quieti,
Pone sub immotæ recubantem tegmine rupis,
O qui perpetuam cœlis largire quietem.
Cespite muscoso, viridi vel stratus in herba,
Supremum curis dicam, mundoque, valete.
Hic tibi mens, Genitor venerande, sibique vacabit,
Hinc atque hinc rigido lapidum circumdata vallo,
Blanditias toto prohibebit pectore sensûs,
Teque, verende parens, solum captura patebit.
Ut nihil hinc liquidi est nisi cœli tecta videri,
Sic te, te tantum, cœlorum, sentiet, author.
Hoc mihi distendens animum mentemque silentûm,
Numinis ingenti complebit pectora sensu,
Suppeditante loco specimen mirabile visu,
Immensi ex nihilo facti, meditantibus, orbis;
Nec minus hæc sedes exponet inania vitæ,
Signa parans rebus, justoque emblemate pingens.
Nubila sublimes circum fluitantia rupes,
Ambitione mala magnatum more tumescunt.
Nunc Boreæ cedunt flabris, nunc flatibus Austri,
Obsequio facili varias imitantia formas;
Dumque colore, vapor, nunc hoc, nunc pingitur illo,
Furtivos radios, et lumina non sua jactant.
Albida nunc rident, et multa luce coruscant,
Temperiem, claros et promittentia soles;
Nunc facie nigrent torva, vultuque minaci
Intentant furibunda graves, rapidasque procellas.
En radiant fulgore vago, velut æmula solis!
Authoremque sui nebula splendoris obumbrant!
En sublime petunt correpta per æthera cœlum,
Despiciuntque procul planata cacumina montis!
En iterum detrusa ruunt, et desuper imis
Vallibus irriguos condunt lachrymantia luctus.
Nunc, ubi volvebant moles, quis monstrat inanes?
Quis loca, quis sedes, quis nunc vestigia monstrat?[c]
Nubis ad exemplum sic transit gloria mundi.[d]
Defluit exiguus juxta sine nomine rivus.

[c] Psal. xxxvii. 10. xlix. 10. [d] Sapientia, ii. 4.

Montibus hic siccis parca profunditur urna;
Diluvium, nimbis tumidus, devolvit aquarum.
Non auri quamvis rutilantes versat arenas,
Me tamen egregiis opibus ditabit, et amne,
Ut speculo, sortem locupletis pinget iniquam;
Divitiasque docens contemnere, munera menti,
Dum monitis ausculto catis, donabit opima.
Haurit enim stagnis latisque paludibus undas,
Limpida nec luteis distinguit flumina, captans,
Et quodcunque venit, nec non quocunque colore.
Accipiens alveo collectas undique sordes,
Præcipitique vorans disjectos æthere nimbos,
Turget, et exundans ripas supereminet udas.
Vix tamen illuviem cœnosæ tempora spumæ
Jactandi præbentur aquis; cum desuper ecce!
Dejicit in præceps tumidum cataracta fluentum.
Dum sonitu lapsus plangit gemebundus, eodem
Et sonitu torrens spumantes intonat iras.
Dum fremit indignans, rauco resonatque fragore,
Indignante fremens scopulus simul ore remugit,
Dum terit obstantes, tenditque refringere rupes,
Irritus illidit solidis, et disjicit undas.
Attamen haud semper lapsu procumbit inulto;
Est ubi convellit prærupti fragmina secum
Montis, et impingens immania pondera sylvis,
Obruit umbrosas sonitu crepitante ruinas.
Opprimit, aspergit, conterritat omnia casu,
Diffugiente fera attonita, scopuloque tremente.
Cum semel attigerit locapræceps infima vallis,
Paulatim rabies desævit, et ira quiescit.
Vix exauditur sonitus, vix spuma videtur;
Murmure vix querulo saxis sua damna susurrat.
Deinde tenebroso sinuantes tramite cursus
Obtegit unda pudens, tacitas et permeat umbras;
Donec ab aëriis arcentur tractibus imbres,
Et siccata palus renuit lutulenta tributa;
Tum redit in sese purgatus, et influit arvis
Rivus, et illimis florentia prata revisit.
Præteriens mihi me reflectit bulla pusillum;
Et generis nostri, casus, variosque labores,
Atque pericla necis, rapidæque negotia vitæ,

Ante oculos ponit, liquida fingitque tabella.
Bulla refert hominem fragilem, flatuque tumentem.
Spuma levis plebs est; minimarum constat acervo;
Hæc, simul, est aliquid, separatim, singula nil est;
Amnis ut exagitat, nunc huc, nunc fluctuat illuc.
Sunt et patriciæ sublato vertice bullæ,
Infra quæ positum despectant mobile vulgus;
Non tamen immotum figit fundamen et ipsas;
Flamine nam leni tremulum quatit aura tumorem;
Tempore turbato superat plebs, nobilis almo.
Altior insurgit nunc hæc, nunc altior illa,
Principis et ritu proceres supereminet omnes.
Destruit hæc alias, alieno turgida vento,
Tollit et aeriam spoliis piratica molem;
Insidet illa aliis, totis dominata catervis,
Et capite erecto, graviter substantibus instat.
Una perit nimii sub pondere pressa liquoris,
Attenuata nimis perit altera, carcere rupto,
Efflataque anima tenui dispergitur aura.
Hac pereunte, statim tumefacta supervenit illa,
Perpetuoque novæ nascuntur in ordine bullæ.
Rara diu durat, variis exposta periclis;
Plurima veloci succumbens occidit ævo;
Confligunt aliis aliæ, superantque vicissim,
Cummunique omnes circumglomerantur in amne.
Hic sese vacuo recipit mens fessa recessu,
Congressuque Dei, curis resoluta, suique,
Gaudet, inire vices sacri sermonis avetque.
Cuncta premunt voces, et muta silentia præstant,
Acsi colloquio vellent taciturna favere.
Pectoris ergo mei quæcunque quiescite turbæ,
Ambitus, invidiæ, scelerate libidinis æstus,
Nummorumque sitis, pacique inimicior ira.
Conticuere soni ventorum; contice tuque,
Mens mea, præscriptis auscultatura verendis.
Astat enim Numen, nec dedignabitur ultro,
Si piget errati, blandis sermonibus aures
Demulcere, habitans humili cum pectore, quanquam*
Degit in æterno, super æthera, vertice cœli,

* Isa. lvii. 15.

Luce suaque latet, condens penetralia flammis,[f]
Exteriusque domum nimbis et nubibus atris;[g]
Unde subinde ruunt rutilantia tela tonantis,
Queis trepidant homines, tellus, cœlique columnæ.[h]
Ecce Deus fatur venerabilis! audiat orbis.[i]
Non tonat horrificus, scopulos nec flamine frangit,
Voce sed exigua proponit dicta trementi.[k]
Omnis homo gramen, periturus graminis instar.[l]
Bis periturus olim, ni retro citissime vitam
Retrahat, et vitii taminatam labe vetusta,
Mordicus et geminæ pascentem semina mortis.
Ad vitam fortes vestigia vertite rectam.
Heu pereo misere! quis me servabit utraque?
Et necis et vitæ ad me pertinet exitus unum.[m]
Flagitium mortis fons est, et origo malorum.[n]
In te flagitium mactato, et vivito semper.[o]
Oh! quantum vellem! nequeo tamen ipse. *Sed ecce,*
Omnia qui possum, curabo hoc te quoque posse.[p]
Spiritus omnipotens a me descendet, et intus
Velle tuo foto, veterem mactare docebit,
Inque novam vitam, cœli lumenque renasci.[q]
Hæc Nati precibus tribuo, natique cruori.[r]
Ne dubites solum; mecum tua fœdera serves.
Continuo invigiles, votisque innitere crebris.[s]
Quis me mundabit sceleris pædore prioris?
Huc ades, expandit lateris de fonte lavacrum
Christus, et ex anima purgabit sanguine cœnum,[t]
Sicut aquis sordes purgantur de cute rivi
Illius, ante oculos juxtim de monte fluentis.
Præcipitem quid me, et titubantem margine mortis
Fulciet, aut sceleris sinuosa indagine solvet?
Robur ego, columenque tuum, cautesque salutis,[u]
Dono tibi in miseros animum mentemque tenellam,[v]
In vitii illecebras irritamentaque, quernam.
Stat pro te scopulus ventorum flamina ridens:
Haud secus insidias sceleris ridebis et hamos.
Quid trepidas? cœli dominus corroborat intus,

[f] 1 Tim. vi. 16.
[g] Exod. xix. Psal. xcvii. 2.
[h] Job xxvi. 11.
[i] Isa. i. 2.
[k] 1 Regum xix. 12.
[l] Isa. xl. 6.
[m] Prov. lxviii. 20.
[n] Rom. v. 12.
[o] Rom. viii. 13.
[p] 2 Cor. xii. 19.
[q] Prov. v. 17. Eph. iv. 24.
[r] Heb. vii. 25. x. 19.
[s] Matt. xxvi. 41.
[t] Zech. xiii. 1.
[u] Psal. xviii. 2. 31.
[v] Ezek. xi. 19.

Tutaque te circum muri munimina figit.[x]
Impetus in fidos mundi carnisque fatiscit.
Incassum aggreditur fidos antiquus et hostis.
Te gere victorem ; promittitur ecce corona,
Et cito cantabis festiva voce triumphum.
Gaudet in immensum, sacro mens acta tumultu.
Efferor ex memet, in te, Deus optime, raptus.
Exardens animo, sublimibus erigor alis
Justorum in patriam, divina fronte serenam.
Perpetis hic matrix, hic incunabula vitæ ;
Hic amor accensus cerni est, et amoris imago,
Grati animi speculo ad vivum benefacta reflectens.
Luminis immensi fons hic prorumpit in ævum,
Cui nihil est densum, cui nulla opponitur umbra,
Quem calor æquævus passu comitatur eodem.
Et calor et lumen radio sociantur in uno ;
Lumine dirigitur virtus, stimulata calore ;
Hoc candet virtus, vitiumque extinguitur illo.
Mens mea persolvit grates, quod sentit utrumque.
O Pater omnipotens, solis sermonibus orta
Quanta tuis extant, et quot systemata rerum,
Sparsa per immensos spatii et radiantia campos !
Ex illis manant, et sustentantur ab illis.
Præ reliquis atomus levis est hic terreus orbis.
Si tamen aspicias, fugiunt, seseque recondunt
Primævi in nihili spatioso gurgite sorpta.[y]
Dicis et existunt, vultu pereuntque reverso.[z]
O Pater omnipotens, tua me pensata potestas
Territat, attonitum verbique tonitrua justi
Percutiunt animum, diras minitante reatu.
Haud tamen injussus voco te Dominumque Patremque,
Quem miseret servi, puerique extrema timentis,
Cui placet apprime perfracti victima cordis,[a]
Quo spondente, scelus fuerit dubitare nefandum.
Spes igitur vires animi concepta fovebit,
Et, cum spe fota, resonantia carmina surgent.
Omnia quantumvis tua tanta potentia possit,
Et cœlo et terris non est qui sistere dextram
Aut valet, aut demens, tibi dicere, quid facis, audet ;[b]

[x] Jerem. xv. 20. [y] Apocal. xx. 11. [z] Psal. civ. 30, 31.
[a] Psal. li. 17. [b] Dan. iv. 35.

Non minus immensa est bonitas tua, quæ patet omni
Humano generi, quamvis in peccata ruenti.
Et mihi presertim, vitiorum mole coacto,
Cum gemitu, cunctos me præcessisse fateri
Delictis; hortare tamen sperare salutem.
Spero equidem, et plausu geminato gaudia testor.
Alme parens hominum, de te nec lingua silebit,
Nec deerit linguæ succensi pectoris æstus.
Dummodo, rejectis vitiis, resipiscimus ultro,
Te semper faciles, et condonare paratos,
Sentimus revocare animos. Tu pendis amorem
Pro noxis, fragili, et creto pulvere terræ.
Quid tibi pro precibus, meritis et sanguine reddam,
O prognate Deo, a flammis animaque redemta?
Ah pudet! at lætor, pro me ludibria, sputum,
Et colophos passum, te profudisse cruorem;
Te mutasse chori cælestis carmina probris
Pro me, criminibus nil præter dura merentem.
Horreat ergo novis, iterum te figere cruci,
Mens mea, terrifici trepidans formidine facti;
Atque malum potius patienter ferre paretur,
More tuo facili, quam compar reddere cuiquam;
Aut etiam infestis dubitet benefacta referre.
At mihi deciduo cælestis spiritus adsis,
Atque animam dono fragilem septemplice fulci,
Quo minus, ob pronos in pristina crimina lapsus,
Me Pater iratus merito exaudire recuset,
Nec pro me precibus vellet certare Redemptor.
Tu vitæ vita es, virtus virtutis et ipsa.
Tute animos animas, hominemque ad sidera tollis.
Ne patiare meam telluri inserpere mentem,
Sed pietate graves ad cœlos erige sensus,
Afflatuque novo da vitam ducere veram,
Qua per sponsorem summo cum judice pax sit.
Conscius haud pridem sceleris, nunc inscius idem,
Lætor, et auctorem mutatæ sortis adoro.
Ut mea fervescunt sacris præcordia flammis,
Fidelique animo pignus retinetur amoris,
Clara per ingentes ibunt præconia montes;
Atque, domus si non, resonabunt lustra ferarum.
Omnia plena Deo, sint omnia carmine plena,

Æterni laudes totum resonante per orbem.
Plaudite Lucicolam, radiantia lumina solis;
Numinis atque manum ductantis plaudite, stellæ.
Fulmina, terribili sonitu memorate potentem;
Judicio celerem furibundi dicite venti.
Vos, genus humanum, miserantem dicite sontis.
Vos, chorus ætherius, sursum cantate benignum.
Vos quoque tartarei, sociis ululatibus æquum
Proclamate Deum, diris in faucibus orci.
Inferni tonitru threnis, et murmure rauco,
Concentus resoni gemebundum reddite bassum.
Omnia quæ in cœlis, terris, pontoque profundo,
Hic, procul, et passim, nomen dispergite magnum.
Omne quod intus habet mea mens, et lingua, manusque,
Collaudate Deum, pariter magnumque, bonumque.
Parce pater misero mihi, peccatumque remitte.
Christe, preces placeat geminatas fundere pro me.
Spiritus interna mentem virtute foveto.
Gloria in æternum, cœlo, terraque, TRIUNI.

A CURIOUS

PRODUCTION OF NATURE,

OBSERVED NEAR MONAGHAN, IN THE YEARS 1737—40.

PUBLISHED SOME TIME AFTER

IN THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

In the beginning of May 1737, the warmest season that any body now alive remembers to have felt in Ireland, the cornel-trees, of which, in the plantations of Monaghan there were about a hundred, appeared almost covered with small caterpillars, of a dirty green or mouse colour, for the greater part, though some, considerably larger than the rest, were yellow. These worms, were employed partly in feeding on the leaves of the cornel, which was their only food, and partly in crawling, with a very swift motion for a worm, over the bark of the tree. As they crawled, they left each a fine thread scarcely visible to the naked eye upon the bark. These threads being almost infinitely multiplied by the inconceivable numbers of worms employed in the work, formed a silken web, as white as snow, glossy, and strong beyond the proportion of its thickness. In this web, the threads are not interwoven, they only cohere by the glutinous quality of the matter from whence they are extracted. By the end of May there was not a leaf to be seen on any of the cornels, except a few reserved for a very curious purpose, which I shall mention presently; but the worms, in the room of the green clothing of which they had robbed these trees, gave them one of white, so entire that it covered the whole bark, from the ground to the points of the slenderest twigs, and of so pure and so glossy a colour, that the whole tree shewed in the sun, as if it were cased

in burnished silver. The web was so strong, that if one disengaged it from the tree near the root, one might have stripped it at one pull, from the trunk to the branches, and even the very twigs. As soon as the worms had covered all the cornel trees, they removed from thence, and covered all the ash, beech, lime, crab-tree, and weeds that stood near them, with the same, but a thinner kind of workmanship.

The reader may desire to know how they travelled from one tree to another. Many of them crawled along the ground, and over every thing in the way, still leaving a thread behind them, and dispatching part of their business, as they went towards a more convenient surface to finish the rest on. But I did really imagine, some of them took an easier and more ingenious way. I have found many of them hanging by their own threads from the highest and most extended branches of the cornel. While they were in this situation, a gentle puff of wind might, by exciting a pendulous motion, waft them to the next tree. This seems to be the method, by which those very minute spiders, whose threads are made visible by the drops of water adhering to them in a foggy morning, transport themselves from one bush to another, though destitute of wings, nay, and sometimes across roads and rivulets.

As these worms seemed neither then, nor afterward, to make use of these webs, thus left on the bark of the trees; I take it for granted, they only wrought them to rid themselves of that glutinous mass, out of which they were drawn, and which nature producing in greater quantities than were necessary for the wrapping and stowing the worm in its crysalis state, prompted the creature to work it off the best way it could. The method it took for this purpose was admirable. It fastened its thread to some little eminence on the bark; and choosing, for the greater convenience of crawling, that even surface, kept continually in a brisk motion, till its troublesome burden was discharged. I was for awhile greatly at a loss for the reason of its removing from its native tree, and spinning abroad upon the neighbouring ones. But it is possible the web might have grown too bright for its eyes, or too smooth for its feet, before its whole burden was exhausted; and so it might for

this reason have been obliged to spin out the remainder elsewhere.

About the beginning of June, the worms retired to rest, and their manner of preparing for, and executing this, was very ingenious and curious. Some of them chose the under sides of the branches, where they spring from the trunk, that they might be the better defended from the water, which, in a shower, flowing down the bark of the tree, is parted by the branches, and sent off on each side. There they drew their threads across the angle made by the trunk and branch, and crossing those with other threads, in a great variety of directions, formed a strong tegument on the outside. Within this they laid themselves along among the threads, and rolling their bodies round, spun themselves into little hammocks of their own web, which being suspended by the transverse threads, they did not press each other in the least. That they might stow the closer, they lay parallel to each other, and in the nicest order imaginable. Others still more ingenious than these, fastened their threads to the edges of certain leaves, which, no doubt, they had saved from their stomachs for this purpose, and with that slender cordage pulling in the extremity of the leaves, drew them into a kind of purse, in the inside of which they formed the same kind of work, and laid themselves up in the same manner as above. By this method they saved themselves a labour, which the rest were at the expense of, for the leaf served them very well for an outward defence against the weather.

These worms laid themselves up in their chrysalis state, in great numbers together, probably because they might help to keep each other warm, while nature was preparing for the great change, or in order to confine some subtile vapour issuing from their bodies, which was necessary to their reviviscence, and which had been easily dissipated had they not lain close together, and caught it from one another.

Between the worm thus laid up, and the hammock in which it was enclosed, a tough and pliant shell of a dark brown colour was found. This I take to have been formed by the perspiration, or some other cutaneous effluvia issuing from the worm, which, being stopped by the close tex-

ture of the hammock, consolidated and made the interior covering of this delicate creature. As the worms themselves were of a colour inclining to a dark brown, this superficial tincture seems to have been entirely purged off into the shell. For

After the worms had continued in this state during the whole month of June, whether they gnawed their way through the ends of their shells and hammocks, or that exit was prepared for them by some corrosive matter oozing from their mouths, I know not, but they came out almost all in the space of one morning, the most beautiful fly or moth my eyes ever beheld. Its shape was extremely elegant; its head, upper wings, body, legs, and antennæ, were of the purest white, and glittered as if they were clothed with some shining kind of substance. I rubbed some of this off, and upon viewing it in a microscope, found it looked like small cones of polished silver, or down cut into bits extremely small and pointed. The upper wings were regularly studded with black spots, and extended themselves somewhat farther than its tail. The under wings, which were a little shorter, were of a duskish colour, and prettily fringed at the extremities. This lovely work of nature seemed, after its resurrection, to have no dependence on material food. The cornel had recovered a new set of leaves by the time the fly appeared, but it never touched them; and those that came out in my room, lived as long there as the rest, which enjoyed the open air, and the tree on which they were bred. If they did feed, it must have been on some other adventurer of the air, too minute to be visible. Those that were confined in my room, discharged a small drop of brown liquor, in which I suppose their eggs were contained; but as they were not deposited in a proper receptacle or matrix, they did not produce worms the next season. As the cornel-tree is the peculiar habitation of the worm and fly, and supplies the former with food in its leaves, so it is certainly the only nurse of the egg. It is likely the eggs were discharged into the little apertures about the buds, where they might most conveniently be nourished, by the return of that genial juice or spirit, with which the cornel is by nature fitted to cherish and raise them into life. The flies seemed to be of the most delicate

nature in respect to heat and cold. The former they could bear with difficulty, the latter not at all. Scarce any of them survived the 1st of August. They loved rest, and did not care to flutter much about. While they were yet in their chrysalis state, I brought great lumps of them to my room, and those which happened to be bruised in pulling them from the trees, produced flies distorted, either in the wings, or other parts; but this distortion generally wore off in a little time, and the pretty creature recovered its natural elegance of shape.

The place where these cornel trees stand, is surrounded by steep hills, and sheltered beside with a very thick plantation. This was certainly no inconsiderable help to the prodigious increase of this puny and delicate creature. I verily believe, both an unusual warmth of air, and a deep shade were equally necessary to it, for I observed that those cornels that stood more exposed to the cool air and sun, abounded less with worms than the rest.

In the beginning of May, 1738, the worms began again, in prodigious numbers, to work; and having covered some trees, they were stopped, and most of them destroyed by the foul weather that followed.

In 1739 they appeared in small numbers, and much shrunk in their size; they wrought only sufficient covering for themselves.

They appeared again last year, but it was plain the great frost had destroyed most of their eggs, and checked the growth of those that escaped, for there were very few of them to be seen, and twelve of them were scarcely as large as one in May, 1737.

It may be asked, how these creatures came to be bred on these trees, and what occasioned the prodigious increase of them at that time? I can only offer conjectures by way of solution to these queries. I hope however they will not seem improbable; but rather help to clear up these difficulties, and at the same time carry our eyes a little farther into nature, than merely what concerns this species of insects.

There is not an animal, nor a vegetable, that may not be considered as a little world, in respect to the habitation and nourishment it affords to certain insects peculiar to

itself. The scheme of life begins in vegetation, and wherever on the earth, or in the water, nature is able to produce vegetables, she always obliges them to pay for their elemental nourishment to certain insects, animals, or fishes, which she billets on them. These again are forced to refund to others, and to diet, and lodge, each of them, a set of living creatures, assigned them by the universal scheme of things.

This traffic in life, this just community in nature, which suffers nothing to subsist merely for itself, is found not only every where on the face of the earth, but also in all lakes, pools, rivers, and in the ocean. By microscopes we discover a prodigious variety of little creatures in the water, all feeding either on the floating vegetables, which that element in a state of stagnation produces, or on one another. As to the sea in particular, we know only what happens about the shores where we see vegetables of various kinds, on which a like variety of insects are bred and nourished. These, with a prodigious number of others bred in the mud, become the prey of the smaller kind of fishes, and they again of the greater. That this scheme of nature, found every where else, dives also into the depths of the ocean, may appear probable both from the wise frugality of nature, which hath a useful end in every thing, and besides, rejoices in filling the world with life and motion; and from the wonderful kinds of fishes (some of them partaking of a human shape) which are now and then washed up by violent storms from the deeper waters, or happen to pursue their prey from the low-lands of the ocean, to the higher grounds at the shores.

Franciscus Redi, in his curious and learned treatise concerning the generation of insects, hath not only refuted the foolish notion of equivocal generation, but also hath shewn us, that each animal and vegetable hath its own peculiar insects to maintain; and Eleazar Albin, in his collection of various caterpillars, and the butterflies into which they are changed, hath given us a beautiful demonstration, from above a hundred instances, that each species hath its own proper plant, to which it is by nature necessarily adapted, and on which only it can feed, and live any time.

The cornel now is the plant, on which alone this species

of caterpillars, of which we have been speaking, can be propagated and fed. As is the case throughout the whole vegetable world, in regard to the respective insect of every plant; the specific qualities with which the juices of this tree are impregnated, fit it for the support of this, and perhaps no other worm. The chymists tell us, that in the essential oil consists the peculiar and distinguishing qualities of a plant. If so it is, then it follows, that the insect of each plant is furnished with such organs either of manducation, or digestion, as enable it to extract better than the nicest chymist, the essential oil of its own plant, in which consists that nutritive specialty by which it is fitted to become its peculiar food.

As to the question, how this plant came to receive the eggs of this fly, it may be answered that it received them just as all other plants come by the eggs of their own flies. Before such trees are removed from the neighbourhood of those from whence they sprung, they receive sufficient colonies from those already peopled, and so carry off a stock, which they extend again to their suckers; and it is probable that no single plant is destitute of its own insect; because the flies of every plant have continual access to their own plants, and no doubt are prompted either by the sight or smell, or some other quality, of their native vegetable, which is congenial to them, to propagate their kind upon them. And as this act is probably attended with some degree of pleasure, it keeps them continually busy in the work of impregnating the proper plant.

So much may suffice to shew how this tree came to be peopled by this kind of insect.

I will now assign such conjectural reasons as have occurred to me for the extraordinary increase of this insect in 1737.

The succession of seven or eight mild winters, which preceded May, 1737, might, by preserving their eggs, give occasion to the surprising increase of these worms at that time. And as they are one of the earliest kinds, the prodigious warm May of that year, so hatched their eggs for them, that they all came to perfection. Whereas the more common worms and flies that do not make their appearance, till later in the season, meeting with the sharp easterly

winds that blow during the months of July and August, were in a good measure destroyed; otherwise it is possible they too might have had an extraordinary increase that summer.

However I own this reason hath its objections, and doth not fully satisfy me. There is scarcely a year that is not remarkable for an extraordinary production of some one kind of insects and flies, when no colourable account can be assigned for it, from the known temperament of the year. Insects, as well as fevers, are epidemical, and probably depend, like them, upon a certain unknown constitution of the air. Nay, who knows, but all epidemic disorders are nothing else but prodigious flights of invisible flies, of which, each sort, according as the constitution of the year favours it, takes its turn to multiply from equally little worms, bred in putrid carcasses, especially after great battles; and being raised from thence into the air, are wafted, not only from one body to another, but also into distant countries. Sydenham, and if I forget not, others have observed that the season immediately preceding that in which the plague raged, abounded unusually with all sorts of flies; which shews at least, that the constitution of the air doth at those times greatly favour the production of those creatures. Besides, as the usual preservatives against infection, such as vinegar, tobacco, rue, wormwood, &c. are endued with very acrid and pungent particles, perhaps they defend us from the contagion no otherwise, than by stinging and killing the invisible flies, before they can lay their eggs.

Be this however as it will, it is certain, there is such a constitution as we have been speaking of, in respect both to distempers and insects. But whence this proceeds, whether from the sun alone, or from the joint influence of other planets, or the transudations of mineral vapours, or fermentation in the soil of the earth; and farther, whether this sort of climacterick in the seasons, be stational or casual, I leave the naturalist to judge. I only insist that such a temperies or crasis there is, which, running through all nature, doth at certain times, give more than ordinary energy to the prolific powers of such animals or plants, as are of nature congruous to such crasis.

This plainly appears to us in plants of all kinds, and in trees of all sorts and sizes, even excluding the consideration of warmer or colder, of drier or moister seasons, which only appear to have their share in this work. They frequently bear more blossoms and fruit in a bad, and less in a good season; nay, and that season which is favourable to one kind of vegetable, is prejudicial to another; which shews that every plant hath a specific vegetation of its own, and that there is something else concerned in the business, than mere warmth or moisture.

We may now proceed to lay it down for a rule, that the constitution of the year disposes the vegetative spirit, whether residing in the air, the earth, the water, or in all, to supply sometimes these, and sometimes those plants, with a greater or less proportion of aliment. By this means a greater quantity of that juice, which distinguishes the plant from all others, and enables it to feed its peculiar inhabitants, must necessarily be prepared, one year, than another; and, consequently, the eggs deposited in the cavities, or, perhaps, in the perspiratory pores of its bark, must be better cherished, and the worm more plentifully fed by the leaves, which, in such a year, contain greater abundance of the specific juice, and that too more perfectly elaborated. From hence it may be reasonable to rest in this conjecture, that the annual constitution being more indulgent to the vegetation of one plant than another, promotes the growth of this, which is of a similar, and checks the increase of that, which is of a dissimilar nature. The plants, thus differently supplied, supply their insects accordingly. Hence again it comes to pass, that, as many kinds of birds were almost totally destroyed by the great frost in 1739 and 1740, so, many species of insects, having been injured by some more delicate disposition of the air, or earth, which we can be no otherwise sensible of, seem almost extinct in one season, and swarm out again in another, as if there had been a new creation of them. One year the farmer complains of a worm, not known to him before, that destroys his corn; and the gardener does the same, in respect to another, that falls greedily on his roots, as if they were then just brought into being, to plague him, and waste the fruit of his labour. The African locusts come some years into

Spain, in such swarms, that they cover the face of the earth, and when they have devoured the whole herbage of the country, retire again to their own, or die, on a change of season, and do not revisit Spain, at least in such numbers, for many years. Not many years ago, a great part of Germany was afflicted with such clouds of these insects, coming from the east, as darkened the air, and devoured almost every thing that was green. Large orchards are, some years, suddenly stripped of all their leaves, by a prodigious increase of the apple-tree-worm; and whole groves of oaks have been served in the same manner, by the caterpillar peculiar to that tree.

If it be objected to this hypothesis of mine, that the tree ought to increase in size, and the insect in number, always at the same time, and in the same proportion, whereas the contrary is plain from experience, I readily confess, that the cornel trees have not yet recovered the check they received from the prodigious increase of their worms in 1737; but I do not think this fact bears upon my hypothesis. The prodigious number of eggs, hatched by the vegetative spirit of the tree, must have greatly exhausted that spirit; and then the worms coming out in the beginning of May, before the year's growth was well begun, and devouring all its leaves, nay, and gnawing even the tender ends of the shoots, could not but greatly injure it, and check its growth, especially as it was at the expense of a second set of leaves, the same summer. Had it not been for this drawback, it may be not unreasonable to conclude, that the cornel might have made extraordinary advances that season.

I have now finished what I had to say upon this surprising subject, at which some gentlemen, stupidly important, may laugh, as at an affair not worthy of so much notice, or so many words. But for my part, who admire not merely the bulk, but the excellence of an object, I can find sufficient reason, in this little worm, to adore the wisdom and power of that God, who hath displayed those attributes as gloriously in the minutest insects, as in the whale or elephant.

SOME

OBSERVATIONS

ON A LATE

RESIGNATION.

When in the year 1747 I carried over to London the Dialogues, which make the first volume in this edition of my works, I had inserted in the last a pretty large encomium on Mr. Whiston, then alive, as on an honest man, who had voluntarily given up his collegiate emoluments, not conscientiously tenable on the footing of subscriptions, and declarations, contrary to his afterward-adopted principles. With this encomium I had contrasted the conduct of those established clergymen, some of them then arrived to the highest preferments in the church by solemn subscriptions to her articles, and solemn declarations of their unfeigned assent and consent to all and every thing contained in the book of common prayer, repeated at every stage of their advancement; who nevertheless had, all along, laboured in conversation, in the pulpit, and through the press, not only to represent those subscriptions and declarations as an iniquitous and pernicious tyranny in the imposers, and as marks of slavery and servility in the subscribers; but had also done their utmost to persuade mankind, that the fundamental principles of religion, which they themselves had so often subscribed to, and declared for, were absurd and unscriptural doctrines.

had not, however, been many days in England, ere I was made sensible of my mistake, in regard to Mr. Whiston, who, I found, had been removed from his professorship, &c. by a university prosecution, after a very strenuous defence on his part, and the utmost struggle to retain his emoluments.

That, which I then intended, but could not execute, for

want of a single clergyman known in either England or Ireland, who was justly entitled to that particular honour, I wished to do to one who forfeits his bread for his conscience; the Reverend Mr. Robertson, by resigning his benefice of Rathvilly in the diocess of Leighlin and Ferns, hath furnished me with a fair occasion of doing.

That this gentleman is possessed of talents, equal to any of those who have hitherto declared for, and opposed, our articles and liturgy; nay, and that, in regard to fine conception and expression, he is much their superior, will, I think, hardly be questioned by a reader of taste and judgment. Strongly attached as I was to principles, the very reverse of his, and deeply as I abhorred the practice of subscribing, and writing against that very subscription; I was nevertheless charmed with the ingenuity of his Attempt, &c. a book, as agreeably written, as any thing on so dry a subject, and as judiciously, as any thing on his side of the question, can be. That his understanding hath outgone those of all the other clerical writers in the same cause, is now made too evident by his resignation, to be at all questioned. They had sense enough to make objections, to nibble and double between their scruples and subscriptions; but not one of them had the force of understanding to see as clearly, as he did, the extreme inconsistence between declaring an unfeigned assent to principles of religion, which their consciences kicked at with all the reluctance of such consciences.

The honesty of Mr. Robertson in his resignation, which we must ascribe to a sound conscience, and an ingenuous heart, governed by an uncommon understanding, (yet how minute is that understanding which cannot make an honest man!) ought indeed to be an object of love and esteem to every man, and must be, to every honest man. Having sacrificed his bread, and all the views of preferment, which a man of his extraordinary merit might have reasonably entertained, to his conscience; in what circumstances he is at present, I know not; but too much reason there is to fear, that he is not a little distressed. The clergy of his party before his resignation, so miserably attached to wealth, are not likely to support a man, who hath in the severest manner exposed their prevarication by his own

integrity. Of all the clergy, the orthodox alone, who are offended at his book, are the only ecclesiastics from whom an honorary contribution may be reasonably expected. Whether a mind, so high-pitched as Mr. Robertson's, would accept of aids in this channel, equivalent at least to the income of his late living, may be doubted; but sure I am it ought to be tried. Nothing could do us more honour, than an overture of this kind; and nothing is more agreeable to the principles we avow, if they are not, as our adversaries often loudly assert, a set of merely speculative principles. This paper will shew, that my heart in particular is as open to Mr. Robertson as to a beloved brother; and I am ready to prove by facts that my purse is equally open. As soon as I can learn his address, I shall make it my business to demonstrate both, in a more effectual way. But I am only one, and my finances are not great. It is for this reason, and to testify an ingenuous heart, that I thus call on my benevolent brethren to lend their assistance in an act of goodness, too apparent to require any farther enforcement.

As to Mr. Robertson's delicacy, it must be founded on as great a mistake, as some of his notions in matters of religion, if he thinks, a tribute, paid by the good sense and honesty of one man to the good sense and honesty of another, less honourable, than the revenues of the crown are to his majesty.

It is true, common honesty demands it of every man, circumstanced as Mr. Robertson was, to act as Mr. Robertson hath done; but (pardon me, reader, if it seems a blunder) when I lament it, that common honesty is become an uncommon thing, indeed little short of a rarity; and if tried and proved as in this case, ought to be admired and rewarded, like a sort of heroism. Mr. Robertson thinks in a manner, different from us, as to matters of religion. And do not we think in a manner different from him? But Mr. Robertson is an honest man; hath proved his right to this appellation at the expense of all he had, perhaps of all he hoped for some time ago in this life. He must therefore be applauded, beloved, and aided, by every one, conscious to himself of the like integrity. I know him not, but in his ingenious book, and in his more ingenuous resignation;

but I should think myself extremely happy, were he and I to pass the remainder of our days together. We should often argue, but never dispute. If we could not concur in one creed, we should, however, coalesce in one heart; and our differences in point of judgment would only serve to enliven the conversation of men, too like in dispositions, to be entertaining to each other, without some diversity in sentiment andopinion.

It hath been said, that his change of principles was owing to a perusal of the Candid Disquisitions. I can hardly think it; because Mr. Robertson's good understanding must have, previously to the publication of that work, made him a more able master of every point handled in it, than any of its authors were; and because he is of too open and ingenuous a heart, to be pleased with, to be either converted or perverted, by a book so covertly and so artfully written. At least, if this report is true, we must do him the justice to say, the disciple is a much honester man than his masters. Though they declare themselves to be, all or most of them, clergymen of the established church of England, the resignation of any one among them is yet unknown to the world, at this day, I believe, more than twenty years since their book appealed to the world against the archbishop of Canterbury, and other heads of the church, to whom it was but seemingly submitted in private, ere it was printed, in order to a farther reformation of the church, or, in plainer words, to an abolition of its most fundamental principles.

JUVENILIA:

CONTAINING

TRUTH IN A MASK.

——— Ades, et primi lege litoris oram.
VIRG. GEOR.

——————— Garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas. ——————
HOR.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JAMES,

LORD VISCOUNT CHARLEMONT.

My Lord,

Your Lordship may remember, that, during the short space of time in which I was charged with the care of your education, I asked and obtained leave to dedicate the following allusions to you: although for many and weighty reasons, which, in charity, I forbear to mention here, I chose to quit you so soon; yet, so far as you were considered, it was with the greatest regret I did it. As neither of us can justly charge the other with the cause of this separation, so give me leave to hope, that these little performances will not be less acceptable to you, on that account, especially as they are not presented with less good-will and esteem. As your Lordship, and every body else who knows me, are sensible I am very far from being a flatterer; and as I have not now the honour to be a relative to you in any sense, so, I hope, I should not be suspected of design or insincerity, though some of my sentiments, on this occasion, should be delivered in the usual style of dedications: that style, however, and the baseness of those who use it, as an instrument of their own designs, and an incentive to the vanity of their patrons, I, from my soul, abhor; and the public, to your honour, shall observe, that I, who know you, can, without the least fear of offending, address you in quite another manner.

That estate, that rank, and those natural endowments, which, in another dedication might be called yours, and much enlarged on to flatter your pride, on this occasion shall be called the property of your country, and of mankind, and be mentioned only to alarm you. Do not, my Lord, let any low, designing flatterer persuade you that such talents were absolutely bestowed on you by a wise and pro-

vident God. Do not listen to him; the wretch gapes at a reward for his detestable casuistry. I must insist on it, they were only deposited with you for the public use, and must be accounted for to the real owner. Infinite wisdom could never intend so much for the use of one man. No, my Lord, we have (I speak in behalf of the public, of which I make a part) a just right to the utmost improvement, and the best application you can possibly make, of all the aforementioned talents, particularly, the great abilities with which God hath enriched your mind, in comparison of which, we esteem your fortune and titles as trifles. My intention in speaking thus to you, is to apprize your country of the great things they have a right to expect from you; and you, of the mighty debt, which, in a few years, you must begin to discharge. It is happy for you, my Lord, that, to your excellent talents, God hath joined the most amiable dispositions, without the assistance of which, it is incomparably more difficult, for reason and principle, to govern a great than a little mind: yet, though good dispositions are qualified to reflect such lustre on great talents, and lend good principles such powerful succours, they may be, and often are, so unhappily turned, as totally to subdue the latter, and by that means fatally corrupt and pervert the former.

How amiably will your good nature adorn your title, if it humbles you to a prudent degree of condescension for persons in a lower rank! How happily will it help you to apply and enjoy your fortune, if it opens your heart with tenderness and generosity to proper objects! How gloriously will it employ your talents, if it attaches them to the service of your country, and the good of mankind! But, if it opens your ears to flatterers, and your affections to the followers of vicious pleasures, your great estate wont hinder you from being a beggar, nor your title from being the contempt of mankind, nor your fine talents from being styled a good-natured fool. It is true, there is no being either a good or an agreeable man, without good nature; yet so it happens, that more young gentlemen of rank and fortune are destroyed by that one good quality, than by all their bad ones put together.

The adviseable disposition with which you are blessed, will make the wisdom and goodness of all, who approach

you, your own, provided you can distinguish between the real and pretended friend, between the useful and agreeable advice. The art of doing this is highly necessary now, and will be more so every day; because people of your Lordship's rank seldom get a sight of real persons or things, and are doomed to be treated with mere appearances, during their whole lives.

As to persons, suspect those who comply with you in every thing, and seem to live only to give you pleasure; be assured they please you only for their own sakes, and self is the grand object that terminates their views in all the complaisance they shew you. Rather depend on him, who, on some occasions, where truth, and the duty of a friend, require it, disobliges, in order to set you right. Such a person, it is to be presumed, hath no eye to himself, no by-ends of his own. Be neither carried away by the seeming wisdom, with which one sort of advice may be inculcated; nor deceived by the artifice, with which another may be insinuated; but strip the substance of what is recommended to you of all its circumstances; maturely consider it in itself, and compare it with your duty, your honour, and your real interest on the occasion.

As to things, my Lord, you are sure to be greatly, perhaps fatally, deceived by them, if you do not examine them with candour, I should rather say, inspect into them with severity. They are seldom what they appear to be. All is not good, that pleases; nor all evil, that disgusts. Pleasure, and that of the lowest and grossest kind, is the quagmire, in which the wealthy heirs of this inactive and abandoned country generally plunge themselves, their fortunes, and their honours; it is the foul sink, in which they are carried down to contempt and destruction; it is a sand-bank, which, though covered itself by the water, is, nevertheless, rendered both infamous and formidable enough by the wrecks of a thousand great estates and families. Here floats an empty title; there flounders a sickly heir; in another place, fluctuate the shattered remains of a great fortune, that are already mortgaged to the bottom; in a fourth place, reputation is the sport of the winds; and the soul is sinking, at a vast distance, from all the aids of religion. May Heaven give you an early discernment in this matter,

and not leave you to the late tuition of time and experience!

I am the more emboldened to suggest such sentiments as these to you, and hope for success, the rather, because I have found in you a sound and clear judgment, a readiness to resign your inclinations to that, and the advice of your friends, and a firmness in the midst of artful solicitations, and severe trials, which few men are masters of. On these excellent gifts, and dispositions, I cannot help erecting the highest hopes, especially when I see a true love, and a deep sense of religion affording them the most solid foundation, and the most unerring direction. You have the honour and happiness, my Lord, to be descended from ancestors, eminently distinguished for true piety, and its inseparable effect, virtue. And it is a very sensible pleasure to your friends, that this glorious character of the family, infinitely outshining all its honours, is not likely to die in you. Let others, in this libertine and abandoned age, absurdly bend their principles to their vices; do you, my Lord, subdue the wild and degenerate part of your nature to the dictates of Divine wisdom. Consider what restrictions the reformation of your affections may require, rather than what indulgencies the gratification of them may plead for. Consider what principles are necessary to the preservation and well-being of society, and to the refinement of human nature, in order to its being exalted to a condition more commensurate to its wishes, and the dignity of its original frame and end. In the next place, candidly consider the Christian religion, as a history of facts, and you will find it true, and as a system of moral precepts, and you will find it excellent.

I have found, by experience, that the naked truth is displeasing to most people, and even shocking to many. I have, therefore, in the following allusions, given religious truth such a dress and mask, as may, perhaps, procure it admittance to a conference with some of its opposers and contemners. I have also led it out of the direct path, where the disingenuous never look for it; because they are afraid of finding it, that it may have an opportunity of meeting them in their own ways. It is also as necessary, that truth should thus go in search of many, who sincerely admire it, but are carried to a great distance from it, by the pursuit

of a counterfeit truth. Light seems, at least, to fall with greater brightness and power on our eyes, when reflected from a mirror, than in a direct beam. Reason, in like manner, strikes with more force at a rebound; and, what we can scarcely conceive, when applied directly to ourselves, we often suffer our minds to be convinced of, when set at a distance in somewhat else, in which our prejudices are not concerned. The passage to most men's minds is narrow and winding; and therefore those truths, that cannot be thrown in directly, must sometimes be insinuated by approaches, that do not seem to point too fully on them. Our blessed Saviour, who made the heart, knew the intricacy of its inlets, and entered it with wonderful address by his parables: his example alone is sufficient authority for the use of such performances; but whether the following allusions are in any sort or degree so executed, as to answer the end proposed by them, is humbly submitted to time, and the reader. I shall only here observe to your Lordship, that they cannot be understood, without a competent knowledge of church history, and a near acquaintance with the present reigning controversies in religion; and that as they are calculated for the perusal of the learned and judicious alone, so it is not hoped they will please many. Give me leave, however, to please myself with the imagination, that they will be received by your Lordship, as a testimony of the most sincere affection and esteem, from,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

And most obedient Servant,

PHILIP SKELTON.

Nov. 14, 1743.

JUVENILIA.

ALLUSION I.

A CATERPILLAR happening to spy a more convenient and inviting leaf, than that on which it crawled, advanced towards it, and being just upon the point to pass from the one to the other, was accosted by a fellow-worm, a citizen of the same leaf, in the following speech: 'Brother, beware of venturing from your present situation in quest of a better; I own that leaf you attempt seems to promise more tender food, sparkles with brighter drops of dew, and makes a loftier figure than this we live on. But then, the way thither is dangerous. Should you, in passing from hence to it, drop from the edge of either leaf, consider the height you are to fall from, consider the certain ruin and death you are to suffer, but above all, consider the loss you will sustain in never becoming a butterfly.' 'A butterfly (said the other), what is that?' 'It is the most beautiful kind of bird (said he), into which every caterpillar is by nature converted at a certain age.' 'What assurance can I have (said the travelling worm) that such a change shall happen to me, should I live to that age in which you say it always happens? for could I be well assured of it, I should be less willing to hazard my life for pleasure or promotion; the difference between one leaf and another being nothing in comparison with the happiness of becoming a bird.' 'You may be fully satisfied (replied the other) provided you can credit what I tell you, without a possibility of having any other interest in so doing, than the pleasure of preserving my friend and fellow-insect.

'I lived in a miserable ignorance of the happy change incident to caterpillars, till the rising of yesterday's sun, which no sooner began to shine upon us over the edge of that leaf to which you aspire, and which you know for some time throws its shadow upon ours, but I was surprised with the sight of a creature the most beautiful I had ever beheld, situated so near me, that I could view it to full

advantage, which, whilst I was doing with great amazement and pleasure, it told me that my astonishment at its figure and colour would be much increased, did I know that it was a creature of the same origin and kind with myself. Surely, it is impossible, said I, that a creature whose body is covered with such elegant down, and whose look is rendered so majestic by those tall and straight horns that shoot from your forehead, should have ever been in the odious and abject condition of a caterpillar. It is impossible, said I again, with a deep sigh, that so glorious a bird, whose wings rising to such a height from your back, discover such variety of colours so beautifully disposed, that the finest flowers, or even the most sparkling gems in the drops of dew, are scarce equal to them, should have any affinity with such a wretched crawling worm as I am.

'Be not so incredulous (answered the wonderful bird); it is but a short time since I found myself awaking out of a state little differing from that of death, and bursting a certain shell in which I had lain protected, I know not how long. I perceived I was hanging at the very same place to which I had fixed myself some time before, when a caterpillar. The wonder of this soon gave way to the greater pleasure and amazement that attended my transformation, which was infinitely increased upon my moving these wings, and finding I could pass with such expedition through the air. I no sooner knew my power, but I employed it in the gratification of my curiosity. I roamed from flower to flower, from tree to tree, and saw things impossible to be described by me, or conceived by you. Transported with the beauty, the magnificence, and variety of such objects, I spend my days in pleasures, as inexpressible as the wonders that excite them. My understanding is no less enlarged, than the means afforded to its improvement by these wings, with which, as I can transport myself in a moment to a greater distance than you can in many days; so with the like wonderful agility of mind, I can vary the objects of my contemplation, even while I remain fixed in the same place. Whilst my body can make such swift flights on these wings, I can, with the greatest ease and expedition, remove to the means of new delights, when cloyed with the old; or elude those dangers with unimaginable agility, which to the

slow-paced caterpillar, are unavoidable. But such is the activity of my thoughts, that they leave even these wings far behind, and make such noble sallies from myself, that I can foresee the dangers, and taste the delights of places, to which I am not yet arrived. Preserve thyself, my friend, concluded the lovely bird, for this happy state, to which, if thou be not wanting to thyself in care and prudence, nature shall one day bring thee.

'So saying he flapped his wings and rose into the air, farther than my eye could well attend him, and returned again, accompanied by several others, as beautiful as himself. They seemed to divert themselves by sporting with each other in the air, whilst the sun, methought, shone on their wings with more pleasure and lustre, than on all the works of nature. In hopes of becoming one of these, I am resolved to take all possible care to preserve my life, and not risk it for such enjoyments as caterpillars are capable of; and you, my dear friend, desist from your dangerous attempt. In the same delightful assurance of a happy transformation, so far despise the pleasures of your present reptile condition, as by no means to hazard those that are incomparably more desirable for them.'

Here he ceased, and the rash, adventurous caterpillar replied. 'For all this incredible tale, sir, I have only your word, which others, more easy of belief than me, may listen to, if they please; but for my part, I will choose those smaller enjoyments, which I see before me on that other leaf, because they are present and sensible, rather than abstain in distant hopes of higher delights, which I have only another's word for. Nature courts me to enjoyment, and I will not resist. As for you, you may take your own way, and distract the present moment, which alone you can command, with an idle and whimsical concern for the future, of which you have neither knowledge nor possession. But why do I trifle away my precious moments in this idle speculation? It is loss of time to consider how to spend it, when instinct is so ready both to prompt and to direct. Fare thee well, my friend; live thou in hopes, whilst I live in pleasures; and much good may thy gay, party-coloured wings do thee, when thou shalt have tucked them on, thou believing and obliging caterpillar.'

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With this he attempted the passage, but fell to the ground sorely bruised; which, together with the heat of the earth on which he lay, in a few moments put an end to the life of the poor incredulous worm. The other, pursuant to his resolution, lived careful of his life, fixed himself to a place pointed out to him by his winged adviser, and the next season changed his narrow shell for the wide range of the air, and the privilege of visiting a thousand fields, with all the sweets the spring and summer produce.

ALLUSION II.

On the bank of the Thames stood a young oak, which by the freshness of its bark, and the vigour of its shoots, proved itself sound and the soil strong; it gained upon the clouds by swift advances, and seemed to aspire towards heaven with a more exalted head than all the trees of the forest. Its upright stem that rose to a vast height, without any considerable branches, looked graceful in a calm, and waved majestic in the wind. Below, it was clothed with a plain and comely bark, nor wanted it above the ornaments of fair and goodly leaves. The birds seemed to rejoice in perching on its twigs; and as it raised them nearer to heaven than any other tree, seemed to sing their Maker's praise among its branches with peculiar delight. For this all other trees are said to have hated, and even its brother oaks to have envied it. To what noble heights it would have ascended is impossible to tell, had not one of its branches dissented from the stem, and carried off with it a great part of the strength that should have fed and aggrandized the head. It swelled and spread into variety of lesser ramifications, and seemed to set up for an independent tree. It was crooked and misshapen, and rather inflexible than strong. The owls perched upon its boughs, and the ravens nested among its branches. When the head of the tree perceived its pride, its dissenting and rebellious spirit, it ceased to shoot higher into the air, but spread above into large and shady branches, that took up a wide space, and afforded a secure shelter against storms, from which it pro-

tected even the rebellious branch that grew beneath. But so unreasonable was that ambitious and malecontent bough, that it broke forth at last, into the following bitter expostulation. 'O thou overgrown branch (for it would not call it head) with what assurance canst thou intercept the sun and the dew from me, who have an equal right to them with thyself? With what justice canst thou draw to thee all the sap and substance of those common roots, to which the several branches of the tree are equally entitled? Permit me, thou proud oppressor, to enjoy my natural rights. Is it because I am lowly-minded, and have placed myself in an humble station, that thou bearest thy head so far above me, and insultest me with the rain at second-hand? How much stronger had our tree been, how much more majestic had it appeared, hadst thou suffered me to mix with thee, and make one top of both. Our united strength and beauty had raised us far above all other trees, and made us queen of the forest. Then should the British oak have exceeded the cedar of Libanus; then should the Thames have reflected nobler shades in its clear and peaceful streams, than all the rivers of other lands, than the Rhone, the Elbe, or the Tiber. Cease then thy pride, and give me room to rise, or I shall gall thy sides, and join the thorn, and thy other enemies, to destroy thee.'

To this the oak's shady head replied, with a sigh that was heard through all the grove. 'Instead of answering thy speech, made up of complaints and insults, with that disdain which the lofty top might look down with on straggling and dissenting branches, I shall reason with thee as if thou wert my equal. Thou shalt see, that although I am high, I am not proud, as thou wouldst represent me; but willing to give thee an answer, although thy presumption, and the justice of my cause, might warrant my silence. First, thou takest it for granted that I am but thy fellow-branch, which, were it true, I ought to be allowed the precedence due to my birthright, as the elder branch. But I am the head of the tree, and it is thy own fault that thou art beneath, and not a part of the head. Why didst thou dissent from the main stem, before it had formed itself into a head? Was it thy humility? No, thou didst, for some time, vie in pre-eminence with me; and even now art only

discontented because thou art not upon a level with, or higher than me. If thou wert so very humble, why shouldest thou stomach the lowness of thy situation? Is it not of thy own choosing? Is it not suitable to that humility thou pretendest? Wouldst thou have two heads upon the same tree? No, I know thou wouldst not. It is thy ambition to oppress me, and rise alone thyself. Thou wouldest rather be the head of that low, that crooked and decrepit tree, thy designs, if successful, must make us, than be a part of it, stately as it is. Thou wouldst rather have us resemble that fir, which hath lost its main top, in the room of which one of its branches, before on a level with the rest, presumes to top it; than that other, which always shooting upwards, in a direct stem, riseth to such a height. How stunted, how distorted, how awkward is the first! How graceful, how majestic the latter! But supposing thou shouldst only aspire to an equality with me, being satisfied to share that power, which I now enjoy entire; even so, thy ambition would be as detrimental to our glory as it could, were it carried to greater heights. Look round thee and behold the miserable figure those plants make, who have shot out into more tops than one; how low, how deformed, how entangled by the brambles, how overborne by the higher trees that grow near them! Mark that oak our next neighbour, that rises with two stems, almost from the ground. Its strength is not doubled, but divided, and it is impossible its separation should ever suffer it to become considerable. How the one stem galls the other! What a rot there is between, the habitation of foul insects, and troublesome flies! How its branches, in time of storm, fret each other, and impoverish it in the midst! Call not that humility in thyself, which has only happened by a disappointment of thy ambition, and is owing to the superiority of my genius. Thou art low, but it is not with thy will, as may be gathered from thy own complaints and discontents. Nor call it pride in me, that I lift my head towards heaven, whither all the trees of the forest, nay, the humblest shrubs, and even the grass aspires. Favoured by the genius that directs the water to my roots, and parts the clouds, to let the sun-beams down upon my leaves, I hope at least to preserve my present exaltation, and, if thou and the axe do

not prevent me, to rise yet higher towards those blue plains that lie above me. Call me not oppressor, who protected thee with thy ravens from yesterday's storm, and bore all the violence of its wind and hail myself; and who only overshadow thee, either to defend thee, or protect the main interest of the oak, from that ruin, which thy pride and dissension would certainly bring upon it, were they fed by the sunshine and the dew. What I do, thou thyself dost compel me to; and it is with great sorrow, that I behold thee separated from the other branches, and envious of the glory of the whole, which thou oughtest rather to augment, by making thyself more a part of it. I take not from thee what is thine; but thou unjustly claimest, as of particular right, what belongs to the whole. Thou art my shame and reproach amongst trees, the check of my growth, and the destroyer of my beauty. Well didst thou say that we should be the queen of the forest, had we been united; but to give us that majesty which we want, whether is it more reasonable, that thou shouldest ascend in one trunk, and become a part of our common head, or that I should lower my glories, and shrink into thee, who art by confession only an inferior branch, and as it is evident to all the forest, of a sidelong and distorted growth? I know thee an alien from the stem out of which thou springest, and which thou wouldest draw aside. I know thy spleen, and expect the usual effects of the selfish spirit that actuates thy crooked nature. However, stick thou to thy malice, and I will abide by my resolution. Know, that I hold thee too inconsiderable to destroy my life, although thou mayest impair my power; but if thou shouldest be able to destroy me, remember, in so doing, that thou destroyest thyself. Thou shalt be little if I continue; if I perish thou shalt be nothing. To the genius of our tree I refer my cause, and recommend my preservation. Live thou, although to repine and curse me for thy own follies.'

ALLUSION III.

NOT far from the verge of a spacious forest stood a sheep-fold, the possession of a careful and wealthy shepherd. So strong and so high were its fences, that the wolf and the tiger in vain attempted to overleap them. Even the lion roaring for his prey was forced to seek it elsewhere; here there was no entrance for the proud destroyer. Many a quiet night had the tender flock reposed itself within its wooden fortification, and fearless heard the neighbouring forest echo with the cry of ravenous beasts. But at length a ram or two of more boldness than became sheep, began to persuade their fellows, that they spent their nights like slaves and cowards, and in a way unbecoming sheep of spirit.

'* Come (says one of these heroes a little more eloquent than the rest), come, my fellow-rams, and my dearest ewes, let us sally from this miserable pen, in which we are rather imprisoned by the tyranny of man, than protected from the fury of wild beasts. Let us sally, I say, into the open plains, and enjoy that delightful liberty, in which the free denizens of the forest spend their happy days. O liberty! liberty! thou inviting condition, how desirable art thou to the wretch in confinement, who pants and pines for thy charms! how delightful to the generous soul, that disdains restraint, and thinks even its body a confinement!

'Is it not most unworthy, is it not most shameful, my fellows, to take laws from animals of another kind, and live by rules altogether foreign to our nature? To what end our slender limbs, and the swiftness of our feet, if we are to be cooped up within such narrow limits, or driven about at the pleasure of a slow-paced and sluggish animal? To what end these formidable horns, that arm our brows, which, helped by the rapidity of our career, make our onsets irresistible, if we are to owe our safety to artificial arms in the hands of man? All animals are provided by nature for their own support, and armed for their own de-

* This speech is founded on the reasonings, and accommodated to the manner, of lord Shaftesbury.

fence. Since nature hath been as bountiful to us as others, let us enjoy her gifts, and live according to nature. O nature! nature! nature! thou sovereign of the world! thou mighty empress of the creation! thou mild mother and cherishing nurse of all! when shall I break forth from slavish rules, and fly to thee? When shall I pursue thy dictates unrestrained by laws, by servile and tyrannic laws? It is better thou shouldest lead me, than that man should drive me. Is not thy wisdom inexhaustible? are not thy directions infallible? why should others be added? to what end should those of man be superinduced? I feel, I feel thee kindling in my breast! behold it enlarges to take thee in, thou generous, thou welcome guest, thou only lawful sovereign! Let me now, long enslaved to strange arts and unnatural inventions, with pristine sense of thee, adore thy power, and invoke thy assistance, not only to free myself, but also to restore the liberty of these my kindred and my fellows. And, O you dear sharers of my good and evil fortune, join one and all to assert with me the natural liberty of our kind. No more be driven in herds, but join in arms. No more be pent within this narrow fold, but issue forth into the spacious plains, and range without restraint the flowery fields; as free, as dauntless as that rampant lion, that shakes the echoing forest with his roar, and terrifies mankind, our coward masters.'

So saying he ceased, and such of the flock, as were moved with his harangue, found means to elope with him from the fold. As soon as they had their legs at liberty, they played a thousand gambols in the neighbouring grounds, frisking and insulting the poor cowardly slaves, as they called them, that kept within the sheepfold. They were wondrous witty at the expense of the tame wretches that had not spirit to venture as they did. They rambled round the fields; they straggled through the forest. The lion devoured one; the bear worried another; and some of those that survived suffered so much, that they heartily repented of their ill-advised rashness, in quitting the care of the shepherd, and the protection of the sheepfold. In this miserable plight, one somewhat more sensible of their afflictions and dangers than the rest, thus bespoke his fellows:

'Although it is not many days since we quitted a place of safety, under the specious pretence of liberty and enlargement, to expose ourselves to dangers and hardships, which we might have been sufficiently aware of, had we not been blinded by appearances, and spirited away from reason and safety, by the plausible harangue of one, who was so cunning as to impose upon himself as well as us; yet we have had time enough to make woful trial of our folly, and feel the melancholy effects of it, in a great variety of misfortunes. We have been told fine things of nature, and taught to follow her as our only guide and security. But either we have mistaken her, or she is unable to perform those promises, which our ringleaders have falsely made us in her name. Are not the natures of all other things entered into a conspiracy, to punish our presumption? We dare not repose ourselves in the grass for fear of being stung by serpents, or bit by other poisonous worms. Every thorn wounds our tender legs, and every brier seizes us by the wool, and tears off our fleeces. We have neither swiftness sufficient to fly from, nor strength to resist the beasts of prey, that seem to have a peculiar taste for our blood. There are a thousand things to frighten us, and our own natural timidity adds ten thousand more, that are not real. Should we live to see the summer at an end, which is almost impossible, how shall we encounter the difficulties of the winter? Although there were neither bears, nor tigers, nor lions to invade us, yet the frosts, the snows, and the dreadful storms of wind and rain are not to be resisted by any defence which creatures so feeble and improvident can make against them. Had we not widely mistaken nature, we might easily have seen that she never designed us for an independent state. It never was her intention to form any thing absolutely capable of subsisting apart from other things. To make one whole of all her works, she hath left every thing deficient in some particular, which is to be supplied by another, in order to combine the whole. Between us and man there seems to be a natural, original, and necessary league arising from the exigencies of both, which we mutually supply. As for our part, it is but too plain that we cannot subsist without his help; he prepares our food by the sweat of his own brow; he cures our distem-

pers; and he erects such fences round us, as are necessary to protect us from the fury of our foes. Surely to treat us in this manner, is by no means tyrannic. So far we are from being slaves to man, that he rather seems to render us such attendance as could be expected from nothing but a servant. And what have we gained by our elopement from him, but the privilege of being more exposed to dangers, and more distracted by fears, than while we permitted him to watch for us? O liberty, how much do we mistake thee! If this is to be free, give me back again the happy security of my former confinement. While I kept within our fold, in that place at least, I could do what I pleased; but now, nowhere. I have only multiplied my masters, and enlarged my slavery; and all this, for the fantastic hope of being assisted and protected by nature in the most unnatural attempt that folly or frenzy could inspire. I am resolved, if I can escape the dangers that lie between me and the fold, to return, and put myself again under the protection of man. It is better to help out the natural weakness of my kind, by the wisdom and power of a superior nature, than perish in the lion's paws, as the speediest relief I can hope from the distress of my present condition. As for you, my friends, I do not expect you should follow either my advice or example, so strongly doth your vanity seem still to possess you. Fare ye well, and learn from farther calamities, what you have been too stupid to gather from the former.'

ALLUSION IV.

In the garden of a wealthy farmer stood a bee-hive, inhabited by a nation of frugal and laborious bees, than which no other was governed by an abler king, or wiser laws. And as the garden with the adjacent country abounded with all such flowers as that climate in the several seasons was wont to produce, so they made store of honey, lived peaceably and plentifully within themselves, and planted so many colonies as reached almost from one end to the other of the quickset that defended them from the northerly

winds. But as bees are fallible as well as men, their public happiness began at last to be disturbed by a spirit of party and dissension; the origin of which was this. There was a certain daily tribute of honey paid to the king or master-bee, as he is called among men, which by law and custom immemorial was to be extracted from the sweetest flowers, and presented pure and fine to the royal bee. The king appointed certain officers to collect this tribute, whose business it was, not to force it from the people, but to receive it as a free-will offering. Although his right was unquestionable, and his power irresistible, yet he was better pleased that his subjects should give, than that he should exact, and thought love a better medium of government than power. His officers therefore were only to exhort them to a voluntary and generous payment of the royal dues, and in all other respects, to such a behaviour as becomes good subjects and honest citizens. Between these and the people there arose certain disputes about the purity and goodness of the honey set apart for the king's use. From hence it began to be debated what was the purest honey, and which the sweetest flowers. Concerning this matter there were many and warm disputes among the people; nor were the officers of the crown less divided. There differences did not stop here, nor were they long confined to the king's revenues; for a thousand idle scruples began to be raised about the honey that was to be made for common use. Every different opinion was supported by a sect and party of its own; and, such was the extravagant humour of the times, the more wild and fanciful any of these notions were, the more numerous usually were its abettors. Some were for having the honey made at all seasons, maintaining that so good a work should never be intermitted; others contended to have the work confined to certain seasons; insisting, that in foul weather, it was impossible to work, and that, as for the king's honey in particular, it ought only to be wrought on certain days set apart and consecrated to that particular purpose. There was not a flower in the field that had not a party in its favour, and that was not condemned and prohibited by the party of some other flower: so that, had they collected honey from none but such as no party had declared against,

they must have collected none at all. Each party took a name either from the flower it affected, or the ringleader it followed, and these names were contended for with all imaginable zeal and earnestness by numbers that knew nothing of their own party principles, and were kept warm only by the name. One of the king's principal officers set up a very powerful sect under the name of financers, so called, because they pretended to farm the king's revenues, and tax all petitions delivered to his majesty, as having the sole right of presenting them in themselves. Many were the impositions and usurpations of this sect, which for some time tyrannized over the rest, notwithstanding that the king, unwilling to inflict condign punishment on so great a part of his subjects who were misled by these financers, protested against their proceedings, and disallowed the authority by which they acted, in frequent manifestoes. But at length the better sort of bees becoming dissatisfied with their unwarranted usurpations, shook off their authority, and paid their tribute to the king through more honest and less oppressive officers. However, even these fell out among themselves, partly about the former differences that had embroiled the hive, and partly about new ones arising from ignorance, or zeal, or ambition. And, as on former occasions, what could not be determined by the tongue, was decided by the sting; so now again they began to fight for their several opinions. Great was the confusion, and miserable the slaughter that ensued upon these unhappy dissensions; the whole hive raged with fury and uproar; the king's revenues remained unpaid, and the public work was at a stand till the needless niceties about the manner of doing it should be settled.

Things being brought to this pass, an ancient bee, who had always distinguished himself, not only by his industry in the public work, and a punctual discharge of the king's dues, but also by the readiest obedience to the king's officers, and by a meek and gentle spirit in the midst of turbulent and contentious times, assembled all the citizens of the hive in the vacant space on the floor; and with that authority which his well-known wisdom and integrity had given him, leaning from a comb that hung over them, addressed them in the following manner:

'My dear fellow-subjects, it is not because our king wants either authority or power to reduce us to the obedience we owe him, and the peace and good agreement we owe ourselves, that he rather chooses to let reason and experience make us sensible of our interest, than to compel us to our duty by force; but because he desires to rule with clemency rather than rigour, and as a king among bees, not a tyrant over wasps. The frenzy and rebellion that have possessed us, might justify more severe methods in our king; but those he seems to defer as the last remedy. Let me in the mean time, with that honest zeal which I have always endeavoured to demonstrate in the service of the public, try if I can prevent the necessity of harsher means, by applying those of reason and sober advice. Let me earnestly entreat you to remember those happy times, when there were no differences among us; how pure was our honey, and how plentiful our stores! with what kind affection did we assist and encourage each other in the public work! how agreeably did the sense of our general interest sweeten all our toils! and how joyfully did we feast on the delicious stores provided for us by our mutual labours, and secured by our unanimous counsels! the only contention then was, who should set least by himself, and promote the public welfare with the greatest zeal and ability. Did any of you pine through want then, as you do at present? was your provision disagreeable or unwholesome to you? or, can any of you say that your king slighted his free-will offering as scanty or unclean? What moved you then to raise such idle scruples about that which was to be presented to him, seeing he never shewed the smallest disrelish to it? why do you contend about the manner of preparing that which you are to share among yourselves, since before your pernicious refinements, our honey was pure and perfect, our subsistence plentiful, and our enjoyment of it peaceable and fearless? Suspend your contentious spirits, cool your party zeal for a moment, and calmly reflect how absurd it must be to spend that time in disputing how your honey ought to be made, which should be actually employed in the making it? nay, what wild infatuation must such scrupulous disquisitions argue in you, who knew so well before how to provide all things neces-

sary for the public weal? For shame, cease your airy speculations, fit only for the idle and brain-sick, and betake yourselves to the solid practice of that knowledge which you had at first, and which will always be sufficient for you, if you do not puzzle it away with vain refinements. To what end are your disputes, if they are to last for ever? do you not perceive that the summer is far advanced, that the winter approaches apace, and that we are utterly unprovided of that which is absolutely necessary, while you are busied in trifling debates about certain useless niceties, that spring from the intemperance and luxury of your own imaginations? Why will you dispute about the most convenient seasons for making honey, when you will not make it at any? Why will you strive about the flowers out of which it is to be gathered, when you will not gather it at all? A wasp, such is the malignity of its nature, extracts poison out of all kinds of herbs and flowers, as well the wholesome as the baneful. So, on the contrary, a bee, let the flowers be what they will among which it plies, draws wholesome and odoriferous honey. Let me therefore beseech each of you to gather from such flowers as lie nearest, in order to make the quickest returns; or from such as furnish the greatest abundance of sweet juices, that our supply may be the more plentiful; or from whatever flowers he is best pleased with, provided he do not fail in bringing in every day the quantity required. Let me advise you all to lay by those party names by which you have distinguished yourselves, and embroiled this kingdom, and to value yourselves, not upon the name or credit of a sect, but upon the privileges of our excellent constitution. Let me also advise you, who are appointed public inspectors of the work, to receive all good and wholesome honey that is brought you, and to stow it immediately, without inquiring what hour of the day it was gathered, or from what vegetables extracted. Our king, thanks to his unlimited bounty, has given us a free grant of all the gardens and fields, and proclaimed the various flowers that bloom at the several seasons, or enamel the whole face of the earth, to be clean and fit for the use of bees. Let not one part of us pretend to live upon the labour of the more industrious,

while they spend their time in disputing about opinions, which, be they ever so right, they have no inclination to put in practice. It is of dangerous consequence to ridicule those as silly, unskilful, or slavish, who honestly labour for the common support of our society. There are many among us that pretend to direct and dictate, without any authority from our king; and others, who although authorized, take the liberty to contend with and rail at one another, while they should give all their diligence to regulate the public affairs. When his majesty thinks it convenient, no doubt he will punish the first as intruders, and the last as disturbers of the public peace. By unanimity and mutual assistance we shall again thrive. If we lay by our vain and foolish speculations, and industriously apply ourselves to the necessary business of the hive, we shall again flourish. Peace, and security, and plenty shall be again restored. The fields shall contribute their golden wealth, and the gardens their rich perfumes. But, if we shall still persist in our absurd and dangerous folly, let us remember that we have a king, who since he cannot reform us by his counsels, will undoubtedly subdue us to a sounder and better mind by that power which he holds not in vain.

'We may be sure he will neither be regardless of our interest nor his own honour. Choose you now whether you will be wisely led by advice to consult your safety, or be forced into a better conduct by the unhappy effects of your present folly, and of the royal displeasure. It is true, I am but one of yourselves, and no farther authorized to speak in public, than as reason, necessity, and concern for the public calamity have imboldened me. However, it is your interest to be guided by reason, although it should be conveyed to you through the meanest vehicle, as well as to gather honey from flowers the least showy or stately.'

Saying this, he withdrew. The bees, ashamed of their past folly and perverseness, and tired with the miseries their broils and contentions had brought upon them, betake themselves, silent and repenting, to labour and industry. Nor was it long ere they had sufficient reason to rejoice at the restoration of their ancient simplicity; for with it peace, wealth, and order returned, and all things

were set to rights within, while each bee, studious of the common good, cheerfully traded among the meadows and fields, and gladly saluted his fellow-citizens as he met them among the flowers.

ALLUSION V.

It was about the middle of summer, when nature enriches the fields, and stores the gardens with unstinted bounty, that a pretty numerous company of students and other gentlemen, set out from Oxford for London. As they were most of them men of taste, and particularly enamoured of nature, with a certain cast to freedom of thought, they communicated their observations on the country they rode through, to the no small entertainment of each other, although there was scarce any agreement in their sentiments or tastes. Some were best pleased with gardens, others with fields. The rivers had their admirers, and the new-mown meadows, with their haycocks, theirs. This liked one gentleman's seat, and that another; and if there was any thing in which they agreed, it was in commending the commons and the downs, inasmuch as, there principally, nature and liberty appeared. This diversity of sentiment afforded at first a good deal of variety to their conversation, and gave it a sprightliness that does not always attend a uniformity of taste and opinion in company. However, it was not long ere it degenerated into disputation, each party growing so warm in defence of his own, and contradiction of the opposite opinion, that the most positive bigots could not have expected greater resignation from others, than these free, these fair and candid thinkers. They all talked at once, and wrangled with such vehemence and noise, that other travellers who met them, thought them mad, and those who dwelt by the road, came out to stare, while their dogs barked, the boors shouted, and the concert consisted of the most confused set of noises that were ever heard.

All this time Aerius, who had ever before been careful to have his share of noise and contention, was quite silent,

and seemed so unusually wrapped up in thought, that the rest, happening to observe him, ceased all of a sudden, and fixing their eyes on him, expected in deep suspense the issue of such intense meditation. As soon as he found there was silence made, he broke it with a loud exclamation.

'O, how miserably are we debarred of our natural rights and privileges! Behold that garden, a spot of delicious ground, to which all mankind have an equal right, enclosed by strong walls, and engrossed by one! Nay, behold the whole country on our right hand and on our left, that ought to be as free as light or air, occupied by particular persons, who call themselves owners and lords of it, and all its produce! Away with these hedges and ditches erected here without my consent, to shut me and mankind out from our own! Who can endure, that, of all this noble country, so stored with the necessaries of life, and the materials of pleasure, not a foot should be left us, but this narrow road, bare and barren, and void even of nourishment, for the beasts that carry us; insomuch, that we are forced to purchase necessaries on the road, and submit to buy our own, or starve. Is it not, my friends, the mark of a most slavish and abject spirit, to suffer ourselves to be cooped up between the ditches that bound this road, to follow the crowd, to jog on contented with the beasts of burden, while we dare not pass into our own grounds, while we dare not pull those flowers, nor taste those fruits that spring spontaneous from a soil, common to mankind, and reserve not their sweets with an intention to please any particular person, but invite all, and areas ready to regale you or me, as him that presumes to monopolize them. As for this dull beaten track, I leave it to the wretches that are satisfied to be led or driven by others. Let them poorly content themselves with the confinement and restraint that others are pleased to lay upon them, since they have not resolution to assert their own, nor spirit to trace out a free and generous path for themselves. I, for my own part, will dismount immediately from this horse; such helps I despise, they are a false acknowledgment of weakness, I have legs of my own, of sufficient strength, and shall not borrow from an animal so much my inferior. Where is the good of thinking freely, if I

may not act with suitable freedom? Whilst nothing in nature, no not even reason itself, can bound my thoughts; must I suffer ditches to confine my feet, and locks my hands? How dare any man shut me from my natural and indefeasible rights? Are not these grounds mine, as well as his that has caused these arbitrary fences to be made? He might as well presume to measure out the sea by marches and mearings, and erect particular possession and dominion on the waters; taxing the fish, and renting out the waves, as to engross any part of the land, which was at first as common as the sea, and hath been since cantoned and occupied by tyrants and oppressors, whose rights I disallow, as I defy their power.'

There was something so new in this resolution, so free in the expostulations with which it was defended, so animated in the whole harangue, that, like the cry of a master-hound, it opened the mouths of the whole pack, who, almost to a man, seconded what he said with a loud cry of nature and liberty, and forthwith declared against the common road, and were preparing to take the fields, when Polites, who loved freedom as well as Aerius, but knew how to distinguish between that and madness, observing that they were in earnest, begged that Aerius would, in the name of the rest, answer him a few questions before they parted, which was readily granted him, and it produced the following short dialogue.

Polites. 'Pray, Aerius, with what intention did we leave Oxford?'

Aerius. 'To visit London.'

Polites. 'Ought we not to take the readiest, the safest, and the most agreeable way thither?'

Aerius. 'No doubt, we ought; and there it is; directly over those fields, and through that garden.'

Polites. 'Why do you not think the highway a more ready path to London, than over hedge and ditch, after Will-with-the-wisp?'

Aerius. 'By no means. It winds and turns so many different ways, and makes such needless semicircles and angles, that I have not patience to follow it. Not I. I am for the near cut. I love to go the shortest way to my point. Order the road to be cut in a right line, and then

perhaps I may not altogether disapprove it; but remember, it must be mathematically direct, or I will have nothing to say to it.'

Polites. 'How can that be done, when it is to serve other people's occasions, as well as yours, and must now and then make an elbow at a country town, that there may be a communication thence to the city?'

Aerius. 'Pugh. What have I to do with other people's occasions? What serves all, serves none effectually. If I can find a shorter, that shall serve my occasions.'

Polites. 'But how can you find a shorter? Setting aside the labour of leaping ditches, and scrambling through hedges, is it possible for you to pass from hence in a right line to London? Every hill you come to, will oblige you to quit your direct path, and betake yourself to a curve. There is no darting through the centre of a hill, to avoid going about. Then, a lake, or a rapid river, or a walled town, will put you quite out, in spite of your teeth. At the end of your journey, you will certainly find, that travelling on the open road with a good horse under you, was a readier way than trudging it on foot, through briars and thorns. We will give you demonstration for that, by seeing a good part of the town before you arrive.'

Aerius. 'Why look you, Polites, that may be, because we shall be greatly taken up in contemplating the beauties of nature as we pass through them. But perhaps the high road may be the readier of the two. I am sure, you will allow, it is not the safer. Such imposition at inns, on a road so beset with footpads and highwaymen, greatly frightens me. Give me the rural honesty of those fruitful fields, and flowery lawns, where I may walk, or sleep, or divert me as I list, without fear of robbers or pick-pockets.'

Polites. 'Have a care how you call names, Aerius; those persons whom you asperse, are men of the same way of thinking, and the very same principles with yourself.'

Aerius. 'With me, sir! No, sir, I am a man of honour, sir, and would scorn to rob or pilfer.'

Polites. 'How do you mean? are not all things in common?'

Aerius. 'Yes, sir, so I hold.'

Polites. 'Is not therefore the money in my pocket as much yours as mine?'

Aerius. 'Undoubtedly it is.'

Polites. 'And is not the money in your fob as much mine as yours?'

Aerius. 'Hum. Why, why; I believe it must.'

Polites. 'Well, then, what need you fear on the great road, since you carry nothing but what you acknowledge to be the right of any man you meet? And, why will you load people with reproachful names of thief and robber, for claiming what they have a natural right to; and which, if you refused, you must be an encloser and a monopolizer, by your own principles, as much as he that shuts you out of a piece of your ground, which he calls his garden, because he hath built a wall about it, and carries the key? Then, again, I am surprised to hear you talk of imposition at inns, as if the host could do you any injustice, who carry his money as well as your own. Nay, is he not very civil in giving you either meat or drink for money, which he hath as good a right to as yourself?'

Aerius. 'Civil! there you are out. Have not I a right to his meat and drink? Are they not mine? Is not all he hath my own? Are we not free? And what is liberty without property? Liberty that hath bounds is no liberty, but unbounded liberty itself, without commensurate right and property, would not be worth the very wishing for.'

Polites. 'And why, then, don't you travel with us, and treat your friends, since you have such plentiful provision laid in before you?'

Aerius. 'Because I have the very same here in the country, at every gentleman's seat, and farmer's house. And then, I am better pleased with the tour of the fields and gardens, which will lead me through flowers, and fruits, and beautiful scenes, where I can tread on nature's green carpet, and hear the sweet chorus of the grove, than the dusty track of this tedious road, where I must beat my feet on the unrelenting stones, and be tortured with the shrieking of cart-wheels, the rumbling of coaches and waggons, and the harsher sound of their voices who drive them. I own to you, all roads must be alike safe to me, who travel, as the birds do, without cost or charges, or any thing to

lose, which I claim a special right to: but you will as readily own, I hope, that the way I am taking is infinitely more agreeable than this which you seem resolved to choose.'

Polites. 'Depend on it Aerius, I will, if you can prove it practicable. Do you think you can travel to London without your horse? or if you should, would not the labour outweigh the pleasure?'

Aerius. 'By no means. I can do it, and with pleasure too; besides, though it should be a little toilsome or so, it is better than to be beholden to a brute for that, which nature has qualified me to bestow on myself. I cannot endure to see one creature mounted upon the back of another. It is unnatural and tyrannic, and unworthy of that freedom, which, as we desire it ourselves, we should not infringe in other creatures.'

Polites. 'But, tell me, do you really expect that the inhabitants of the country, will permit you to break down their fences; welcome you to their houses, and freely give you up your share of that provision, which you say they have keeping for you? Do you think they will readily acknowledge your right of nature? you know the English are a stubborn people, and talk much of liberty and property; what now, if they should treat you like a sturdy beggar, and kick you from their doors, or knock out your brains for a housebreaker? for, it is certain, not one in a million of them know any thing of the justice of your claim upon their goods and chattels; and, what is worse, if you pleaded it to them until doom's-day, they would never be convinced, being as well entitled to think for themselves, as you or any man else, and as tenacious of their substance, as you are of your opinions.'

Aerius. 'Why, truly Polites, our English are a very unnatural kind of people; however, I hope to convince them by the undeniable arguments I shall offer. There is reason in all men, and I shall make so strong an appeal to that sovereign arbitress of truth, that they must all presently yield.'

Polites. 'I do not know that. You see plainly you cannot convince me in a case in which I am concerned: how much less will you be able to reason them out of what they value more than their lives?'

Aerius. 'It has always been my opinion, that scholars are the most bigoted wretches upon earth. You read, Polites, you read. Hence your inexpugnable prejudices, and intellectual slavery to authorities, and received errors. But among the country people there is more of nature, and an open ear to instruction.'

Polites. 'Well, this may be true; and, it is certain, reading has never biassed your reason. But tell me, dear Aerius, would those grounds on the other side of that fence, you are going to break through, be so beautiful or so richly stored with all manner of plenty as they are, did not somebody take care to enclose them with ditches, or to manure them?'

Aerius. 'It is likely they would not.'

Polites. 'And would any one take the pains to cultivate them, had all the rest of the world as good a right to the produce, as himself?'

Aerius. 'I believe no one would. But what then?'

Polites. 'Why then it follows, that if all particular right were taken away, those grounds that you now claim so strenuously, would in one season become useless and unfruitful, insomuch, that neither you nor any body else would think them worth his claiming. But now I think on it, as I believe you are resolved to have your swing, and such a one, that there is little hazard of my ever seeing you again; I must not let you go off with my clothes on your back. That coat and the rest are as much mine as yours: come, strip and divide before we part.'

Aerius. 'What, take my clothes from me, that I bought with my own money! no, that is unreasonable and unjust.——But hold, since I have as good a right to yours.'

Polites. 'Ay, that may be, but as I am the stronger, I am resolved to have both; and I want to know how you will find your remedy.'

Aerius. 'What! would you have right and possession decided by force?'

Polites. 'Yes, undoubtedly in the goodly state of nature you propose, for there being no laws, right can be founded on nothing else.'

Aerius. 'Yes, nature has her own laws, and those so binding that, were they not buried under the unwieldy su-

perstructure of statutes and revelations, they would sufficiently secure the rights and privileges that are founded on them.'

Polites. 'Are not the laws of nature to be found in every man?'

Aerius. 'They are.'

Polites. 'Are they equally strong in all?'

Aerius. 'No, in some they do operate with that force that were to be wished.'

Polites. 'How then are those that obey the law of nature, to defend themselves against the injustice and oppression of the lawless?'

Aerius. 'Now are we come right upon society, and civil government, and then the ditches are safe again, and my claim to the lands enclosed, quite defaced. But I tell you, Polites, society is nonsense. Your politicians make a great stir about forms of government, some crying up a monarchy, some an aristocracy, some a democracy; but away with them all, say I; because there can be no such thing as liberty in any of them. Either one or a few must govern, and all the rest must be slaves; or else, if all govern, why then, matters are to be managed by the majority, all the rest must submit, must act contrary to their judgments, and suffer many things against their wills. I tell thee, Polites, society is nothing better than a trick imposed on the many by a few cunning and designing knaves, to gratify their avarice and ambition, and that they may live at the expense of others. It is plain, that this is the case from the struggles with which governments are obtained, and the tyrannic use that is always made of them. I never gave my consent to any form of civil government or society; and therefore am not obliged to submit to this usurpation under which my countrymen are enslaved; nor will I. Down with the thrones of kings, and the senate-houses of commonwealths! can we not live without such artificial trumpery, as well as foxes or lions? Into the fire with your acts of parliament, your canons, and your volumes of the civil law. They are nothing but the instruments of imposition and cousenage. If you don't know that they are, go to law, Polites, go to law. A little attendance in Westminster-hall, or a chancery suit, will soon give you the same aversion to law that I have.'

Polites. 'Well then, Aerius, it is agreed that we have no government, no laws."

Aerius. 'Ay, agreed, agreed, man. Come, shake hands on it. How you and I shall love one another in a state of nature !'

Polites. 'Stay, not so fast. No shaking of hands, no combining, for you say we are to lay aside all society. As for loving each other, that is as your submission to my commands shall render you agreeable to me.'

Aerius. 'Your commands! what does the man mean? why, I tell thee, we are now in a state of nature, in which there is no authority, no sovereignty, no laws.'

Polites. 'That is what I say ; and now that I am just about twice as strong as you, I will force you to do what I please. Your coat is better than mine, I will have that in the first place. You have about forty guineas in your pocket, come, deliver them up to me quickly. If you make any resistance; by all the rights and privileges of nature, I will dash out your brains against the pavement. Why, I like this state of nature hugely. If we are to have no courts of justice, no executioners nor gallows, I shall live most deliciously. I do not know whether there be a man in the nation, whom I could not get the better of at pulling, and hauling, and drubbing; if you turned us out naked, do you see, *et in Puris naturalibus.*'

Aerius. 'I mean, that in a state of nature, there are no laws, but those of nature, which will secure my rights though I be the weaker.'

Polites. 'Do not trust to them, for I assure you, now that we are in a state of nature, and utterly unaccountable for all we do, I find the law of self-love stronger than all the rest, and with the assistance of these hands, I shall gratify it to the full, let it cost you or others what it will.'

'Do you hear this, gentlemen (said Aerius, turning to the rest of the company), do you hear the threats of this unreasonable and imperious monster? You are concerned as well as me. Stand by me therefore, and do not suffer the weaker to be oppressed, since it must be your own turns next.'

Upon this, they were all preparing to lend Aerius their assistance, when Polites cried out;

'Look ye, gentlemen, you are now deciding this question fairly in favour of me, without knowing it; and Aerius himself, in having implored your aid, has given up the possibility of subsisting out of a society. My strength, too great for any one of you, has forced you into a society, a necessity that must ever change a state of nature, if there could be such a state, into government, and clearly evince the absolute want of laws and penalties, and public administration of justice. The wall that keeps us out of that garden, would be but a weak defence for the fruit within, were they not surrounded with a stronger fortification; I mean the statutes against felony and petty larceny, which can keep out those who would easily climb over the wall. You may leap these ditches too without much difficulty, but you won't so easily get over the laws against trespass, that fortify those ditches to better purpose than any quick-set. Be advised by me. Mount your horses again, and pursue the king's highway, like honest men, who dare keep the crown of the causeway. There is no slavery in so doing. The king himself, God bless his majesty, must be satisfied with it, when he travels.' Here he stopped, and a sudden shame seized the whole company. They sneaked to their horses, and galloped forward, as fast as they could, to make amends for the time they had lost.

So ended this contest, in which, for once, sober sense and reason got the better of that specious kind of madness, which under the pretence of liberty, would turn us wild into the fields, a kind of beast more savage than any other, as not sparing its own species, and whilst it is misled by a false notion of nature, committing things that nature abhors.

ALLUSION VI.

SCIAGENES AND SELAS.

Sciagenes. SAY what you will, and magnify the good that is done by the Christian religion, at what rate you please; I say, it doth more harm than good in the world. There are two things in which a man may be rendered better or worse,

by the doctrines he hears, and the principles he embraces; to wit, his mind and his actions. Now in both, your religion hath greatly injured us. As to our minds did they ever shew such extravagance under the influence of any system of doctrines that has obtained in the world, as under the Christian? To illustrate this by a recital of all the strange and senseless opinions that your several sects have contended for, would be a very odious and tedious undertaking. As to our actions, which it should be the business of religion to regulate, how miserably they have been perverted by the Christian religion, any one may perceive, who reads the history of the Christians. The author of your religion has told us, that we are to know a tree by its fruit; by this rule his must have been a very corrupt tree, for its fruits have always been very unwholesome, as well as distasteful, ever since the first planting. Christianity has affected the actions of its professors in two different ways. It has furnished some with a hypocritical covering for such enormities as cannot bear the public inspection, it has tempted them to put on the appearance of virtue, and make that serve instead of the thing; whilst it hath supplied others with pretences, for openly committing the most horrid crimes. Persecution, rebellion, tyranny, and bloodshed, hang in clusters, on the gospel vine, and weigh it down, in spite of the support afforded it by priestcraft, and the power of the church.

Selas. You judge most unfairly, Sciagenes, in ascribing those ill effects, to the Christian religion, which are directly contrary to its doctrines, its precepts, and the examples it recommends to our imitation. The absurd opinions, that some, who called themselves Christians, have broached and abetted, were the produce of their own extravagant imaginations. Our Saviour sowed wheat, but the folly and wild enthusiasm of mankind, have sown tares among it. Nor, can wicked actions be attributed, with any justice, to principles, altogether rational and virtuous, although they may be committed, by the professors of those principles. You are a lawyer; must we burn our statutes, and the whole Corpus Jurum, because you secretly take fees on one side of a cause, and openly plead on the other? Must physic and surgery be prohibited, because an ignorant quack shall mis-

take and give hemlock for a cordial; or, because a murdering physician shall take a fee, from a young libertine heir to send his sickly father out of the world? Christ planted a vine, and its fruits are meekness, and charity, and obedience to the higher powers, and self-denial; which, as they are virtues, much against the grain of the world, we may be sure they must have weighed down the Christian religion, with that load of odium that attends them, among the more disorderly part of mankind, had it not been supported by the vine-stock of God's continual grace. Pride indeed and avarice, spring up near the root of the vine, and twisting themselves among its branches, mix their pale and baneful berries, with its beautiful and wholesome clusters.

The greater part by far, both of the knowledge and virtue that is in the world, springs from the Christian religion; though idle pretenders to knowledge have taken occasion from thence, to pester the world, with a thousand vain speculations, and pernicious refinements; and, although wicked and self-interested men have impudently pretended to draw the motives of their unrighteous practices, from a desire to promote its welfare. If indeed, mankind had never reasoned absurdly, nor acted wickedly, before they embraced the Christian religion, we might with the greater shew of truth, ascribe the folly and vice, too often to be met with among Christians, to our religion, rather than to the infirmity, and degeneracy of our nature. But as it is quite otherwise, and as there has really been more knowledge and stricter virtue among the worshippers of Christ Jesus, than among those who were ignorant of Christianity, experience is against you. I will tell thee a tale, if thou wilt listen to it, O Sciagenes.

'In the old Egyptian chronicles, we are told, that the sun, once upon a time, being highly provoked at the wickedness of mankind, which he was daily obliged, not only to behold, but to lend his light to, resolved never more to offend the purity of his eye, nor pollute the lustre of his rays, with the corruptions of the human race. Full of indignation he turned his foaming steeds, and drove the bright chariot of the day so far into the eastern sky, that it appeared like a star of the third magnitude. From thence, with a certain penury of light, he twinkled faintly on this

ungrateful world, that had so much abused his bounty. However, not intending to leave himself entirely without a witness, nor to plunge the world in utter darkness, he ordered his sister, the moon, with her train of planets, to stay behind, partly to afford mankind a small portion of that derivative light which they enjoyed; and partly to observe, in their periods round this world, the behaviour of mankind during his absence. Mortals, instead of lamenting his departure, hailed the darkness, and rejoiced in that secrecy which it afforded their crimes; the beasts of prey rushed from their dens, and exercised their fury, without restraint or fear: their savage nature grew ten-fold more outrageous, by the boundless and uninterrupted licence the continual night afforded them: the fruits of the earth, with all the variety of sweet-smelling herbs, or beautiful flowers, faded away, and shrunk into their primitive seeds, whilst nothing but the baneful yew, and the cold hemlock, with other poisonous weeds, overspread the damp and dreary soil. As these, with now and then a dragon, or a tiger, when they could kill them, were the only food of mankind, they filled them with various distempers, and shortened their fearful and miserable days. From thence, too, as well as from the coldness and inclemency of the air, together with the continual darkness, the heart of man grew numb and insensible, grew fierce and boisterous, grew gloomy and sullen. Charity grew cold, and hardened to an icicle. Humanity, in passing from man to man, was frozen by the bleakness of the air; and being shivered to pieces, was blown away by the winds in snow. Fraud and theft, and rapine, screened by the black wing of darkness, with lawless and ungovernable impunity, blended right and wrong, and confounded property. Pride and anger, envy and malice stalked abroad in the thick cloud of night, and made such hideous havoc, that the moon is said to have sickened at the sight, and fallen into those fainting fits, which have ever since, at certain seasons, oppressed her, and overcome her light. Every one kindled up a fire of his own, and called it his sun; while those who happened to live near each other, made greater fires by their common labour, on every high hill, which they also called their public suns, comforting themselves with those, and forgetting the true sun; by which, at the same time that they despised

its absence, they acknowledged the necessity of its influence. At length, the fuel began to fail, and the fires to go out. The wicked lived and died in works of darkness, in fury, and violence, and terror. The virtuous few that still remained, wandered up and down, a prey to all they met, and sought in vain for light. The moon, pitying their undeserved sufferings, and fearing the total extinction of human nature, sent a message by a comet, which approached the most distant part of the orbit, acquainting her brother with the state of human affairs, and beseeching him to return, if not to save a race ungrateful to him, yet, at least, for the preservation of those who loved the light, and lived a life becoming it. The sun,' says the chronicle, 'moved with compassion, and hoping that the miseries man had suffered by the absence of his rays, would have subdued his inordinate passions, and disposed him to a more decent conduct, set out again for this world; and, as he drew nearer, the heavens, to the eastward, shone with glorious light, and glowed with unusual heat. Lest he should surprise and dazzle the world, by a sudden and unexpected arrival, he sent the morning star before him, as his harbinger, to prepare his way; which the eastern astronomers no sooner observed, but they published the glad tidings, to the great comfort of the good, and the no small dismay of the evil. However, notwithstanding this preparation, there were but few, even of those who wished for his return, who could bear the brightness of the day-spring when it visited them; so tender had the long continued darkness rendered their eyes. It was some time before they could inure themselves to the strong beams of light that shone so powerfully on them. There were numbers whom the length of night had entirely blinded, who comprehended not the light, but attributed their stumbling and straying to a continuation of darkness, when it was really owing to a defect in their own optics. All nature welcomed the return of the sun with a joyful salutation, except the owls, and beasts, and men of prey, who had tyrannized in the dark. The lions, the tigers, the bears, and the wolves, betook themselves to their dark caves and gloomy dens, because their deeds were evil. The more subtle serpent put on a shining garment, which it pretended to have borrowed from the new beams of the morning, and practised its frauds in

daylight. The more impudent vulture and hawk, stayed and out-faced the sun, directing themselves by its light in the bloody deeds they committed. Among men, some roused by its arrival, rejoiced, and went forth to their honest labours in the vineyard, or among their folds, whilst others took the advantage of it, to oppress their neighbours with open robberies and cruel wars; and, when it served them ill for such purposes, they reviled it, and wished that those clouds which it had raised, might shut out its light from the world, or entirely extinguish it. At length there arose a sect of philosophers, falsely so called, who endeavoured to prove, that the sun was of bad consequence to the happiness of the world.

'They bade their disciples observe how its heat sublimed the poison of the baneful weed, giving growth to the horrid bramble and the prickly thorn; but took no notice of its calling forth the useful tree, with the wholesome herb, and clothing nature in its splendid attire of flowers, perfumed with ten thousand odours. They accused it with causing calentures and fevers, ungratefully forgetting that it had removed those numberless disorders that proceeded from the immoderate cold, and the damp vapours. They made it the cause of putrefaction and stench in pools and fens, without considering that its genial heat ferments the warm spirits and volatile odours of the spices. They were too short-sighted, to see the remote benefit of those seeming or immediate inconveniences that attended the influence of the sun. They could not dive so far into nature, as to find out the secret properties of things, and therefore did not consider, that what is hurtful in one case, is most useful in another, for which it is peculiarly designed. They taught that it was the source of violent passions and madness, without remembering that, whilst it gently softened and warmed the material world, it infused a sympathetic tenderness and mildness into the intellectual. They apprehended it would set the world on fire, because it had thawed its ice. They contemplated the comets with more pleasure, and commended them as brighter luminaries than the sun. They admired the meteors, as infinitely more glorious than the source of day. They said, the sun was the prison of impious souls, and that its light was elaborated by fiends,

ascribing all the wonders it performs in this world, to the devils that work in its fiery furnace. Nay, they cursed the moon and the planets, for no other reason, but because they borrowed their light from the sun. Some of them lighted up candles at noon-day, and pretending to do their evil deed by those, ascribed all the light about them, each to his own glimmering taper. Others maintained, that the eye itself was a luminous body, endued with innate light; by the emanations of which, they said, vision was performed; and that it was not only superfluous, but dangerous to let in the adventitious light of the sun, lest it should extinguish the natural rays of the eye. All this, and a great deal more they urged, because the daylight was an enemy to their works of darkness. The all-seeing sun was not ignorant of their hypocrisy, their ingratitude, and malice; but he neither approached to set them on fire, nor retired again to leave them in darkness; he only said,

'My sister moves and shines on, without being disturbed or detained by the ill humour of those curs, who bark at her from the earth. In like manner, I shall pour out my heat and light promiscuously on all, on the evil as well as the good, that whilst it directs and comforts these, it may be a continual witness against those. My influence is good in itself, and its lustre glorious, as well when it shines on a dunghill, as when it paints the radiant bow in the clouds. I decree, that my rays shall be to every man, as he is disposed to receive them; good to the good, according to his nature; and evil to the evil, according to his. Whilst they shall enable some to see, they shall deprive others of their sight, who have a previous disposition to blindness. Whilst they direct and enlighten the upright, in his honest calling, and are a blessing to him, they shall detect and accuse the fraudulent, and bring a curse on his ways. They are calculated for good, and by nature fitted for that only, yet they may be turned aside, from the direct pursuit of that end, and made to co-operate with evil causes in perpetrating works of darkness. They are, by nature, the vehicles of truth, although demons may array themselves in robes of light in order to deceive.'

ALLUSION VII.

No city was more commodiously situated, governed by wiser laws, nor inhabited by a more virtuous and courageous people, than Hierapolis. The consequences of this were, that, in the space of about three hundred years, it became mistress of many nations, and gained ground apace in all the other parts of the known world. It did not long enjoy this power, until it began to abuse it. Luxury, which subdues even conquerors, supported by wealth and ease, spread apace among the Hierapolitans, banished the original simplicity of their manners, and substituted foppery and vanity in the place of it. This corruption of manners was soon followed by an affectation of useless niceties and novelties in knowledge, and by false politics. Hence it came to pass, that, in a little time, the laws, although as intelligible as common sense itself, and as determinate as the utmost caution could make them, began to be variously interpreted; insomuch, that they were forced, by an infinity of glosses, to speak the language of artifice and faction; nay, and of contradiction too, oftener than that of truth and justice. This clogged the wheels of the government; and, what was worse, turned them aside from the right way. Different parties founded themselves on different interpretations. Folly, enthusiasm, and fraud, had each its own interpreters, to extract such opinions from the laws, while they were forced to pass through bad heads and worse hearts, as threw all into confusion, and stopped the progress of their arms abroad, and shed their blood within the walls in mutual slaughter and destruction.

At length, one party, growing more powerfulthan the rest, engrossed the revenues of the city, new modelled the body of the laws, adding or taking away what they thought proper, imposing their own sense of what remained, and prohibiting, under severe penalties, the popular perusal of the laws themselves. This party chose a head, whom they called Dictator, and on him conferred an unlimited power to impose such interpretations of the laws, as he pleased, on the Hierapolitans, and to govern them at his own discretion.

This tyrant, thus invested with the supreme authority, changed the name of the city, and called it after his own, Dictatoria. He also contrived a very horrible kind of dungeon, to which he confined all such persons, as presumed either to read the ancient laws, or dispute his absolute authority, in any case. There was a kind of press in this dungeon, in which the party offending being placed, his fortune, his conscience, or his life, were squeezed out of him. He erected public stews, from whence he drew considerable revenues. To conclude, he made miserable slaves of the poor Dictatorians, who were so enervated by luxury and vice of every kind, and so entirely broken by the power of this tyrant, that they had no strength nor inclination to resist him.

At length his folly, his insolence, and his exactions, becoming intolerable, the few who remained still uncorrupted and unenslaved agreed to quit the city, and commit themselves to the sea, in quest of some new country, where they might settle and govern themselves, by the ancient Hierapolitan laws, purged from all abuses, and laid open to every member of the community. There were no more of these found than three or four ships were sufficient to receive. These vessels had scarcely provided themselves with necessaries, and put from shore, when the alarm of their departure was given; upon which the tyrant, ordered out to the pursuit, as many Dictatorian galleys as could be got ready. But a storm arising, and they being ill provided, as putting out in haste, and little acquainted with the service, were all lost, but a few; which, being for several days tossed about by the storm, happened to meet, and come to an engagement with the adventurers, who easily defeated them, for they had none but Dictatorian slaves on board. The adventurers, rejoicing in this victory, as a happy presage of their future fortunes, pursued their course, as well as the storm, which was now less violent, would permit. Their captains knew well how to govern, and their pilots to steer. Their sailors plied upon deck with diligence, and were eager to assist and relieve each other. However, as there was not a sufficient number of experienced seamen, to man all the vessels, some of them were wrought by passengers and sailors in conjunction, which occasioned great disor-

ders; for the passengers, not being acquainted with the business, and yet very desirous to labour for the common safety, did but embarrass one another, and hinder the work they endeavoured to advance. Some, who thought they could never do too much, pulled the ropes with such violence, that they frequently broke them. Others, by tugging contrary ways, destroyed the effect of each other's strength. The decks were so crowded by people, who knew only how to make confusion, that the sailors had not room to stir; and there was such a loud and distracted clamour, of some roaring one thing, and some another, that neither the captain nor the pilot could be heard. Whenever the ship heeled, they cried out, We are all lost! And tumbled over one another in heaps, some being sorely bruised, and others falling overboard, into the sea.

By these means, and the darkness of the nights, the ships lost sight of one another, and fell off to different courses. The largest of them, which was also the best manned, made towards a certain island, which was at a sufficient distance from the power of Dictatoria, and yet so near, that it might be reached, without exposing the vessel to the many dangers incident to too long a voyage.

There was a passenger on board this vessel, who, by the time it had been a week at sea, had gained a smattering of the sailor's art, and being very whimsical and overbearing, thought himself capable of giving law to the master, and all the crew. He pretended great dislike to the ship, and the government of it, and practising secretly with the simpler sort, in which he was assisted by certain Dictatorians, who, making a show of abhorrence to the tyrant, came on board, purely to raise disturbances; he gained over some to his party, and made them serious converts to his feigned discontents. These he assembled one day, privately in the hold, and harangued them in the following manner:

'I cannot but lament, my fellow-sailors, that after all our endeavours to fly from the wickedness of Dictatoria, and the divine judgments due to it, we are still deeply infected with the former, and consequently have but too much reason to dread the latter. In the first place, we left a tyranny, in order to put ourselves under the kinder

influence of a free government. But what have we gained by our attempt? Are we not still under the government of one? What security can we have, that he will not tyrannize like him of Dictatoria? Nay, I can assure you, his principles are perfectly Dictatorian, and you yourselves may perceive it, for he goes habited like the Dictatorians, he cocks his hat, and laughs like one of the profane. He cannot sink a dungeon in the ship; but, as soon as we come ashore, you may expect it, for he talks much of discipline and government; and it is but two days since, as you all can witness, he confined me to this hold, for saying we ought not to suffer ourselves to be guided by a pilot, but commit ourselves to the steerage of Providence. Now the hold is but another kind of dungeon; and, since he hath so soon begun to play the governor, we may be sure he will in a little time act the tyrant. Trust him not, O my fellow-sailors; for he is a haughty lord, and a proud tyrant. He is a Dictatorian in his heart. Again, we left Dictatoria, in order to purge ourselves of the luxury, and strip ourselves of the pomps and vanities of that wicked place; and yet, behold, we are still polluted with the same corruptions. How odious to my eyes is that dazzling paint that adorns the side of the ship! How detestable those graven figures that glitter on the stern in various colours, and shine in all the splendour of gold, the author of all corruption! How imperiously does the flag of pride wave from the bolt-sprit in the wind! But above all, O my dear fellows! how can you endure that wooden idol, that painted whore, that stands naked from the waist upwards at the prow? To what fortunes, think you, can you follow such a whore? But farther, do we not shew the most unworthy distrust of Providence, in committing ourselves to the guidance of a human pilot, and the government of a mortal's wisdom? To what end the rudder, the mast, and the tackle, those relics of our former abominations? To what purpose the sails, those rags of Dictatorian profanation? Is there the smallest mention made of them? Is there any command for them in our ancient laws? If there be not, with what assurance can we suffer such unwarranted innovations? O how my soul abhors such human, such carnal, such profane inventions! Let us fly, my dear companions,

let us quickly fly from this damnable machine, whose keel I know to be rotten, and let us throw ourselves into the cock-boat, a vessel that has nothing of Dictatorian art or pride about it, and with firm faith, commit ourselves to the protection of Providence.'

This speech made a strong impression on his unwary hearers, and the more, because of that vehement aversion they had to the Dictatorian abuses. So they, one and all, protested against every thing that looked like Dictatorian, and with one consent resolved to seize the cock-boat, and attempt a voyage in it through the wide sea.

This resolution they put in practice the very next day, and committed themselves to the ocean, without oars, without rudder, and without victualling. They were no sooner got to sea in their little bark, than they perceived it did not stir, and that they were in danger of being left motionless in the midst of the ocean, to starve for want of food, or perish by the next violent blast of wind. It was then first they had recourse to human help, and seized a rope that dragged after the ship in the water; so that they made a shift to keep up with the vessel. The rest of the crew, knowing nothing of their intention, threw out some other ropes to relieve them from the distress they were in, and haul them to again. But instead of thanking them for their brotherly concern, they railed aloud at them, calling them vile and profane wretches, proud Dictatorians; and whenever they saw any of them mounting the shrouds to order the tackle, or sails, they called them tyrants and high-flyers; and bid them beware of the hold and the dungeon, to humble their pride. In this mood they followed the ship, till at length they began to feel the want of victualling grow fast upon them, which made them call aloud for food to the ship; but their extravagant madness made them do it in such disobliging terms, that they on deck thought proper to refuse them for some time, till pity, and a tenderness for their lives, moved them to hand down some mouldy biscuit, and some coarse beef to them. This, although their hunger forced them to devour it, did not satisfy them. They insisted that they were entitled to an equal share of the ship's provision, and cursed the crew for refusing it. Their malecontent spirit was still more in-

flamed, when the under sailors taunted them from the stern, and derided, with great sharpness, their mad project, and the absurd defence they made for themselves. At last, the captain, having found what was the matter, appeared at the cabin window, and spoke to this effect:

'I am much troubled, my dear friends, for the extravagant spirit, with which I find you are possessed. Be assured, I have not the smallest intentions to tyrannize. I only took the office I hold at the request of you all; I am ready to lay it down again, if my administration has been faulty. But then you must elect another, order and government necessarily requiring it, and our laws giving sufficient warrant thereunto. We all abhor the flagitious lives, and miserable degeneracy of the Dictatorians, as much as you; but the rigging and ornaments of our ship were none of their crimes, being harmless and indifferent things. Without our rudder, our sails, &c. we cannot make the voyage; we must therefore retain them, as necessary to our preservation. Nor do we shew, by so doing, any distrust of Divine Providence, which we can only hope to assist us, where human means fail. You yourselves perceive, that your hopes in Providence, to do that for you which you can do for yourselves, were idle, because it has deserted you, and left you to depend on that rope for your way, and on us for your victuals. I do not, like the rest of our crew, deride your folly, but I pity the unhappy resolution you have taken, which must inevitably end in your ruin, if not speedily laid aside. Return, let me earnestly beseech you, to your friends and fellow-sailors, and, instead of destroying yourselves, help forward the common good of the community you embarked in at our departure from Dictatoria. In purging ourselves of abuses, we have not so much regarded what was Dictatorian, as what was contrary to our ancient laws. Joined with us you may live and prosper, but if you separate you must perish.'

Upon hearing this, one or two returned to a better mind, and were hauled up into the ship. The boat being driven against the ship by one wave, and overset by another, the rest were all lost.

ALLUSION VIII.

About one thousand seven hundred years ago, there was a temple built, no matter where; but its foundations were sunk deep in a rock of adamant, and its dome pierced the clouds: the materials were too hard for time to impair, and the workmanship too firm for the most furious storms to injure: the plan was drawn by the greatest architect in the world, and the design was proportionable to the immense and exalted genius of its author: it was built in a plain style, so that, if it were viewed by one of a corrupt taste, it had little that he could admire, for there was nothing extravagant or enormous in it; nay, its height and platform were so judiciously adjusted, that, although both were very great, yet neither seemed prodigious. To one of any judgment, the whole figure appeared wonderfully majestic and stately. It had two excellences peculiar to it; one, that if you should survey it for some time attentively, it would seem to grow in size and grandeur, till, without either straining the eye, or shocking the imagination, it had insensibly enlarged both, and taught the beholder a certain capacity of seeing and conceiving, which he was unacquainted with before; the other, that the instant you entered it, you were struck with a sacred kind of awe, which came so irresistibly upon you, that were you of ever so gay or loose a disposition, you could not help being grave. But then this was attended with no uneasiness or fear; for the beauty and cheerfulness of all you saw was such, and the light, which entered by a thousand spacious windows, was so great, that you were as much delighted as awed. Every thing was disposed in so simple and natural an order, and yet with such magnificence, as could not but fill a judicious beholder with a serious and solemn kind of joy, accompanied with that profound reverence, which ought to be felt, when a divine nature is supposed to be present. Some were more taken with one thing, and some with another; but all agreed, that the architect had shewn uncommon skill, in giving such abundance

of light, which served to discover the symmetry, the beauty, and masterly contrivance of all within. There was no utensil that was not ornamental; no decoration, that was not useful. To say no more of it, it infinitely surpassed the Ephesian temple of Diana, and even eclipsed the glory of Solomon's temple at Jerusalem.

The architect, who had built it at his own expense, when he died, left, in his last will and testament, an endowment sufficient to keep it clean, and in repair; and nominated such trustees, for the purpose, as he could confide in, both on account of their honesty, and the great skill in architecture which he had communicated to them. He left them also a fair copy of the plan, with strict orders, never to touch any part of the work, without consulting it; and to appoint such others as should either assist, or succeed them, in this charge. For three or four hundred years, these persons discharged their trust so sufficiently, and the general taste continued so pure, that the edifice was admired for the same beauty and majesty that recommended it at first. They came from all parts of the world to see it and worship in it. It is true, the admirers of other renowned temples, bigoted to their own favourite notions of architecture, and envious of the honours that were paid to this, often battered it with rams, and other warlike engines, but to no purpose: so firm were its walls, that they could make no impression on it, and so honest was the corporation of trustees, and so zealous for its glory, that there was scarce a man of them who was not ready to receive the shocks of the battering rams on his own head, rather than suffer them to touch the temple. There were, from time to time, several among the trustees, who, either not rightly understanding the rules of architecture, or else ambitious of getting a name by innovations, pretended to find faults in the structure, which they said had been put in by unskilful managers, in the several ages since the death of the architect. They endeavoured, but in vain, to make this appear by the plan; and had their opinions condemned in several boards, held by the trustees, on purpose to consider of these matters. At length, one of the trustees, a covetous and intriguing man, what by caballing and practising with some of the most short-sighted, or ill principled, of the board; and what

by calling in the assistance and interest of a great lord in the neighbourhood, acquired such an influence over the trustees, that he might do what he pleased; and it was never in his nature or intention to do any thing, that was not for his own private interest. He endeavoured to prove himself vested with a right to this superiority over his brethren, from the testament of the architect; because the original trustee, under whom he derived, happened to be first in the list of trustees, and mentioned therein both by name and surname: with the same principles with which he had usurped, he also abused this power. He took the keys of the temple into his own hand, and would let nobody in, either to view the building, or to adore the Deity to whom it was dedicated, without paying a very considerable tax to him, of which he put the greater part in his own pocket, distributing the rest among the other trustees, who, by that means, and others as dishonest and slavish, were kept obedient to him. This was directly against the intention of the architect, who had wrote over the entrance of the great gate these words: 'Let this gate stand open to all people.' By which, plain people thought a free entrance was ordered for all: but he insisted, that the architect had given him the sole right of interpreting that sentence, and judging of the plan; to this right, he pleaded, common sense, and reason, and grammar ought to submit. He interpreted the sentence thus: 'Let this gate stand open to all, who pay for entrance:' the last words he said were omitted for brevity's sake; and swore a terrible oath, that he would never let any mortal in, who questioned his authority: however, being conscious to himself, that this interpretation was strained, he covered the sentence with a brazen plate; so people even gave him his demand (for what other could they do?) thinking it better to pay, than be kept out. In process of time, mankind, who are always upon the change, degenerated into a vitiated and barbarous taste; nothing, that was not extravagant and monstrous, could please. In architecture particularly, the wild, and the vast, the odd, and the whimsical alone, were held in admiration. The usurper, in compliance with the age (for he that would fill his pockets, ought to serve the times) covered the walls both without and within, with a thousand finical and Gothic ornaments, that were so well

fitted to the ill taste of the times, that they drew an infinite rabble of gapers to the temple, who, coming out of mere curiosity, and with little or no taste in architecture, did greatly increase his tax. He cut large niches in the wall, in which he placed images, many of them of a very mean kind of workmanship; and yet they were worshipped by most that came in, and admired by all. The niches were so frequent, and so near the foundation, that they could not but greatly impair the strength of the building: he dug a huge vault under it, by which also the foundations were much weakened; there he flung the carcases of those dead persons, whose friends paid him for the liberty of interring there, out of a fond notion, that they would never rot in that place.

Although it was easy to perceive the absurdity of this conceit, by the noisome stench that issued from that pit of rottenness, and had the most unwholesome effects on all who came into the temple; yet the practice (such is the credulity of those who have given up their reason) went on. He glazed the windows with a kind of painted glass, through which a dim and livid light entered the temple, and brought with it a great variety of odd and superstitious figures, that seemed to place themselves in the windows, for no other purpose but to intercept the rays of the sun. This, which at noon was no better than a twilight, was reduced to absolute darkness by the smut which the smoke of tapers, that were burned there day and night, had left upon the walls and the ceiling. Two ends very advantageous to the usurper were answered by this artificial obscurity. First, the idle and ridiculous ornaments he had added being seen by candle light, were in less danger of having their deformity or counterfeit beauty discovered; again, the temple being dark of itself, it was necessary that he should furnish lights to those who went in, and as necessary that they should pay him roundly for his service.

The upright and firm pillars of the Doric and Ionic order, which supported the work above with a natural air of grandeur and strength, he cut into feeble Tortilles, enamelled their surfaces with a thousand barbarous and crawling figures, and loaded their capitals with such extravagant foliages, as were a sufficient weight for the shaft, had there been nothing else.

At length he added to it another building, or rather a heap of almost an equal size with itself, but on a quite different plan; by which means the uniformity of the figure was entirely taken away. This new erection had false windows on the outside, they were glazed, as if intended for the reception of light, but the wall was continued at those places on the inside, so that the light was entirely shut out. It was so crowded every where with little quaint images, and pictures, and grotesque figures, starting out from the walls, that it seemed a burlesque on the old temple. He was continually adding some new device, which brought gazers to it, and money into his pocket. The front of the old temple was shut up, and those, who wanted to see either, were introduced by that of the new, which stood the direct contrary way, and so were conducted through a private dark passage, by which means it was pretty difficult to know, when one was in the ancient and when in the modern structure. His reason for this incoherent situation was, to make his own edifice seem more magnificent, than that of the ancient architect; for as you approached them in this manner, you had the front of his pile, and only the back of the old temple in view at once; which he imagined could not but set off his erection in the most advantageous light; but good judges say it happened quite otherwise, and that the worst view of the one, was incomparably finer than the most elaborate prospect of the other. The mistakes in this latter addition were so gross and so numerous, that many, even in those times, perceived it was no great miracle of art, and were so free as to call it a new-fangled and modern performance. To this, the usurper, with his fellow trustees had the assurance to answer, that it was no new nor late erection, but of the same antiquity with what they called the old temple, and built by the same architect; who, if you would believe them, told their corporation so, and left them a verbal licence to make what additions or alterations they should think proper; but for this they had no authentic record to shew. It was easy to see the falsehood of all their assertions on that subject, by a bare view of this latter edifice, in which there were a hundred extravagancies altogether unknown to the age in which the old temple was built. However, to make what they maintained the more probable,

the usurper positively asserted in the teeth of common sense, and against the testimony of every one's eyes, that the whole pile, as they then saw it, was raised together, that it was impossible for either to stand without the other, and that if it were not so, there ought to have been an entrance to that part which they called the old temple; whereas you may observe, said he, that you are all obliged to enter by the gate of that structure which you call an addition, and so to pass on through the whole building. Some of them told him, that it was plain enough to any one's eyes, that there was an entrance in the front of the old temple, and at the same time pointed to the gate. To this he answered, that what they mistook for an entrance was quite another thing; that if they understood architecture, they would be of his mind: that as they were ignorant of that art, they ought to give him leave to judge for them; and modestly submit their senses and reason to his skill; and that they were not to suppose any analogy between a temple and a dwelling-house. Upon this they desired to see a plan; but he told them that was only permitted by the architect to the board of trustees. We hope then, said they, we may see his will at least. No, replied he, I am sole executor, and shall see it fulfilled. You have nothing to do with these matters, but are a parcel of blockheads and impudent puppies. You do not understand architecture, and therefore can make nothing of the plan. You are ignorant of the language, in which the will is wrote, and therefore can make as little of that. Though there was scarce any thing in which the old and new structure agreed, although the front of each was turned a different way, although their very clocks pointed the time, and their weathercocks the wind differently, yet the people through ignorance or fear, suffered themselves to be overruled, and were satisfied to shut their own, and be directed by his eyes.

Having thus quieted the people, he governed all things by his own will for a long time, and many a fair penny he made by keeping the keys. As for the other trustees, they turned empirics and quacks, and pretending that the bones, or teeth, or hair of such as had died in the defence of the temple, when it was besieged, could cure all diseases, they sold them publicly in the temple; and when they were exhausted, brought more from the magazine of rottenness in

the vault. By this means the temple was converted into a kind of shop or exchange, in which all manner of arts were used that knaves are wont to practise on fools.

But, at last, some, displeased with his intolerable avarice and pride, to which he set no bounds, and the prostitution of so sacred a building to merchandise and gain, broke into the old temple, by the entrance that had been so long shut up; which they had the better right to do, as the greater number of them were trustees. The first thing they did was to search for the original plan, which they found wrapt in an old worm-eaten covering, and thrown into a dark corner. Having opened it, they immediately set themselves to make such alterations, as might reduce the building to its ancient plainness. They pruned the walls of all the unnatural ornaments with which their beauty had been concealed, and their regularity defaced. They brushed off the cobwebs and the smut. They demolished the images, and filled up the niches with the same materials that had been taken out of them before. In order to forward and direct their work, they broke down the painted glass that darkened the windows; and put the most transparent glass they could get in its room.

Two things put a stop to this work, which, at first, went on very briskly. The usurper, with those of his party, which was by far the most numerous, set upon them while they were thus employed, and killing a great many of them on the spot, drove the rest into one end of the temple, where, by the assistance of others, who came in to their relief, they found means to barricade and fortify themselves. These fortifications made an ill figure in the temple, but there was no help for it. The usurper did not think it sufficient to put a stop to the restoration of ancient architecture by force, but he used a thousand sleights and stratagems to mislead and embroil the restorers, the chief of which was this:—He sent many of his own gang, to take on them the appearance of restorers, who, having artfully insinuated themselves into their esteem and affection, put on the show of more than ordinary zeal, finding fault with the cowardice and coldness of those who had begun the work; and pulling all down before them, without distinction

of good or bad, ancient or modern. Numbers of well-meaning, simple people, were carried away with this appearance, and set themselves to demolish, with the same ignorance and the same fury. Away went the sacred furniture of the temple, pilfered by sacrilegious hands! down went every thing that was ornamental, though it was ever so useful! The windows were stripped of their transparent glass, by pretended haters of painted glass, and pretended lovers of light; by which means the inside of the temple was exposed to the weather; and the wild devastation they had made, lay open to the eyes and scoffs of their enemies. These barbarous and Gothic ruiners were not a little assisted in their impious pranks by crowds of thieves and robbers, who, under pretence of reforming abuses in architecture, broke into the temple, and made plunder of all they laid their hands on. In vain did the sober and honest, who consulted the plan and the will of the architect in all they did, labour to hinder these abuses. But the usurper did not inveigh against this havoc, and these bickerings, which he himself had been, secretly, the author of, in vain. He found it no difficult matter to infuse a strong prejudice into people's minds, against such impious and outrageous practices, having, by his clandestine emissaries, first rendered them such for that very purpose. The consequence of this was, that people generally thought it safer to continue in that party, and join themselves to those who had added to, and corrupted the temple, than to associate with such as seemed in a fair way to pull it down upon their own heads, not considering that the firmness of the work made this impossible.

In this condition stands the noblest edifice in the world; distorted in its figure, by a rude and Gothic addition; disgraced, by idle and fantastic ornaments; and spoiled of its ancient glories, by pretended or ignorant reformers. So unhappily are its beauty, its majesty, and grandeur, impaired, that many prefer the temples of China, or the mosques of Turkey, to it; and some had rather worship in the open air.

ALLUSION IX.

For many ages, the good of mankind had excited some, and curiosity and avarice, numbers, to search for a universal remedy, that might cure all distempers incident to the human species. To this they were encouraged by an old opinion, handed down from time immemorial, and generally spread among the people, that there was really such a thing in nature, though very hard to be found out. Physic was narrowly searched, philosophy was strictly examined, and even magic superstitiously consulted; but all to no purpose, the fugitive miracle eluded all their inquiries. Some were so weak as to think, and others so disingenuous as to pretend, they had discovered it; but a little time and experience fully demonstrated the falsehood of the one, and the folly of the other. Some were of opinion, that there was no such thing, but they were mistaken; for, in the garden of Uranion, a wise and mighty prince, grew a tree of excellent beauty and wonderful size, whose fruit, with which it was continually loaded, was a present remedy against all kinds of maladies. The subjects of this prince had once the privilege of walking and diverting themselves in his gardens, the air of which, whether it was owing to the admirable qualities of certain simples, particularly this tree, or to some peculiar influence of the heavens, was of such a benign nature, that it was impossible to feel any ailment of body, or grievance of mind, from the time one entered the gate till one went out again. But so foolish and ungrateful were the people, that they abused the bounty of their prince, stealing his fruit, and breaking down his trees, in such a rude and unsightly manner, that he was obliged to shut them out of it, and place a strong porter to defend the door. However, as Uranion was the most gracious and merciful of all princes, he pitied the unhappy condition of his subjects, who laboured under a thousand disorders, without any remedy; and died so fast, that several parts of his once fair and populous dominions were left destitute of inhabitants.

While he was reflecting, with great compassion, on the

miseries of his people, and considering how he might best assist them, without debasing the majesty of his person and laws; his son, who had all his father's goodness in him, and was, moreover, related to the people by his mother, generously offered to quit, for a time, the glories and delights of the royal palace, with the finest gardens in the universe, and expose himself to the contagious air, and all the miseries that afflicted the unhappy people, in order to make them sensible of their ingratitude, and reduce them to a more reverend and obedient disposition.

Go then, said the good Uranion: and as many as will follow your rules, and live in sobriety and temperance, without which, you know, the universal remedy is of no effect, shall, on your intercession and recommendation, receive a portion of that fruit that cures all distempers.

Charged with this gracious commission, the young prince left the palace, and living among the lowest and most miserable of the people, laboured to recommend submission and obedience to them, declaring the glad tidings he had from his father, proposing the infallible remedy to them, and teaching them how to live, in order to profit by it. Some listened and obeyed; others, wedded to their old methods of cure, rejected the tender of his. The pretenders to physic, who made a livelihood by their imperfect skill, or the impostures with which they abused the people fearing the ruin of their craft, and envying the wonderful cures he performed, endeavoured to persuade the people that his fruit would poison them; but when this did not take effect, they persecuted him with the greatest cruelty, driving him from place to place, blackening his character, and at length seizing on his person, and putting him to death in the most ignominious manner, and with the sharpest tortures they could invent.

The young prince, foreseeing that this would be the case, had chosen out, some time before his death, certain trusty persons, whom he vested with a power, to teach in his name, and to distribute the universal remedy to as many as were disposed to receive it. To these he confirmed their commission, after his father had raised him to life again, and procured them such a continual supply of healing fruit, as was necessary to the prosecution of the happy

work they had in hand. Those who had conspired the death of his son, the just Uranion dispersed and destroyed in a manner suitable to his absolute power, and their monstrous crime. After this, Uranion, rightly judging that it was beneath him to interfere personally with so ungrateful and so degenerate a people, constituted his son sole minister, devolving on him the power of transacting all affairs whatsoever, throughout his dominions. All application was to be made either to him, or through his recommendation and assistance. No petition was to be preferred, whether it was for the universal remedy, or any other grant or favour, but such as the prince should authorize and forward by his seal.

The persons, to whom the prince committed the work of reclaiming the people, and dispensing the universal remedy, acquitted themselves of that duty with great integrity, for a long time, during which the kingdom visibly recovered, both as to the number and health of the subjects: but, at length, many covetous and ambitious persons, getting in among them, began to make merchandize of the salutiferous fruit. One of the most considerable, who dwelt in a town very commodiously situated for trade, erected a monopoly of this kind of traffic, and claimed, for himself and company, the sole right of vending the universal remedy. Not satisfied with this intolerable piece of impudence, they squeezed the juice out of the fruit, alleging that it was not intended for common use, and that the people must be satisfied with the rind; which, to make it go down the better, they steeped in a compound kind of pickle, that gave it quite another taste, and such a one as none but a very depraved palate could relish. The fruit, thus drained of its own simple and wholesome juice, thus bloated and adulterated with many ingredients of evil or opposite qualities, poisoned the blood of those who took it, and brought sickness and death, instead of health.

To this ill effect the careless manner in which it was administered contributed greatly; for these mercenary managers, contrary to the directions of the young prince, who had ordered it to be dispensed gratis, and taken by the temperate only, at their extreme peril, both sold it, and with it a licence, to take it even in the midst of a debauch;

so that, notwithstanding this precaution, they both took it themselves, because it was of a very agreeable flavour, and gave it to the people, because it sold at double value, where the licence was tacked to it, without observing the necessary rules; by which means, they and the people were infected with innumerable disorders, many of which were never heard of before, and proved all mortal in the end. By this means, they reduced the nation to a worse state of health than it had laboured under before the use of the universal remedy; and not only that, but rendered them also more regardless of the honour and obedience they owed their sovereign. This latter they brought about by pretending that the fruit was of no use, except they cooked and prepared it; by affecting to receive and prefer those petitions for it, which ought to have been preferred to Uranion, by his son only, and by persuading the people, that the king would receive no petitions, but such as were penned in a mysterious jargon of their own, in order that they might make a penny, by drawing them with their own hands. By these means, they held the people in such slavery to themselves, that they forgot their true and real dependence, on the bounty of their king, and the intercession of his son. Some of them turned public-notaries, and earned unrighteous bread, by engrossing these petitions, which rendered them, and the poor petitioners, odious to Uranion. Others commenced cooks, and made money by dressing out the universal medicine, so as to make it please the vitiated taste, and sit easy on the squeamish stomach of such as could reward them handsomely for their pains. Others again, went about from place to place, erecting stages in the country-towns, on which they set the royal bounty to sale. These impudent empirics and quacks assured the people, that the medicine which they had to sell, as they had managed it, could infallibly cure all distempers, without the trouble and confinement of a regimen; by which artifice, they drew in the generality of the people to exchange their sterling for such counterfeit or sophisticated stuff, as ruined their health, and shortened their days, instead of restoring to them sound constitutions, and securing their lives. They sold their pretended remedies at random, among the poorer sort; but

undertook the constitutions of the rich, like the repair of buildings, for a certain salary by the year. Uranion saw these abuses with all the concern and indignation that a gracious and just king can feel, upon seeing his subjects pushed on to all manner of wickedness, and even rebellion, and with their eyes opened to apparent destruction, by those whom he had appointed to preserve them in their duty, and their health. To appear in person, and make use of the royal authority, to put a stop to these monstrous practices and corruptions, had been such a reversing of his former wise and righteous methods, as was beneath him to stoop to. To withdraw the fruit, and discontinue the supplies stipulated for between his son and the people, was dishonouring the young prince, and infringing the covenant made through him; to send a prince again amongst those who had treated him so ungratefully and barbarously already, and who were as likely now, as formerly, to be guilty of the same cruelty (for the modern quacks were greater gainers by their imposture than the former, and every whit as covetous and malicious), seemed such an abuse of goodness, in favour of wretches so altogether unworthy, that he did not entertain the least thoughts of it. The prince, who always endeavoured to make as favourable a representation of the people as he could, interceded with his father to let matters stand as they were; alleging, that no better method could be thought of, than that which the managers had so grossly perverted; that there were still some, who not only distributed the fruit pure, and without a price, but also protested against the impudent traffic which their brethren made of it; that the imposture was too gross, and its ill effects too grievous and too sensible to be long patiently endured, and that the people, having their senses still open, would at length take the courage to hear with their ears, and see with their eyes, the miserable havoc that was made among them. Uranion, infinitely patient, and averse to precipitate resolutions, yielded to the importunities and intercession of his son. But the quacks, fearing lest the people should one day see through an imposture, that at once picked their pockets, ruined their constitutions, and swept them out of the world, set themselves to contrive how they might most effectually

prevent their ever using their senses. To accomplish this, they took several ways. One was, to tincture the pickle in which the fruit was steeped for vulgar use, in a certain opiate that occasioned madness. The generality of those who swallowed this, lost all use of their reason, and were reduced to a condition little better than that of brutes; after which, as they were not sensible of any disorders under which they laboured, so they made no complaints: but on others, whose brains were stronger, this drug had not so entire effect. To these the quacks pretended, that the universal remedy could work no cure on them, unless they underwent certain chirurgical operations, that were necessary to prepare them for the fruit. As soon as they got leave to use their lancets, they pierced the drums of their ears, broke the coats of their eyes, cut out their palates, maimed the olfactory nerves, and so mangled the sensible parts on the ends of their fingers, that they could pass a cucumber or a pumpkin on them for the all-healing fruit.

In short, so little good, and such a world of mischief was done by these empirics, that many began to think the universal remedy a cheat, and to doubt whether there was any such thing or not. But the people at length opened their eyes; and several of those, who had been driven to distraction, recovering their understandings, went about, declaiming against, and detecting the imposture of the empirics; insomuch, that many, taking their constitutions out of their hands, betook themselves to temperance, and the assistance of such as gave the fruit gratis; by which means, they, in a short time, recovered their health, and returned like good subjects to their allegiance. They petitioned the king, in their own mother-tongue, and had their submission so warmly recommended by the prince, that they were immediately received into favour, and such plentiful portions of the universal remedy were conferred upon them, that they had not only sufficient for their own use; but also for as many of their friends, as would consent to return to a like mind with themselves.

ALLUSION X.

This world we live on is a new thing in the universe, and but of late creation. The inhabitants of our neighbouring planets have scarcely yet got over their wonder at the strange revolution that happened in our system about six thousand years ago, when there was room made for this, by the departure of an old world, that revolved in the same orbit which we now describe about the sun. This predecessor of our earth had a moon or satellite, of a magnitude much more considerable than ours, which in like manner reflected a borrowed and changeable light upon its inhabitants. It happened that a comet of unusual size came within the orbit of the old world, and approached so near it, as to absorb its moon in her perigee or greatest approximation to the primary planet, by which its attractive force became so powerful, that it drew in that also, being then in its aphelium or greatest distance from the sun, and carried both away with it from the centre of our system, into those cold and dark regions that lie between the orbit of Saturn and the fixed stars. There (whether it was that the attraction of the comet decreased with its heat, or from what other cause is not known) they were again disengaged from it, and left so equally suspended between the attractions of the surrounding systems, that they have remained ever since in the same point of the heavens, fixed and immoveable. The inhabitants of this old world must have been of a nature very different from ours, or they had all perished long ago, at such a distance from the source of light and heat, supposing it possible for them to have survived the fiery embraces of the comet. Many and unspeakable were the miseries that attended this melancholy situation into which they fell. They endeavoured to relieve themselves from the cold by fires, and from the darkness by tapers made of the most combustible kinds of wood that could be found. These, we may be sure, supplied the absence and answered the ends of a sun but very imperfectly. It required so great and so continual labour to prepare and feed them, that few could provide themselves with them;

and even to these they afforded such a niggardly degree of heat and light, with such glimmering and contracted views of things, that had there not been an absolute necessity for some such expedient, they had been entirely laid aside.

After several ages spent in this uncomfortable state of cold and darkness, there arose one, who from the extraordinary degree of wisdom and power with which he was endued, seemed to be sent by the Author of nature, for the relief of the Pyrandrians (for so are the inhabitants of the old world called from their bearing torches), and to remedy, as much as the nature of things would admit of, the miseries of living at such an immense distance from any sun. This extraordinary person, who was wonderfully skilled in the secrets of nature, took a great deal of pains to teach them the art of making a kind of portable lamps, which inspired those who bore them with a kindly and agreeable warmth, and diffused such a plentiful light about them, that they could see clearly all round, and particularly, if they held them right, to a prodigious distance before them. The Pyrandrians expressed a world of gratitude to their benefactor for the admirable and useful invention; they erected temples to him after his departure; and wrote the history of his life and transactions in terms full of respect, in which they dwelt copiously on the rules and precepts that he gave them, about the method of making and managing their lamps. This book was kept at the public expense, with infinite care and exactness; and that the art contained in it might be rendered universally beneficial, copies of it were taken by as many as desired them, which certain officers, appointed for that purpose, took care to correct faithfully and scrupulously by the original. There was one thing in the art of preparing these lamps, which made it necessary for the Pyrandrians to erect themselves into particular societies or corporations, and have frequent meetings; and it was founded on this observation in natural philosophy, that fire is preserved by the union, and extinguished by the separation of that combustible matter on which it subsists. When therefore a new lamp was to be lighted up, or one that had been extinguished to be rekindled, or such as were declining in warmth or lustre wanted to be renewed, the method was to call an assembly,

where every one was to repair with his lamp trimmed. When they were met, all the tapers were set together, and not only the dark one took fire, but all the rest were observed to coalesce, and return from these meetings with fresh brightness and vigour.

As the precepts, on which this art was founded, lay scattered here and there through the history of its author, it required some judgment to put them together; and the unskilful sometimes mistook in preparing their lamps, so that while one could not get his composition to take fire at all, another had mixed his so unhappily, that it blew up the whole assembly that came together to kindle it. To remedy these inconveniencies, and prevent the contempt into which the art by this means might fall, the most noted for skill and success in making lamps, and for the extraordinary brightness of their own, met and made an abstract of the rules in which the whole art was contained. This they published for vulgar use, and it was found by the experience of many ages, to be of excellent effect in directing the judgments of the Pyrandrians, so various in themselves, to the one great point intended by the author, to wit, the making a good lamp.

Although the benefit of these lamps, and the certainty with which, by the help of the abstract, they were prepared, was too manifest to be denied, yet there wanted not those, who not only spoke contemptuously of the author, but endeavoured to oppose the progress of the invention. It cannot rationally be supposed, that they had any other motive for so doing, than the fear of having their lives, which they say, were none of the best, exposed by the light: but, although this was the sole motive of all who opposed the art, yet they shewed their opposition in different ways; some openly endeavoured to blow out the lamps, but were mortified to find, that by so doing, they only dispersed the snuff and ashes; insomuch, that they burnt with double briskness and lustre. And some there were who tried to depreciate them, by making others of their own invention, which they pretended answered the end much better; but the contrary was manifest, for they were soon discovered to be only the old wooden torches, a little better dried than formerly, by the heat of the lamps.

There were a third kind, more artful than the former, who pretended to be true Pyrandrians, and with a sort of counterfeit lamps, which, for an hour or two, burnt extremely like the right ones, entered into their assemblies, and there in a kind of plausible harangues, laboured to dissuade the Pyrandrians, from the use of the abstract. This they did to make way for the opposition they intended against the history itself, but covered their design under the highest encomiums on the excellence of the lamps, the wisdom of the invention, and the goodness of its author. It is true, at first they made a new abstract of their own, which took prodigiously for some time; for the inhabitants of the old Pyrandrian world were, like ours and all other planetary people, extremely fond of novelty and change. But it was not long ere this abstract fell into contempt on comparing it with the original history, and finding it widely different from that, and very defective in practice. The pretended Pyrandrians, finding this artifice detected, with an assurance peculiar to their sect, set themselves to rail at all abstracts, denying their own, and condemning that and the old one, as equally spurious and pernicious. They insisted, that seeing the invention, as it lay in the ancient history, was both perfect and intelligible, all abstracts or explanations must be either vain or prejudicial; that, if the author had thought otherwise, he had furnished the Pyrandrians with such of his owncontrivance, and not left his art to be mangled, under a notion of mending it by bunglers and pretenders; and that there was just cause of fear, lest in process of time the history should be quite laid aside, the abstract only used, and, by that means the art in a long succession of ages be entirely lost. Although the true Pyrandrians declared they laid no other stress on the abstract, but as it was authorized by a strict conformity with the history, as it gave an entire and concise view of the necessary ingredients in a good lamp, and as the expedient had been found eminently serviceable in so entirely removing those inconveniences mentioned before, that proceeded from a lax, unguarded, and undirected perusal of the history, that they were now generally forgot; although they referred every one to the history, and took all possible pains to preserve it genuine, and in full authority; yet those who

opposed the abstract went on, and with a world of popular sophistry and declamation pursued this first necessary step to that primitive darkness which their real principles and secret practices required. They used so much art and caution that they at first made many proselytes to their way of thinking, whom they afterward farther initiated into their dark designs, as they found means to wean them from the love of light, and possess them with a fondness for such absurd and abominable practices, as could not bear the lamp.

However, notwithstanding the thick veil under which they concealed their designs, the Pyrandrian world was then too plentifully illuminated, for such an imposition to pass long upon it. Several things assisted the discovery. First, their counterfeit lamps with which they had found admittance into the Pyrandrian assemblies were found out, and so sufficiently exploded, that they were obliged to lay them aside. Secondly, they could not be prevailed on to draw together those precepts on which the art was founded; nor make lamps even by the history itself, lest, truly, they should impose a particular sense on any part of it, or introduce novel explications. This gave great cause of suspicion that they were not true friends to the invention. Thirdly, they affected the same way of reasoning, and the same latitude of thought, with those who openly opposed the art, and were ever ready to cry them up as patterns of good sense and sound judgment. Fourthly, they appeared to have no light about them, and when they were questioned with, on that article, they shewed a dark lanthorn in which, they said, was inclosed a most glorious lamp, made by a new receipt, from whence they vain-gloriously assumed, and the Pyrandrians in derision gave them, the name of Augenei, or New-lights. They could not be prevailed on to open these lanthorns, although they had nothing to fear, but merely the being convicted of imposture; for the Pyrandrians used no violence or persecution, thinking every one punished himself sufficiently who refused the use of the lamps. The bare use of an abstract, that confessedly contained nothing different from the history, seemed to be too slight a foundation for the divisions that were broached, and the debates that were set on foot. Since

little or no inconvenience could rationally be feared from thence, it was to be presumed the Augenei had something of more moment at the bottom, and that they were enemies to the lamps themselves. At least, if this was not the case, some other principle or design, as detrimental to the public welfare, must be supposed, from the industry and art used to conceal, not only those lamps they pretended to carry about, but the secret by which they were made, and the whole plan of their designs. If the lamps of the Pyrandrians were false lights, or their inventor a deceiver, why did not the Augenei, who set up for more than ordinary degrees of benevolence, openly expose the imposture? If their own were the only true ones, why did they not produce them, and publish the receipt by which they were made? Why were all things to be managed covertly, and in the dark, by one party, in a dispute about light, whilst the other dealt openly in every thing, and taught the world what they knew? Why were the principles of the Augenei so impenetrable and opake, while those of the Pyrandrians were altogether transparent? Was it not a most preposterous thing, while the Augenei railed at the Pyrandrians for the use of an abstract for which they could not assign natural reasons, because the co-operation of the several ingredients was in itself mysterious and inexplicable, that they should make a secret of what, if you believed their own words, they could very easily explain? All these and a thousand other queries of the same kind, are no other way to be answered, but by saying that the Augenei stood up in defence of a pretended light, in order to establish a real darkness; because darkness was the only defence for their deeds.

This controversy is likely never to have an end, because light and darkness are incompatible, till one or other party be destroyed.

But there is little room to expect this, since, if on the one hand, the real and manifest use of the lamps must always preserve the art of making them, and the history in which it is contained; so the Augenei have many helps to support them on the other. In all controversies, obscurity has greatly the advantage of perspicuity. All the designs of the Pyrandrians are no sooner laid than discovered and obviated,

while those of the Augenei are impenetrable. The Pyrandrians lie open to a thousand shots from the dark, exposed by their own light, while the Augenei are invisible, and only to be attacked at random. If there be the least flow in an argument that is thoroughly understood, it is immediately widened to a dissolution of the whole; or, if there be none, it is easy seeing where a pretended one may most artfully and feasibly be fixed.

But, on the other side, be there ever so many real defects, obscurity can hide them all, and as there is no distinguishing right from wrong, there is neither safety nor certainty in opposing any thing. What, said the Pyrandrians, is the use of light, but to be diffused about us, and to present us with a view of the persons or things we are concerned with? The beneficent inventor of our lamps forbade us to hide them, but rather to let them shine before all the Pyrandrians, that all might see and enjoy the benefit of them, and provide themselves with lamps of their own; but these Augenei either envying us a share of their new light, or else fearing it should be found to be no better than darkness, conceal both their art and lamps; and by their stumbling and irregular motions, give shrewd signs that they had no light, and by their pilfering and other dark practices, that they desire none.

A thousand other circumstances too tedious here to mention, concurred to confirm this suspicion; but, at length, an accident happened that put it out of question. One of the Augenei was caught asleep, after a debauch, by a company of the Pyrandrians, with his lanthorn lying by him. They carried off both with them, and, in a full assembly of their own people, examined him about the nature of his new light. But there was such a world of shuffling and ambiguity in all his answers, that it was impossible to make any thing of him, only this, that such equivocal and double dealing, plainly argued him an impostor; besides, upon his being first roused, which was in the midst of the assembly, he was in vast confusion to find himself surprised, his eyes could not bear the brightness of the lamps, and he demanded his lanthorn with the greatest marks of fear and anxiety, in both his voice and looks. This was all the helps they had to form his character, or that of his com-

panions, from any observations they could make on himself: for his impudence soon recovered him from his surprise, insomuch that he answered all their questions with an innocent face, and an assured look. The Pyrandrians, finding it impossible to draw him out from the intricate recesses, and dark lurking-places, which his manifold hypocrisy and impudence afforded him, ordered his lanthorn to be opened, in hopes of making a full discovery from thence: but they spent a great deal of time, to no purpose, in searching for a door. After handing it about, and examining it one by one, they were obliged to use violence to it.

Upon breaking it open, such a pestilential vapour issued from the fracture, as made the lamps, for a moment or two, burn blue, and seized the heads of all that were present, with an unaccountable giddiness: but, upon its going off immediately, they could observe no light in the lanthorn, nor any room for a lamp or candle; for the whole was stuffed with implements of various kinds, which they drew out and examined one after another. First came forth a large packet, with the word 'New-light' wrote upon it in capital letters, and round the word, the figures of the sun, moon, stars, and other luminous bodies, with rays, and large encomiums interspersed upon the nature and excellence of light. Upon breaking this open, it appeared to be only the covering of several other packets contained within it, and was all painted with clouds on the inside. The first of the lesser packets had 'Truth' wrote on it, and underneath a naked woman held a balance, one scale of which was immersed in a cloud, while the sun shone brightly on the other; upon opening this, there was found another, with 'Sophistry' wrote upon it, and a figure with two faces peeping from behind the curtain; and this, again, being open, was found full of fine dust, which, by the least breath of the by-standers, arose like smoke, and, for some time, so far prevailed upon the lamps, as to render what passed almost invisible. The next packet that was displayed, had 'Nature' wrote upon it, and, underneath, the figure of a savage Pyrandrian, frisking on his hands and feet, and hastening with pleasure and eagerness in his countenance, towards a herd of four-footed animals, that appeared at a distance. Within, it was daubed with obscene and drunken

figures, and rude battles of naked Pyrandrians, tearing each other with their teeth. It contained another that had 'Pleasure' wrote on the outside, and 'Vice' within, and was filled with dung.

The last packet had 'Liberty' wrote upon it, with the picture of a war-horse bounding over a wall, while his rider grovelled at some distance behind him, with the saddle, bridle, and other furniture lying in confusion round him. On the inside appeared the figure of a hydra, whose hundred heads, armed with fire and stings, waged furious war with each other, and in the void spaces among the heads, was wrote, 'Libertinism and Anarchy.' It contained only a medley of small books, and warlike weapons, cut in wood, that looked like an arsenal and a library huddled together. It was observed, that on one of the books, these words were carved, 'Darkness to be felt.' Such were the contents of the packets. The rest of the lanthorn was filled with daggers, poisons, pick-locks, rope-ladders, and all the various instruments with which night-enterprises and dark designs are wont to be carried on. By the anatomy of this lanthorn, as it was called, it appeared what kind of people the Augenei were, and an edict was forthwith published by the Pyrandrians, forbidding all manner of commerce or conversation with them, under this penalty, That whosoever should transgress the edict, should have his lamp forthwith quenched, and be for ever expelled the luminous assembly.

ALLUSION XI.

Among the numbers of wealthy Romans who in the Julian and Augustan ages retired to the stately villas they had built in Campania for their pleasure, there was one, who, betaking himself to a philosophical life, exchanged all he was worth at Rome for a moderate parcel of ground not far from Baiæ. The improvements he made on this spot, which was one of the most fertile in the world, were rather designed for use than ornament, and had some resemblance to those he made in his mind, which were

altogether in order to virtue. He believed that human happiness was to be obtained by keeping both the mind and body close to nature and reason, and that we make ourselves miserable in proportion to the superfluous nicety of houses, tables, and dress, with which we treat our bodies, and the curious refinements in knowledge, to which the more learned accustom their minds. He was an enemy to luxury of all kinds, as well that which consists in superfluous learning, as unnecessary riches. It was for this reason that he laid it down to himself as a law never to be dispensed with, that he and his family should by their industry in the summer provide only what was necessary during the ensuing year, with some little overplus in case of accidents or disappointments in the next succeeding crop. By this means being kept always busy, he avoided all the mischiefs that are incident to an idle life, together with the perplexities and errors that naturally arise from study and speculation. This method, however singular it may seem, gave him health and contentment, and those a long life. But finding at last that he must yield to the common lot of all men, he called his two sons Syngenes and Tycherus to him, and spoke to them in the following manner.

"My sons, hear the last commands of your dying father, and remember them as a hereditary secret, from whence you may draw health of body, peace of mind, and length of days, as I have done. As I perceive all things in this great body of the Roman empire degenerating apace, and tending headlong to that state of luxury and corruption that never fails to ruin the happiness of individuals, as well as the strength of commonwealths, so I have lived myself, and out of my tender regard to my dear children, would have you live by other maxims than those of your contemporary Romans. I have left my estate so equally divided between you, that one will have no reason to envy the other, either for the greater quantity or fertility of his portion. Each with proper industry will have enough to support a numerous family in plenty. Beware therefore of ever endeavouring to enlarge your patrimonies, for that may be attended with injustice and violence, and it would be folly to expose yourselves to temptations, since I have

left you a competency. I have designedly made you possessors only of what is sufficient, although I might have amassed a much ampler fortune, that your sustenance may depend upon industry, the mother of virtue and happiness. Since you have only enough, take care therefore to keep it entire. With my will I leave you a written summary of my economy, in which you will find the best rules that can possibly be laid down for the cultivation of this particular piece of ground. If you observe them carefully, you shall abound, and be happy; if you neglect them, you shall be poor and miserable. Remember what a long and happy life they have given me; and observe how wretched and short-lived the rest of mankind are generally rendered, by following maxims of a contrary nature.

Soon after the decease of their father, Syngenes and Tycherus took possession of their several estates. While Tycherus, full of his father's example, and directed by his rules of agriculture, gave the necessary application to the provision of food for his family; he observed that his brother Syngenes suffered his land to lie wholly untilled. Their conduct was as different, as if they had not been educated in the same family, or, as if their father had brought them up in, and bequeathed to them at his death, the observation of quite contrary maxims. Tycherus was always employed either in repairing his house, or cultivating his grounds; and was never seen abroad in the fields, without a hatchet, a rake, a sickle, or some other instrument of husbandry; whereas, Syngenes seldom stirred abroad; and when he did, was observed to saunter about with his arms stuck idly in his bosom, or with a crooked stick in his hand, gathering the wild fruit that this hedge or that coppice afforded. They happened to meet one day, and Tycherus asked his brother, why he did not plough his ground, nor repair his fences, as his father had done before him? putting him in mind that the season was pretty far advanced, and that seed-time would soon be over; and, I care not, said Syngenes, if harvest were at hand, I should then gather in my crop.

Tycherus. I am afraid you will find it a very scanty one, unless you plough and sow for it.

Syngenes. It is prejudice of education that makes you think so.

Tycherus. And pray what is it makes you think that you can possibly reap without sowing? I am sure our father, who was the best farmer in the neighbourhood, did not think as you do.

Syngenes. But I am no more tied down to his way of thinking, now that I am at liberty to act for myself, than he was to that of his father, who spent his life under arms.

Tycherus. I do not say you are, any farther than his maxims and example appear expedient and beneficial to yourself. But I imagine you will find his way of cultivating and sowing his grounds, as necessary to eating and drinking and wearing of clothes.

Syngenes. Perhaps not. I think some of my father's principles very right, and others as wrong; and of those again that are right, some may do very well for one man's purpose, that would ruin another. This first maxim indeed, that he should follow nature and reason in order to be happy, I greatly approve of; as for the rest they seem to be either foreign or false.

Tycherus. False! pray give an instance.

Syngenes. Why, can any thing be more absurd than to suppose, as he did, that labour is necessary to happiness, and pains-taking to the enjoyment of pleasure; by which he makes a drudge and a slave of man, who is the lord of the creation. Our vassals, the inferior animals, who keep nearer to nature, are to live at large truly, and to be fed and clothed without care or trouble, while their sovereign must moil and muddle in the earth, and stooping down from his erect and regal posture, pay the sweat of his magisterial brow for every morsel he is to put into his mouth. How consists this with the harmony and good order of things?

Tycherus. Aye, I was afraid it would come to this. Brother! Brother! you do very ill to read those books of vain philosophy that fill your head with these whims. Our wise father used to observe to us, that there is as great madness in the refinements of philosophy, as folly in the ways and fashions of the world, and that they are alike far from nature and reason. He was wont to tell us, that with respect

to the ends and purposes of life, he that is commonly styled a very learned man, is the greatest fool in the world. This we shall see verified in you, before the year's end; and notwithstanding you are so great a lord, and such a profound man, you and your family will be in want of necessaries, while I, who can scarce keep my own accounts, have a fair prospect of living warm and in plenty. Our father owed his happiness and length of life, to his being a plain downright man; if you followed his example, you would prefer moderate labour, though it were not necessary to the support of your family, merely because it is wholesome to the body, and amusing to the mind.

Syngenes. Brother, if you had learning, you would never confound toil and pleasure together, nor talk so weakly as you do, about the wholesomeness of straining and harassing your body, and the amusements of working. If rest is both wholesome and pleasant, how can its opposite, toil, be so too? But, it is in vain to argue with one, who knows not the first rules of disputation.

Tycherus. I know no occasion for disputing, and therefore I do not trouble my head, either about the first or second rules of it; but this I know by observations made on others, that all your idle folks, are the most splenetic and uneasy wretches in the world, while those who take pains, and are busy, appear to be cheerful and healthful. I find by myself too, that I have great pleasure, in the work of my own hands; and that I am not easy when I have nothing to do; nay, I perceive that, unless I fatigue myself a little, I can have no pleasure in rest, that condition in which you place your happiness. I should think, as all men partake of the same nature, that you must perceive the same thing in yourself: but, perhaps it may be otherwise. I am unlearned, and cannot dispute. All my knowledge, dear brother, consists in a little experience and common sense.

Syngenes. Yes, both the kind and degree of your sense, is very common, your amusements are those of the vulgar, which I fancy neither you, nor the rest of them would care to divert yourselves withal, if you thought you could help it.

Tycherus. It is no matter whether we would or not; but believe me, the solid and rational entertainment, or engagement, they give my thoughts, is what I could never find

in the little idle games, with which polite people commonly amuse themselves. The latter seem to be fit only for children, and indeed your fine folks, at least, in this part of the world, seem to be as little in earnest about this life; while the entertainments of me, and my neighbouring farmers, are serious and manly. We support and enjoy life at once, while those who call themselves our betters, seem only to act a part, and please themselves with a very childish representation of reality, that is found by none, but such as are industrious about things necessary. Is it not very absurd, brother, to shun the true business of life out of sloth, and then seek for forced invented business, for want of something to do?

Syngenes. Yes, but it is not at all absurd, to spare unnecessary pains, and such are the labours of mankind, which are so much the more ridiculous, than their mere diversions, as they are more serious.

Tycherus. How! are all the labours of mankind, absurd and ridiculous? Not excepting even those that are necessary for our support?

Syngenes. Ay, but there are none such. They are all inventions of our own, to plague ourselves, who live as it were, in a miserable world of our own contriving, and subject to innumerable wants of our own making, for which we must also make artificial supplies. Our natural wants are few, and those nature itself, without any other help, can sufficiently provide for.

Tycherus. For instance now. Should you neglect to plough and sow those fields before us, would you expect to have the necessaries of life spring spontaneously out of them?

Syngenes. Yes.

Tycherus. What, corn, wine, and oil?

Syngenes. Yes, why not? Do you imagine those are less natural to the earth than grass and weeds, and a thousand other things, not so useful, that grow unbid; nay, that are produced in greatest abundance, where the ground is least disturbed, or, in your way of speaking, manured?

Tycherus. I do not know; this doctrine is new to me, and I am sure, it is very different, not only from the practice of our father, but from that of mankind in general

Syngenes. Why so it is; and what then?

Tycherus. Nothing; only I thought, that in cases of this kind, the experience of the oldest husbandmen and indeed of all men, might afford some foundation for an argument.

Syngenes. This is an experience that the world buys very dear.

Tycherus. I do not; for my father gave it to me for nothing, and I needed only to open my eyelids, and confirm it to myself by continual observations.

Syngenes. You had a little more trouble with it than barely lifting up your eyelid. It has cost you all those labours, that raise you so soon in the morning, and keep you so late up at night; and, believe me, that is no small purchase. Had you known that our bountiful mother, earth, bestows all things, needful for our support, without asking or pressing, I believe you would have spared the continual and earnest solicitation of the plough and harrow.

Tycherus. Yes, that I should, and have found something else to employ me. But I would gladly know what arguments you can have for an opinion so singular and surprising.

Syngenes. The arguments are very good, but I will not say they will convince you. That tree is a very large and plain one, and yet I do not think a blind man could see it at noonday.

Tycherus. Well, but I will rub away the prejudices from my reason, as well as I can, and try to apprehend you.

Syngenes. Tell me, then, do you think the works of nature discover a perfect wisdom in their contrivance?

Tycherus. I do.

Syngenes. And that in them there is unstinted goodness shewn to us by their author?

Tycherus. I do.

Syngenes. Since, then, the whole world is so full of the wisdom and goodness of its Author, why should you accuse him of providing so ill for the happiness of man, on whose account the whole was made, that man is obliged to provide for himself, and that in the most laborious and painful manner. If those materials that are necessary for the nourishment of the human body, and the support of life, require so much pains to produce and prepare them, then our Maker, instead of bestowing freely, has, along with his gifts, im-

posed such hard conditions, that I really think man, who by his reason is lord, by his wants and labours, is rendered the very slave of the whole creation; and yet this must be the case, if the earth does not send forth our food, as it does that of all other creatures, unless by mere dint of labour: but, our Creator has not dealt so with us; corn, and olives, and vines, are no more aliens to the earth, than other plants less useful. The ground is the common parent of them all, and as they must have sprung from thence at first, so they must be supposed as much the favourites of their mild mother, and on as good a footing with her, as the rest of her offspring; unless, indeed, you think her like those foolish mothers, that indulge the most froward of their children, while they treat the good-natured with severity. Do you think she is partial to thorns and brambles?

Tycherus. I know nothing of her sentiments, with respect to her children, but as they are discoverable by matter of fact. It is certain that thorns, and brambles, and other noxious weeds grow apace in my grounds, in spite of all I can do to hinder them; and were it not for a great deal of ploughing, sowing, digging, planting, pruning, hedging, &c. I find I and my family might starve, for any thing the earth would afford us *gratis.*

Syngenes. How do you find that? Did you ever make the experiment?

Tycherus. No, nor do I intend it, in your way; but those fields that have lain, since Hannibal foraged in these parts, without affording one morsel of bread, or one drop of wine, or oil, but, on the contrary, abundance of wild shrubs and useless plants of all kinds, give me reason enough to fear these would let me starve, if I did not cultivate them.

Syngenes. All parts of the world do not produce all kinds of plants, though every country or climate is naturally fruitful in such things, as are necessary for the support of its own inhabitants. Plants grow spontaneous in their own native soil, and not without cultivation in others. Corn, and wines, and such like, are not natives of our climate, or else they would grow as familiarly here, as those brambles you complain of.

Tycherus. How, then, are we of this barren country to be supported, if we do not cultivate the ground?

Syngenes. By feeding on such things as our soil affords us, without mangling it with ploughs and spades.

Tycherus. Observe those fields overrun with briers and thorns: do you think you could live comfortably on what they produce in their present natural condition?

Syngenes. Why not? It is only prejudice makes us despise their fruits, and disuse that renders them disagreeable or unwholesome to us. Besides, they furnish shelter for wild beasts, whose flesh is excellent food.

Tycherus. But not to be had, without the labour of hunting them, which so great a lord as you, could never stoop to. Again, the killing them is attended with great danger, and that I believe you would care as little for as the labour. As for corn, and olives, and vines, I take them to be natives of no country, in your sense; for since they do not grow here without labour and manure, where can they grow? There is not a more fruitful spot of ground on earth, than this we inhabit. Its produce is brought to maturity, by the united influence of both solar and subterraneous heat, operating on a soil strongly impregnated with oil, and sulphur, and nitre, which you naturalists allow to be principles of fertility; and accordingly our fruits are equal, at least, to those of any other country, the Roman eagle has yet visited.

Syngenes. Why you talk as if the seeds of these more useful plants had been dropped down like the Ancile out of heaven, and not produced by the earth. Whence do you suppose we had them?

Tycherus. I think it is plain the earth does not produce them of itself, even when kept clear of other plants, that might obstruct their growth; and therefore I conclude they were formed by the hand of our Maker at the same time with ourselves, and delivered to us, as both the support of our lives, and the pledges of our industry. To this, agrees the story of the goddess Ceres's teaching Triptolemus the art of Agriculture, and sending him from nation to nation to propagate that art, and dispense the seed she had given him. Perhaps there may be something of fable and allegory in this story; but if there is any thing to be gathered from it at all (and there is none of those ancient tales without a meaning), it is, that the world neither knew the seed,

nor the method of propagating it, until they had both from the Divine Being.

Syngenes. So that we have corn, &c. only by tradition, without any natural faculty in the earth to produce it? By this means it may come at last to be lost; and then what will become of mankind, who, according to you, cannot subsist without it?

Tycherus. Fear not: it is so necessary, that I'll engage the world will never suffer it to run out.

Syngenes. That is more than you can tell: for, though I grant you, that it is very good; yet there are other things on which mankind might subsist. You used the word weed some time ago, by which is commonly meant a useless or a noxious plant; but the application of such a term shews great ignorance in those who use it, and does no less dishonour to the Maker of the world. Is there any thing useless or hurtful in the creation? did God make those plants to vaunt his own power, or to incommode mankind? has he made any thing in this world but for any other reason, but our accommodation? forbear such expressions therefore, and consider, that as all his works are good, we might, if prejudice and custom did not hinder us, feed as well on one thing as another.

Tycherus. Could you make a meal out of that great stone that lies before you?

Syngenes. Out of that stone! No. Who ever thought of eating stones?

Tycherus. All things, therefore, are not fit for food; no, nor all plants. They were intended for various uses; and many of them not for the immediate use of man. Nay, some of them are undoubtedly hurtful in one respect, though they may be useful in another; and the mischief they do is no more inconsistent with the goodness of God, than the rest of the evil that is in the world. Whether God made all things for man I know not, no more than I do how to account for many things in the creation. I was not by when the world was made, nor have I been let into the secret causes of things since; all I can say, is, that there are many evils incident to this life, among which, we husbandmen cannot but reckon briers and thorns; so far are we from thinking a thicket as good as a vineyard; or a field over-

grown with brambles, as beneficial as one enriched with a crop of wheat. If we might guess at the designs of our Maker, these thorns and brambles, and weeds of all kinds, might have been intended partly as a punishment for the wickedness of mankind, and partly to keep us busy, who if we had not that to do, might employ ourselves in something worse. But as we can neither trace the originals, nor account for the natures of all things, it is a surer way to reason from undeniable facts. The hurtful, or if you will have it so, the less useful plants, grow of themselves, while those, which we stand in more continual need of, are not to be obtained of the earth without a good deal of pains; but which, I think, it is worth one's while to take, on account of the support and pleasure they reward our toil with. These are truths which it is madness to deny; and those who will argue otherwise, I refer them to hunger for an answer.

Syngenes. It is plain, that tillage is nonsense and impertinence, from the infinite disagreement there is about the manner of doing it: were such a thing necessary, it would have been made so plain to all men, that all would have known it, as naturally as they do, that opening one's eyes is necessary to sight. Shall that, on which life depends, be left to the corruption of human institution and tradition? There are an infinite variety of opinions about the cultivation of ground. Perhaps none of them is right; or if one of them be, how shall we find it out, and distinguish it from the rest? it is impossible to try them all; and it is vain to set about the work, unless one knew how to do it, so as to be sure of not miscarrying.

Tycherus. You may put as many subtle questions, and perplex yourself with as many difficulties as you please, I am obliged to give no other answer to them than this, that I cannot live without food; that food is not to be had without cultivating the earth; and that the methods of tillage, which my father practised himself, and recommended to us, have always proved successful, and been crowned with plentiful harvests. This is enough for me, and I think myself concerned no farther. As to the justification of our Maker's measures, in creating us under such or such circumstances, perhaps refined and curious speculations will

rather hinder than help us to do it properly. If things themselves be candidly consulted, we shall find them speaking the wisdom and goodness of their Creator in plainer and stronger terms, than those in use among the philosophers: If persons, I know no kind of men so well disposed to honour and love the Father of the world, as those who earn a plentiful subsistence for themselves and families by the honest sweat of their brows. They have health, and peace, and contentment, the greater part of which they owe to the necessity they are under of labouring for their subsistence, as appears from the more unhappy condition of those who are supported by the industry of others in a life of idleness. Had Providence given us all our food without labour, I am apt to think we had all been as unhealthful, and as unhappy as they.

Syngenes. The substance of what you have advanced on this subject, if I have rightly understood you, amounts to this; that thorns and brambles, and what you call weeds, spring naturally and plentifully from the earth; but, that corn, and other vegetables necessary to our support, must be had elsewhere, and planted in the ground, where it is impossible for them to thrive or flourish, unless the soil be prepared and kept clear for them with infinite labour. Pray now reconcile this with the wisdom and goodness of the first cause.

Tycherus. This I could do, were my understanding able to keep pace with the wisdom of our Maker. But there are a few things, which even you, with all your philosophical sagacity, will never be able thoroughly to apprehend. I have already endeavoured to justify this disposition of things from the usefulness of labour and industry to the mind, as well as body. But whether human nature did always require this exercise, or whether the earth was always under the same indisposition to afford us nourishment without labour, is what none of us can tell. Perhaps when the world was first made, the characters of its Maker's wisdom were more legible in it, than now. I have often apprehended a degeneracy in nature, to which I have been encouraged by the ancient fable of the sons of Titan, and the earth warring with the gods, and bringing a curse upon the earth, as a punishment for their rebellion. These

however, are conjectures, and such a I think it both vanity and presumption to indulge. If the divine wisdom has reserved these things as a secret, why should we impertinently pry into them? let us take the world as we find it, and not trouble our heads with points that are too high for our capacity, and no ways useful to us in our present condition.

Syngenes. It is very weak to found your defence on fables and old-wives tales.

Tycherus. I do not take the fable I spoke of literally, nor do I lay a positive stress on it in any sense: but I take matters of fact as I find them; and, if my way of accounting for them be weak or absurd, it is because I have always been conversant in facts and things, and, for the most part, little taken up in inquiring about their causes. If I have plenty of provision for my family, a sow to sacrifice to Ceres, and wherewithal to entertain my rural neighbours now and then of a holiday, I think myself beholden to the gods, and no way concerned to examine their conduct, or censure their providence. But I forget that I have something else to do than to stand here all day speculating and prating with one, who, it seems, has more interest with the earth than me, and can have his food from thence without labour.

Tycherus following experience, and Syngenes relying on his speculations, pursued their first resolutions; by which the one was, in a little time, reduced to extremity of want; and had the mortification to see his grounds overrun with weeds, brambles, and thorns, and far better qualified to feed a herd of swine, or shelter wild beasts, than support a family: while the lands of the other were covered with olive-yards, vineyards, and crops of corn, from whence he drew a comfortable subsistence for himself, his children, and other dependants.

ALLUSION XII.

ONCE on a time the earth complained to the ocean, concerning certain great disorders, committed by divers rivers and brooks, who, instead of confining themselves to their own channel, and hastening to pay their tribute to the sea, did nothing else but ramble about the fields, break down ditches and mearings, sweep away corn, hay, cattle, and even houses, form stinking pools and filthy morasses, and with infinite assurance attack the very capitals of potent empires driving the inhabitants from their dwellings, and spoiling their goods. This complaint, which had but too much truth in it, was heard with great attention by the ocean, and believed the more readily, because he himself had of a long time observed, that many bodies of water, both great and small, having been permitted to leave him for a space, contracted a fondness for the earth, and shewed plainly they cared not, if they never returned to him again. His displeasure at these things being made known, an assembly of the rivers was called, from which no stream, from the greatest to the smallest was absent.

The Euphrates being the oldest of rivers, presided in this assembly, and opened it with a speech, in which he set forth the causes of their being convened, namely, the cry of the earth against the rivers, and the displeasure of the ocean at the revolters and absentees. At the conclusion he gave it to them in charge, to consider maturely of these matters, and provide such remedies, as to their wisdoms should seem most proper and effectual.

The brooks, rivulets, and sewers, who, in order to make a figure in this assembly, had, the day before, borrowed of the clouds long flowing cloaks and full-bottomed periwigs, perceiving that a severe inquiry was forthwith to be made into their irregularities, followed the speech of the president with a hoarse discontented growl, which they soon raised to so loud a roar, that the cataracts of Mount Ararat or the Nile did but gently murmur in comparison of them. However, upon the entry of the Sun and Saturn, who came to

see what was a doing, this hideous clamour ceased all at once, and those who made it were compelled, one after another, to lay aside their borrowed periwigs and cloaks; and a foul and pitiful figure most of them made, when stript of those adventitious ornaments. Yet notwithstanding this disgrace, which might have humbled more considerable streams, the brooks, depending on their numbers, and the subtlety and tergiversation, natural to mean and little rivulets, entered upon their defence with great assurance. One among the crowd stood forth in behalf of the rest, and delivered himself thus.

'The charge brought against us, is no less surprising than it is unreasonable. That the earth from whom we and all other rivers spring, which we love and refresh, and that the ocean, which we often replenish, without receiving one drop of water from him, should pretend a right to what we have always freely given, and join in such severe representations, as have been exhibited against us this day, is matter of great amazement. As to the articles, whereof we are accused, I must plainly tell you, we look upon them to be neither trespasses nor crimes, but on the contrary, great and inestimable benefits; for, what though some particular places may suffer, are these private and trivial sufferings to be put in competition with the general and extensive service we yield the public? as to the right, which the ocean pretends to our offerings, we utterly disclaim it, being at the same time fully convinced, he stands in no need of our waters, as having an inexhaustible abundance of his own. Be that, however as it will, we are determined to maintain the privileges and liberties of rivers to the last, against all mounds, banks, and ramparts, whatever, that shall be opposed to them.'

This harangue was applauded by a universal murmur from all the rivulets; and several considerable rivers, conscious of their common guilt, spoke to the same effect. At length the Danube, arising with an air of modesty and dignity, said,

'Although I will readily acknowledge, that the rivulets are very serviceable to the earth, and, in order to their being so, ought to flow freely in their several channels, yet I must insist on it, that the wild sallies they make from thence

and the manifold damages done by their licentiousness, call aloud for restraint. It is their duty to water the soil, not their privilege to drown its produce. Let them not hope to excuse the ravages they voluntarily commit by the good they undesignedly occasion. The latter, which is a debt they owe to nature, and which, in some sort, they cannot help paying, merits but slender thanks; whereas the former is an excess, by all means to be corrected. Are they not sent down from the hills, to flow gently among the valleys, and there refresh the soil and its inhabitants with pure and limpid streams? With what assurance can they deviate from this excellent purpose, swelling with muddy waters, pouring over all around them, turning spacious plains, once fertile and populous, into noisome pools and putrid fens, that deface the beauty of nature, and poison the air of whole climates? It is true, I believe they have but too great an affection for the earth, or they would not labour to engross so much of it. But is it thus they shew their love? Is violence a mark of tenderness? Is outrage a testimony of regard? Surely they give a very unjust demonstration of their love to the earth, at the expense of the duty they owe the ocean. He is the source of water. It is from him we all derive, and to him we should all return. Those who take a pleasure in stagnation, and love to mix with filth and putrefaction, little know, and it seems, less relish, the happiness of mixing with the mighty ocean, and becoming sharers of his purity and power. For my own part, I look upon myself, as an alien, and a sojourner here on earth, and it is with great impatience that I pursue my way towards the fruitful fountain of me, and all I enjoy, and with inexpressible delight, that I refund myself into his capacious bosom. Although he wants not my oblations, yet doth it not follow that he hath no right to them. In justification of his property in, and claim to, all our streams, I appeal to the sun, who by his continual solicitations, obtains of the ocean all our supplies.'

Thus ended the Danube, and thus the Nile began.

'I am not much surprised to hear a European river speak thus. I know full well from whence those prejudices spring, which the rivers of that quarter of the world have imbibed. The pretended partisans of the ocean have es-

tablished their authority there, and instil what notions they please. This I know, and this let every one who hears me take my word for, that the bowels of the earth and mountains are full of waters, which they pour out incessantly through a thousand springs, and these, contributing their respective funds, form all the rivers of the earth. I draw whatever I enrich the Egyptian plains, and swell the ocean with, from the mountains of the moon. The Po borrows its waters from the Alps: the river of the Amazons, and Rio de la Plata, from the Andes; the little rivers of Greece from Lycæus, Hœmus, Pindus, Parnassus; the Euphrates from the mountains of Armenia; the Indus, the Ganges, and the other rivers of Asia from Taurus and Caucasus. This, I think, is obvious; and therefore, we need look no farther for the origin of our waters. I am beholding to the ocean for no part of my flood, and so shall take the liberty to expatiate on the fruitful flats of Egypt, as freely and as long as I think proper. Let the Danube be transported with the pleasure of losing himself in the sea. As I have no notion of that pleasure, I shall keep from thence and be independent, till that unwelcome season arrives, in which I must of necessity quit the earth, and be blended with the common receptacle of rivers. If the brooks are wise, they will follow my example, and make the most of being, while they have it. Let them visit the meadows, and the flowers. Let them taste the sweets of the spring, while they may. If they once fall into the ocean, they are lost to themselves for ever. As to what hath been said concerning the sun, I think it plainly repugnant to common observation and experience. He hath dried up many rivers; and since his appearance in this assembly, all the brooks, excepting a few, have dwindled away to nothing; whether he will ever replenish them again, Saturn will shew. But I should think it very extraordinary if he does; inasmuch, as he hath often declared himself against our waters, and endeavoured all he could to rob us of them by the violence of his beams.'

This speech was highly extolled by the whole faction of libertine streams, who thought themselves very happy, in having so great a river as the Nile to countenance their violent and extravagant dispositions. It would be too tedious to recapitulate here the many speeches, on both sides,

that followed that of the Nile. Some rivers spoke with great mildness and moderation; others, with abundance of art and subtlety; and others again, with prodigious rapidity and noise, according to their various humours. The speech of the Meander, who is a great sophister, and perplexer, was too remarkable to be omitted.

'For my part, said that insinuating river, I do not think the matter in dispute of equal consequence with the peace and harmony of this assembly. I hope I shall be indulged a little, if I endeavour to assuage the unnatural heats that have been kindled among us, by the too forward zeal of my brother rivers, and reduce the points in controversy to some mean, in which we may all agree. I have as much respect for the ocean, on the one hand, and as firm an attachment to liberty on the other, as any in this assembly; yet I cannot without great concern, behold an affair of this nature, managed with such animosity, and such a world of needless or pernicious punctilio, employed in a controversy about which there is no occasion for being so violently moved. Is heat the way to truth? Is partiality a help to justice? The ocean had rather forego our tribute for ever, than see us thus embroiled. I am utterly against all irregularities committed by rivers. As to those complained of, we are obliged by the eternal ties of benevolence, to hope they have not been altogether so enormous, as hath been represented. Some rivers have a very ill-natured and cruel propensity to censure. Forbid it charity, forbid it benevolence, that so unamiable a disposition should become general, or, that we should too readily believe such things of our neighbours. If I may judge of other rivers by myself, there is in them all an eternal and irresistible desire of doing good, and abhorrence of evil. To this inward restraint, these innate banks and mounds, I should rather choose to trust their conduct, and the safety of their neighbours, than to the firmest works of earth and stone; which (not to mention the tyranny of erecting them, and the slavery of being confined by them) serve only, in my opinion, to collect a stream too much, and by that means, force it to burst out with the greater violence. I am therefore clearly for leaving them to themselves, and to that native freedom, which their waters are eternally dictating to them. Water is a free ele-

ment; and we cannot lay it under outward restraints, without doing violence to the eternal and indefeasible constitution of nature, which, in my apprehension, is more sensibly to be dreaded, more cautiously to be avoided and prevented, than the trivial inconveniences, that have so unnecessarily convened us to-day. As to the oblations of water, with which we present the ocean, with all imaginable submission to the Danube, I think he puts the matter on a wrong footing. Let no one mistake me. I am, by all means, for the continuance of those oblations, and do constantly render them myself; but I humbly apprehend, they will be more acceptable, if they are given freely, than if they appear to flow from an acknowledged debt and obligation; a debt, which, to my judgment, seems to have no foundation in the nature of things. To support the belief of it, however, a very chimerical argument hath been employed: we have been told that all our waters have been lent us by the ocean, at the instance of the sun; and for proof of this, the sun himself, a foreigner to this assembly, hath been unnaturally appealed to. Have we not sufficient means of information among ourselves? Why are preternatural lights called in? Every river present can confute this incredible hypothesis, by only reflecting that he holds commerce with the sea, at his mouth alone. But, if fact and experience are not sufficient to convince us, let this demonstration remove all our doubts. It is impossible to form an idea of a river without water; water therefore is essential to a river, and of consequence every river must be supposed to have water in itself, if we will be so candid as to allow that nothing can subsist without its essence.'

Thus spoke the Meander, and had his vanity fed by a roar of applause. The Nile, and all other overflowing streams, were infinitely pleased with this speech. They saw plainly enough, that it tended to establish their right to inundations; at the same time, that a profound respect for the ocean, and an utter abhorrence of all irregularities, were artfully thrown out, as a net, to entangle and draw in the ignorant and well-meaning, who could not be brought over by a more explicit way of arguing. They were still farther pleased to find, that this artifice had been successful, even beyond their hopes, and had made a prodigious alteration

in the assembly. Rivers are fond of liberty, and willing enough to be convinced, by any reasonings, that compliment them with a right to it, and the discretion to use and enjoy it, properly, in its full extent. They do not relish such distinctions between that and licentiousness, as may abridge it in the least. Hence it comes to pass, that many, who thought the most perfect discharge of duty, and the utmost degree of licence, consistent, were caught by the subtleties of the Meander, who, having passed a compliment on them, instead of an argument, seemed to have reconciled the nature of liberty and duty better, than either the Danube or the Nile. By these means it happened, that they were unwittingly wafted over on the sophistry of the Meander, to the sentiments of the Nile.

After some time spent in subtle and metaphysical fooleries, to which the Meander's way of arguing had strangely turned their heads, the Euphrates, with an awful kind of indignation in his countenance, arose, and spoke as follows:

'I own it was with some impatience, and much concern, that I listened to what hath passed in this assembly. I have heard the turbulent harangue of the brook, the muddy oration of the Nile, and the disingenuous speech of the Meander. As to the first, it hath been more than sufficiently answered, by the wise and good Danube, who abounds with wisdom, like Phison and Tigris, in the time of the new fruits. I see here a thousand nameless rivulets and sewers, who, because they cannot discern their own bottoms, through waters foul with the offscourings of bogs, and yet dirtier places, take themselves to be very profound; and with the usual vanity of shallow waters, are for arrogating mighty matters to themselves. But their occasional grandeur, which is nothing else but froth at the top, mud in the middle, and filth at the bottom, was not yesterday, and shall not be to-morrow. Let them enjoy their day. Let them, with an extemporary licentiousness, pour their libertine and erratic waters over the neighbouring grounds, and delay as long as they can, the payment of their tribute to the ocean. They must soon be compelled to come into us, and be lost in larger streams, long before we mix with the source of water. It is hoped, however, that they will think proper to purge themselves before they approach the greater rivers;

and that those rivers will not suffer themselves to be tinctured with their pollutions. As to those brooks and sinks, that dive under ground, not being able to bear the light, as I am afraid they go to water the infernal regions, so I entertain no hopes of ever seeing them again in the way of their duty.

'As to the sentiments of the Nile, I think no other could rationally be expected from him; and I understood his flood of words to be, indeed, rather as an apology for his own licentious conduct, than as a series of reasonings, fitted to affect the point in question. He, you all know, is but a greater brook; is strongly impregnated with mud; and is remarkable for his annual inundations, in which he at once covers and pollutes a large region of the earth, infesting it also with ten thousand species of noxious vermin and flies, and with crocodiles, the most deceitful and formidable of animals. Let the Egyptians, who seem to be little better than the maggots of his mud, please themselves with wallowing therein, and hail the polluted plenty, which he sweeps away from other nations to bestow on them. This, I hope, will neither be allowed to plead for his practices, nor to recommend his principles, on this occasion. I can scarcely forbear laughing at the odd sort of assurance he shews, when he gravely takes upon him to instruct us all concerning the origin of our waters; although he, of all rivers, is most ignorant of his own. He says he draws his waters from the mountains of the moon. Does he mean the mountains of that planet which enlightens us by night? Or are they certain imaginary hills, supposed to be in Africa, and fabulously so called? It is among the mountains and valleys of Abyssinia, that he collects his waters; from which mountains, however, he could not borrow a single drop, were they not supplied themselves by the continual rains that fall between the tropics, during certain months of the year. Let the Niger, who takes his rise in the same region, set him right in that matter. The truth is, we all have our waters from above. They are raised from the ocean by the sun, and conveyed to us through that magnificent aqueduct that lies over us. He is pleased to say, at the close of his oration, that the sun, instead of being instrumental in obtaining any supplies of water for us, is perpetually ex-

hausting what we have. For my own part, instead of thinking this a hardship, I think myself obliged to be thankful to him for raising me from the earth, where I am not over studious of being considerable; for mixing me so intimately with his rays; for exalting me to heaven, where, gloriously arrayed by his bounty, in gold and purple, I make the grand tour of the skies, form the pavilions and chariots of the celestial powers, and give the thunder its voice and wings, when it is levelled at vice or plagues.

'Though it is beneath the dignity of the place I hold in this assembly; nay, beneath that of common sense and reason, seriously to answer sophisms and cavils; yet, as the speech of the Meander seems to have made some impression, I shall not pass it by, without making a few observations on it. That insinuating and serpentine river, who sometimes bends to the Danube, and anon again winds about to the Nile, sets out with plausible professions of his regard for peace and charity, to which he would have us postpone the representations of the ocean, and the earth, as matters of no great consequence. It is the trite expedient of all, who would deceive, to cover their evil designs under specious appearances. But this speaker, as if duties and virtues were at variance among themselves, taking advantage of the warmth shewn in this debate, though mostly by partisans of his own, would needs have us believe, that all zeal is culpable; that because our deliberations are not carried on with sufficient temper, they ought to be laid entirely aside; and that, not only the well-ordering of our behaviour towards the earth, and one another, but also our gratitude and duty to the ocean, are mere indifferent things. These I take to be very dangerous sentiments. Is our duty to the great source from whence we derive all our waters, a thing of no consequence? Is it an improper time for the heart of an honest river to boil, when he hears such detestable principles clandestinely insinuated by some, and openly avowed by others? How long is our allegiance fallen in the opinion of the Nile, when he dare so publicly renounce all duty to the ocean? How are our understandings vilified by the Meander, when he hopes to pass such tenets upon us as rational, by arguments so fallacious and unsound? I believe every judicious and candid river, who

hears me, will readily agree, that were we all but half as sensible of our duty as we should be, there could have been no dispute here to-day. It is true, should we once divest ourselves of all duty and allegiance, we should then be in no danger of violating charity for the sake of the ocean, to whom we are accountable; or of the earth, where we are to act. But would not this be paying too great a price, even for charity? And is it to be imagined, that when we shall have stripped ourselves of all duty, all obligation and obedience, we shall then find nothing to contend about? Is peace very likely to be preserved in an absence of all other ties, such as we may pretend to have within ourselves? I expect little less than a chaos, if every river is left, as the Meander would have him, entirely to himself, without channels to contain him, or banks to confine his wild excesses, of which we see such flagrant and such repeated instances every day, as no eternal nor stupid ties of charity can shut our eyes to. I have not, on any occasion, observed so extraordinary an instance of modesty, as the Meander hath shewn in arguing on this head. Instead of handing it down to us as demonstration, he only says, it is his opinion, that were the banks entirely removed, the waters would flow more regularly, and more within bounds, than they do at present. He might have delivered this with much greater assurance; for I suppose you are all fully satisfied about the reality and strength of those inward restraints, those innate banks and mounds he mentions. You know very well, that water hath in its own nature, an eternal and absolute power to contain and direct itself; and that one of these banks within a stream, is worth a thousand ramparts of adamant without. It is not with altogether so much diffidence in himself, and respect for this assembly, that he proposes his argument about the essence of rivers: he calls it a demonstration, and bids all our doubts vanish before it; and yet, I know not how it is, mine still keep their ground. This borrowed essence of ours, that is perpetually flowing in at one end of us, and out at the other, puzzles me strangely. Being but moderately skilled in metaphysics, I cannot answer his argument scientifically; but this I am pretty sure of, that had the heavens withheld their showers, and the springs been entirely stopped up, one might as reasonably have asked for water

from the deserts of Barka, as from either the Nile, or me, or, I may say, from any of us. This argument, I think, comes home to the point, and proves, that rivers are not altogether so self-originated, as the Meander would have us think. If, however, this argument of his be allowed to pass for a good one, I am sure, so must the one I am about to offer. There is no forming an idea of a river without banks, and those on the outside too. Take them away from your idea of a river, and you fuse and disperse its essence into nothing. But not to tease you any longer with this jargon of ideas and essences, I must own, in spite of that vanity, too natural to me, as well as other rivers, that were it not for the high banks that shut me in on the right hand and the left, I should drown all Mesopotamia and Babylonia, and lose myself in a huge unpassable morass. This vagrant disposition, which I with shame and concern acknowledge, hath discovered itself on many occasions. As often as my banks fall off to any considerable distance from each other, I seize all the flats between, and sometimes swell so high, as to overflow even the banks themselves, and flood the fields to a considerable distance round me. When Cyrus laid siege to Babylon, he took occasion, from this weakness of mine, to seduce me from the defence of my children the Babylonians; and, by removing my banks, led me into an artificial pond, contrived for that purpose; where I was detained, till my waters became putrid, and the city, with its inhabitants, were made the prey of the sword. Thus was I made, by means of this tendency in me to evil, the slave of another's ambition. This tendency, however, if I mistake not, is, by no means, peculiar to me. All other rivers, excepting the good Meander alone, have reason to complain of the same in themselves; and might possibly enough be made capable of the same practices, were they not restrained by higher and stronger banks than mine. I shall readily grant the Meander, that rivers are free beings; but do at the same time insist on it, that this freedom is limited. There are some things we cannot do; for instance, we cannot flow up the side of a mountain. Again, there are other things we ought not to do. We ought not to destroy the fruits of the earth, nor render the earth itself useless, by turning huge tracts of it into bogs. A liberty to do such things as this, is only a licence to enslave

ourselves. Is not that river enslaved, to all intents and purposes, which, having quitted its own channel, and poured itself into a low and hollow valley, is there confined for ever, and blended with mud and filth? But many streams are misled by pride, and think it more glorious to become lakes, or little independent seas, as they affect to be styled, than make a part of the great ocean. The Caspian, who apes and opposes the ocean, hath drawn in many, and very considerable rivers, by this blind passion for independency. How grossly do the Jaxartes, the Wolga, the Oxus, and many others, mistake the nature of grandeur and independency, when they rob the ocean of his right, and give up, for ever, the inestimable privilege of incorporating with him, to become the despicable tributaries and vassals of the Caspian!

'I shall conclude on this important occasion, with reminding you once more, that if you have any sense of either duty or gratitude, you will not separate, till you have sufficiently provided against the enormities represented to you at the opening of this assembly: I must also tell you, that it is your greatest interest to do this; because if you do not, it is but reasonable to fear, the ocean, or the sun, will soon interpose, and, by a universal deluge, or conflagration, totally destroy all the rivers.'

Thus ended the Euphrates. After a long jangle about the origin of waters, and the nature and extent of liberty, the assembly broke up, in a very tumultuous manner, without coming to any resolution; and the day being far advanced, the sun retired towards the ocean, to confer with him about what had passed.

ALLUSION XIII.

The parents of Miss Veridet left this world when she was but an infant. Her father, who was the best of men, was engaged, during his whole life, in a lawsuit for an immense estate, to which he had a most unquestionable right; but those, who had possessed themselves of it, relying on great art and power, kept him out for a long time; yet, finding

at length that he began to gain ground, suborned witnesses against him, who accused him of high crimes, for which, although his innocence fully appeared on the trial, he was put to death in the most public and ignominious manner. Miss Veridet was recommended by her father, a little before his death, to the justice of her cause, and the care of Mrs. Le Clerk, her nurse, who was a very good woman, and had an infinite affection for the child. Such early and extraordinary indications of understanding, goodness, and beauty never appeared in any child, as in this. At the age when other children can scarcely speak, her knowledge was superior to that of the wisest men; she was the arbitress of all disputes, and the reconciler of differences throughout the whole neighbourhood. Her faithful nurse took care always to set her in the most favourable point of light, and to shew her to the greatest advantage. By these means they gained many friends, who contributed what they could spare towards their support, and revived the suit for the great estate, which Miss was entitled to by the death of her father. The usurpers, alarmed at this, tried all ways and means, first to alienate their friends from them, and then to take away the life of the child. But nurse, by her extreme vigilance and prudence, so managed matters, that they were defeated in all their schemes. Upon this, for want of better means, they betook themselves to open force. Here nurse acted her part inimitably well, for which she suffered the most inexpressible hardships. As she fled from place to place with the child, sometimes hiding her, and at other times calling their friends to her assistance, she was frequently seized, imprisoned, and scourged in the most cruel manner for her fidelity. Many also of those, who were resolute enough to shew themselves in the defence of nurse and the child, were put to death with unheard-of barbarity, their persecutors shewing themselves very ingenious in the contrivance of cruelties to torture and destroy them. This, however, did only serve to increase both their zeal and numbers, insomuch, that in a little time a great part of Miss Veridet's tenants declared openly for her, and one or other of the great ones began every day to augment her party. These worthies made her cause their own, and gave nurse such liberal contribu-

tions for the maintenance of the child and herself, that the lawsuit was carried on with great vigour; and, as nurse was a most excellent manager, and prodigiously sparing in her own expenses, Miss was nobly supported, and enabled to gratify the boundless goodness of her nature, in the relief of the distressed, who flocked to her from all parts for meat, medicine, and clothes, which nurse, by her directions, supplied them with in great abundance. About this time nurse began to be afflicted with hysteric fits, in which, although not very violent at first, she was sometimes slightly convulsed, and seemed to be threatened with an increase of the disorder. However, Miss no sooner entered the room, than her fits vanished, and she was perfectly well. After this salutary experiment had been several times tried, she determined never to trust herself again to the irregular motions of her own spirits, but always to keep Miss so near her, that her distemper might be checked in its first attacks.

Nurse being now no longer looked upon as a poor woman in distress, a certain great lord in the neighbourhood, who kept a very splendid court, fell deeply in love with her, and she being not altogether divested of the ambition so natural to her sex, entertained his passion with a very favourable ear. He, for his part, made his court with all imaginable civilities and services both to her and Miss; and nurse, on her part, began to dress a little more genteelly, and affect the airs of a person of quality. At first they contented themselves with repeated visits, but nurse having tasted the sweets of grandeur, after some time removed with Miss to his lordship's house, and there took up her abode. From thenceforward she set no bounds to her gaieties; she was always foremost and highest in the fashion. When high heads were the mode, hers overtopped all the heads at court. When furbelows came up, she was nothing but furbelow from top to toe. At other times she was all lace and fringe. As she was naturally of an humble stature, she supplied that defect with high heels, which at first cost her some indecent falls, nor did she scruple now and then to lay on a little paint to disguise the too venerable lines of her countenance, and brighten it with a fresh bloom.

These arts drew in many admirers, who shared with

his lordship in her good graces and encouragements, of which she was by no means over-sparing. These gentlemen, who from a depraved notion of grandeur became her lovers, were hers only; Miss had no share in their friendship, although indeed they all treated her with great complaisance and good manners.

As for the plainer sort of people, they thought her less agreeable in the midst of so much dress and equipage than formerly, when she shewed herself every day with an air of good humour and familiarity in a decent homespun gown. They said she made but a stiff and awkward appearance, squeezed up in her new stays, and stuck about with pendants, and bracelets, and rings, in which her fingers, grown hard and inflexible with industry in her more sober days, looked ungainly enough. In their opinions the good woman made a very strange ungraceful figure in a palace, in a gilt coach, and among people, who from their infancy had been trained up to little else than a fine address and mien.

The wiser people were apprehensive of very ill consequences from this strange turn in her head, and began to fear lest Miss too might suffer by it in the end. As for Miss herself, she saw plainly what would come on it, and did not fail from time to time to hint her sentiments to nurse in very intelligible terms, which, they say, occasioned a little coolness and misunderstanding between them. Miss, who quickly found herself no fit person for a court, by the mere compliments that were made her, under which she could easily discover a settled distaste, spent most of her time, either in her closet, or walking abroad all alone among the fields, and now and then stepping in to chat for half an hour with a country acquaintance. During these intervals of absence, nurse had many and grievous fits of her disorder, in which she was all over torn with convulsions, her hands beating one another, her feet clashing together, and kicking with excessive violence, and her face so shockingly distorted, that many of her delicate admirers, were mightily cooled in their affections, and some of them even conceived an utter dislike to her. On such occasions Miss was sometimes called in to the great relief of her nurse: although, as the poor gentlewoman's disorder in-

creased, Miss's presence had still less and less effect upon her. She was so happy as to be relieved out of one very outrageous fit by his lordship's coming into the room; the vast respect she had for him, recalling her tumultuous spirits to order, in a very surprising manner. After this she never sent for Miss when she was ill, but always had recourse to his lordship, whose presence in some time, was observed to stupify her disorder, and to change it into another, more continual and lasting, but still of the hysteric kind.

Miss finding she was no longer regarded by her nurse as a person either useful or agreeable, retired among her own tenants, where she met with a kind welcome from some, although the greater part were so enslaved to nurse and his lordship, that they treated poor Miss with great neglect, and the more because she came unattended, and had so little of grandeur or quality about her.

After this nurse and she seldom saw each other, and when they did, it was by no means to the satisfaction of either. Nurse told her she was too inflexible in her temper, and too rough in her behaviour; that the success of her affairs depended absolutely on an opposite way of carrying herself; that the great folks, who had already shewn themselves so favourably disposed towards her, were highly disgusted at her severe and disobliging deportment; and that the recovery of her fortune depended absolutely on serving the times, and being well with the great ones. To these allegations Miss retorted that nurse's behaviour was vain and unbecoming her years; that she was acting out of character; that dissimulation, and flattery, and pomp, neither became her as a good woman, nor as her nurse; and concluded a little tartly, that though nurse Le Clerk's separate interest, might depend absolutely on the favour of the great, yet Miss Veridet's neither did nor ever should. Nurse, who was grown excessively proud, could not bear this reply, but flung away with great indignation, and shook off her chagrin in her coach, which hurried her home to the card-table, and a company of very fashionable visitors.

Although nurse took no farther care of her charge, yet she continued to receive Miss's rents, which she expended

in articles of luxury, and presents to her admirers, and men of power, to secure their interest. And all this was for Miss's sake. Receipts were given in her name, and a grand economy kept up for Miss, who lived at a distance, in a poor neglected condition, and abhorred from her soul the practices of nurse and all her associates. Miss, in short, received not a penny of her own fortune, but was supported by the voluntary contributions of a few poor people, who, after being forced by his lordship to pay in Miss's rents to her nurse, were so good as to relieve Miss's necessities out of their own pockets, for which they thought themselves nobly paid by her company and conversation.

Nurse, in the mean time, went on heaping up riches, endowing her relations with great estates, wallowing in luxury, and aping the magnificence and grandeur of a princess. She exchanged her levee of beggars for one of beaux; and took more pleasure in the compliments and addresses of the latter, than in the blessings of the former. Her intrigues with his lordship, which were of more kinds than one, became notorious and scandalous. However, as is usual in correspondences of that nature, they led but an uneasy life together. Each would needs have lived at the other's expense; and besides, there was no end of their jealousies. His lordship would sometimes caress, and at other times kick her; and yet she had so far gained ground, that he was often forced to atone for his insults with very slavish submissions. Nay, she had so established herself with his domestics, that they lent her a hand, on one or two occasions, to turn him out of his own house; and if he attempted to re-enter by force, she armed herself, and heading her own partisans, fought him with amazing virulence and fury. If in any of these rencounters she happened to be worsted, she then made grievous complaints to the neighbours, and asked them how they could patiently stand by, and see so good a woman, who was nurse and guardian to Miss Veridet, so barbarously treated. Help! help! she would cry, it is for Miss Veridet I suffer; help me against this tyrant, who persecutes me for my fidelity to her. Although some were carried away with this impudent pretence, yet people generally saw through it, and knew very well it was not about Miss herself, but about

her fortune, that all these bickerings arose. It was a common observation, that when Mrs. Le Clerk had the better of his lordship, she styled herself princess, empress, and what not; but whenever she came by the worse, then she was only nurse to Miss Veridet.

At length, what through idleness and luxury, and continual stuffing (for she had a great appetite), nurse became excessively fat, and her hysterical disorder degenerated into a kind of lethargy. During the continuance of this distemper, she was insensible of every thing. She not only forgot Miss, but herself too; insomuch that she, and every thing about her, were continually bedaubed with huge involuntary discharges of filth, which smelled so strong, that few people could endure to go nigh her. There arose also a huge bile on her head, which seemed to threaten a mortification. Miss Veridet, who had great pity for her, made her a visit, while she was in this condition; and observing that her bile was ripe, and that she had no chirurgeon to attend her, took a lancet, and ventured to dilate the tumour, but had like to have paid dearly for her good-nature. Such a torrent of fetid corruption issued from the orifice, as had infallibly suffocated her, had she not been armed with a very powerful aromatic antidote; and nurse, roused by the pain, fell on her in a fit of distraction and fury, as if she would have torn her to pieces. Her habit of body was so bad, and the humours so very ill disposed, that her bile turned to a foul and obstinate ulcer. Her lethargic disorder still continued, without any visible abatement; certain quacks, who had formerly prescribed to her, and who were famous for anodyne nostrums, the only medicines used in those days, were called in and consulted with. After a long debate concerning particles, effluviums, animal spirits, sympathies, antipathies, prognostics, diagnostics, occult qualities, and a huge jargon of other mysterious terms, they agreed to ply her with fomentations and opiates; but with so ill success were these prescriptions administered, that her disorder was greatly increased, and she seemed to be little better than dead. Miss, who still gratefully remembered her former services, did not desert her in this extremity. She sent for three or four very able physicians, who, observing that her disorder was chiefly owing to a plethory and a cacochymy,

gave her strong purgatives, by the use of which, and of alexipharmic volatiles, the symptoms of putrefaction began to abate, and her stupor gave way much faster than the physicians expected; which indicated a very strong texture of the solids, and an excellent natural constitution. However, the utmost they could do, by persevering in this only possible method of cure, was to rouse her into a most violent hysteric fit, in which she raved, foamed at the mouth, and laid about her so outrageously, both with hands and feet, that those who held her, being well boxed and scratched for their pains, were obliged to use some violence with her. Miss, who was very assiduous on this occasion, suffered most, and had like to have lost one of her eyes in the scuffle. The quacks, in the mean time, railed at what was a doing, in the bitterest terms, and publicly insisted on it, that the patient, by the immoderate application of volatiles, was thrown into a frenzy; although it was well enough known, that she had, of a long time, been greatly afflicted with hysterics; and that her present fit proceeded entirely from her habit of body, and by no means from the medicines. The physicians were very well pleased with having thrown off that load of corrupted humours, which of late had so oppressed the nervous system, that not having strength enough to work itself up to a fit, it had sunk into a stupid and profound lethargy. This, they said, was gaining a very considerable point, and promised fair for a recovery. Miss Veridet, not at all discouraged by the rough treatment she had received, so plied her poor nurse with anti-hysterics, and, as her understanding began to return, with mild, and yet powerful reasonings, that she at length prevailed, in a good measure, over the present tumult of her spirits. Her understanding, however, appeared to be somewhat impaired, and the torpor of her disorder seemed to lag behind in her left side, and shew itself in the shape of a palsy, which, as it was not attended with a total deprivation of sense and motion, the physicians had some hopes of removing. For that purpose they recommended to her the strict observation of a regimen, which consisted in nothing more than a thin diet, great regularity in her manner of living, and the constant use of a few alteratives.

She had no sooner received these directions, than Miss

Veridet interposed a little reasonable advice. 'You see, dear nurse,' said she, 'what an idle and luxurious life hath cost you; your health is in a great measure destroyed, and the preservation of your very life is next to a miracle. All this had been prevented had you continued in that plain industrious way of living, which at your first being employed about me, brought you so much real honour and health; and all your present maladies and miseries may be removed by a return to the same wise and happy manner of spending your days. You heard, and I hope will consider, what the physicians said to you. But surely nothing can be more wild, than to think of following rules, and living on a thin diet, in such a family as this: besides, his lordship hates you from his very soul, and me too. Nay, he gave me the lie this very morning, and swore the world would be well rid of you if you were dead, merely because I said your life was still worth the preserving. He and all his fashionable visiters entertain themselves with dirty stories of accidents that happened to you in your late insensible condition. Your assuming the titles and airs of a princess affords them matter of infinite merriment. They call you the hoyden princess, and nurse's highness, and queen Goody, with a thousand other honorary appellations of the like nature. They talk also of seizing on all your money and furniture, and his lordship hath already secured your jewels, for your use, as he says, but others say, for his own. Would you rather live here, insulted, plundered, ridiculed, than with me in peace, cheerfulness, and real honour? Recollect the pleasures of a natural, innocent, and active life. Be impartial; did you ever, since you entered into this riotous way of life, taste such transports of joy as formerly, when the relief of some very miserable object, or a high act of devotion, called up the angel within you? How I have seen the tears run down those cheeks on such occasions? How have I seen a rapture of that kind rising within you, and rendering your body perfectly insensible to the red-hot pincers, that were tearing your flesh from your bones, while you stood up like a strong tower in my defence! Yes, dear nurse, I have a lively memory of your goodness; I wish you could as well remember your own happiness; you would then renounce this false sort of

grandeur, and go with me to be truly great and happy. Tell me not of the services done by, or expected from, the great. When they were all against us, the justice of my cause, and your unconquerable virtue, gave us a complete victory. Since you began to employ other measures, since you courted the persons, and flattered the vices of men in power, with what contempt and detestation have you been looked upon by the thinking part of the world! As for my sufferings, I should here make a lively representation of them, did I not too plainly perceive such a settled alienation of your heart from me, as precludes all hopes of moving you on that topic. Represent therefore your own sufferings to yourself, and let a lively sense of them awaken you to a prudent concern for your own real interest.'

Nurse, although she was most bitterly railed at behind her back, yet had not of a long time, been treated with so much freedom to her face. To expostulate with so great and wise a person as her, was a downright insult. Yet, notwithstanding that she resented the greater part of Miss Veridet's discourse, she had still some respect for her, and felt the force of her reasonings as sensibly as a mind so enfeebled could be well expected to do.

'What you have put me in mind of,' said she to Miss, 'is mostly true. I was happier with you in a neat little convenient dwelling than in this palace. Honest men, I find, are better friends and neighbours than great men. As for my disorders, there must be some care taken of them, but I neither think them at all so grievous or dangerous as the physical gentlemen were pleased to intimate, nor am I by any means convinced, that dieting myself on drugs will much conduce to my greater health. As to the article of my quitting this house, and retiring with you, excuse me, dear Miss, I can never think of it. I am no longer capable of those pleasures I formerly found in being caterer and apothecary for the poor. If, for your credit, it is necessary that such menial offices should be performed by some body, we will hire a few servants, who shall attend on that very business. My taste and notions of things are now a little too refined for these pious antiquated sort of practices. I cannot go abroad without a coach, and there is no visiting beggars and lazars in a coach you know. At first it is true,

my charity and piety procured us many friends. But the times are changed. Those qualities are now little regarded, and we must have recourse to other means. You and I had long ago been stripped of all we have, had I not taken care to keep in with his lordship, and other persons of consequence. You may talk as you will concerning the justice of your cause, and the triumphs to be expected from thence, but commend me to a little seasonable prudence and policy. You, dear Miss, are for new-modelling the world (which is impossible), in order to cut it out for your own friendship. Now I am for taking an easier way, and conforming ourselves to the world, that we may the better recommend ourselves to its favour. These, I grant you, are very opposite maxims; but experience vouches for the utility of mine.

Miss Veridet, perceiving by this and other trials, that it was impossible all at once to wean her from luxury and grandeur, took a lodging near his lordship's, that she might be ready to lay hold on every new opportunity that should favour the friendly designs she had on her nurse. In this situation they sometimes visited, and at other times did not so much as traffic in how-do-you's. This justice however must be done to his lordship, that he generally carried towards Miss Veridet with civility at least; nay, and shewed a greater desire for nurse's recovery, and the reformation of their family, than nurse herself. He frequently joined with Miss Veridet in pressing the necessity of greater frugality in entertainments, of more compassion towards the poor, of establishing a strict discipline among the servants, and particularly insisted on it, that nurse herself should conform to the rules prescribed her by the physicians. As to the regulating of servants, she in part consented to it, and accordingly some sets of them, such as those who had care of the stables and the gardens, were brought under a method; but she could never be persuaded to submit entirely to rules herself. A great table, and a magnificent equipage, were dearer to her than health and life, which she was willing to sacrifice to her palate and her vanity; although after all she provided but ill for either; for as to the first, she had little or no pleasure in what she eat or drank, being generally gorged and cloyed with greater quan-

tities than nature required, or could dispense with; and as to the latter, she did but purchase contempt from some, and envy from others, with all her vast expenses. Her most favourite guests, having their bellies filled with her delicacies, would get into corners, laugh at her folly, and rail at her pride and luxury in the most reproachful terms; nay, some of them would puke up her victuals, accompanied with no small virulence, in her very face. She was little beloved by any sort of people; but none hated her so much, or talked so hardly of her, as those whom she entertained with the greatest preparations, and those who owed their rise and fortunes entirely to her partiality. Various curses in short, seemed to fall upon her, according to her various ways of betraying the confidence reposed in her, as trustee to Miss Veridet's fortune. That which she laid out in articles of luxury, turned to distempers, and that which she expended on her vanity, became the occasion of shame and reproach to her. In the mean time poor Miss Veridet's affairs were very ill managed. Counsellor Clod-pate, and Skin-flint, the attorney, both nephews to nurse Le Clerk, were intrusted with the care of Miss's lawsuit. After they had received immense sums by that business, they actually betrayed the cause they were feed for, and a decree had certainly gone against their client, had she not, to the utter amazement of all Westminster, appeared in court, and pleaded her own cause; for which, however, she was immediately saddled with a separate action of damage by every lawyer at the bar, and with a trespass by the court, for presuming to act as a lawyer, without being regularly bred to the business, or qualified according to form; and what was worse, for interrupting the business of all the courts, inasmuch as nothing could be done, while she was within the walls. With the like skill and fidelity was she generally served in other matters. Nurse's own relations, or the younger sons of great men, who were often fit for no other purpose, and altogether ignorant of business, were for the most part employed, and had large salaries for mismanaging the affairs of this injured young lady. Of a good number of servants who were paid for attending on Miss's own person, few or none ever went near her, so that she scarcely knew any of them, nor were they better acquainted with her.

There were some, indeed, who shewed an honest zeal for the service of their young mistress; but the world being generally averse to her, hated also those who espoused her, and in some measure, did them the honour to persecute them for their fidelity. Nurse in the mean time, who could have protected these persons, and ought to have enabled them to render a more effectual service, looked on them with a jealous eye, as reproaching her own unaccountable conduct by their zeal and care. For these, and other the like reasons, she took care to keep them down, and to restrain the too petulant warmth of the men, by all manner of discouragements. Those, said she, who have a real friendship for Miss, will serve her to the utmost of their power for her own sake, although I shew them no countenance; and so, as her cause and mine are still in some measure one, I shall share in their services for nothing, while I purchase, with all the favours I can confer, the interest and assistance of those who care not a straw for either of us, but as we are useful to themselves.

Nurse took care to be as public as possible in her visits to Miss, and to speak of her on all occasions, as her best friend, and only confidant; though perhaps their hearts were never farther asunder, than at that very instant. By this means she hoped to support her credit, as if her conduct was approved of by Miss Veridet; and, for a time, it had this effect. But when nurse's practices were once seen through, this appearance of friendship and consultation between the two ladies served only to render Miss Veridet suspected, and afterward hated by those who were perfectly indifferent to her before. Hence it came to pass, that the party of those, who disputed her patrimony with her, was greatly increased. Some questioned her legitimacy, others that of her father; and the generality of them insisted, that all she had so impudently called her own, and nurse had so infamously abused, was conferred on her by voluntary contribution, and might be withdrawn again at pleasure. They are now preparing to proceed on this way of reasoning to a forcible resumption, as they call it, of all the estate; while nurse, in the mean time, as if the whole world were either her fast friends, or absolute slaves, perseveres in every practice that can help to inflame the universal odium against

herself, and increase the growing prejudices so unjustly entertained against Miss. Her conduct is made up of two things, the most incompatible in nature, a defence of Miss Veridet's rights, and a dependence on mere policy and worldly power. With her right hand she holds by these; and with her left, which is paralytic, she feebly attempts to manage that. Till she is restored to a sounder mind, and a better state of health, the affairs of this injured heiress are not likely to be put on an advantageous footing.

THE

CONSULTATION;

OR, A

DIALOGUE OF THE GODS.

IN THE MANNER OF LUCIAN.

Οι δε Θεοὶ πὰρ' Ζηνὶ καθήμενοι ἠγορόωντο.

HOMER, Iliad, 4. v. 1.

Jupiter, Mercury, Momus, Mars, Venus, Cupid, Apollo, Bacchus, Lucina, Clio.

JUPITER.

THROW up the sashes, ye Hours, set open the gates, dust those clouds, it is a long time since they were used, and range them in order for the company to sit on.—Heark'ee, Mercury, are the broken steps in the milky-way mended yet, as I directed? Juno hath led me a weary life since she was overturned in her chariot on an old shattered causeway near the Pleiades; and this morning hath given me—such a lecture, and all in Ela, her usual note on these occasions, for neglecting the highways, as well as for other failures.

Merc. Bacchus, who, you may remember, got himself made overseer of the roads this year, like a true fuddling squire, careful of his own neck, hath gravelled the bad places so well with stars, that you may trundle an apple all the way from hence to the far end of the world.

Jup. It is very well. He shall have a bowl of the best for that, if we live to see nectar in plenty again. Make proclamation that all the gods may assemble immediately, only do not cite Momus; he, you know, turns all our deliberations into ridicule.

Mom. I am sorry your eyes are beginning to fail you, Jupiter; I was just at your elbow when you excepted me.

Merc. O yes, O yes.

Mom. Hold. You are no longer to say, O yes, but hear ye, it being determined, the crier shall speak sense for the future.

Merc. I have been crier ever since the reign of Inachus, and was never obliged to speak sense, unless in the days of Homer. Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye, all ye gods and goddesses, great and small; double and single; semi and demi; good, bad, and indifferent; wherever ye are, or howsoever employed; whether in drinking or fighting, or rhyming, or herding cattle, or courting, &c. &c. &c. make your appearance in court forthwith, only onions and garlic stay away.

Mom. Well said, Mercury! you had no need to summon the gods employed in cheating and filching, since you was here already. See how they troop through the snows of mount Olympus, like so many idle fellows tracing hares!

Merc. May I be so bold, Jupiter, as to ask the occasion of this assembly. I take it for granted, it must be a business of great importance, since, for some ages, the gods have been very seldom convened.

Jup. A poet in Dublin, intending to make a complimentary copy of verses on the son and heir, shortly to be born to a great man, is willing to content himself with sixteen lines; but, being at a loss for invention, must have a piece of machinery, and pitches on an assembly of the gods for that purpose, with a resolution to make every one of us bestow his distinguishing attribute on the young grandee, that is to be. Besides, he is much straitened for rhymes, and we must lay our heads together to help him out.

Mom. A worthy cause of convocation truly! Bacchus, Venus, and Mercury, without going farther, if they had imparted their attributes, might have sufficiently fitted the boy to fill his title.

Jup. Is Apollo come? and the muses, where are they?

Mom. Put on your spectacles, and you will see them right before you, seated on that cloud, fringed with gold, a just emblem of poetical wealth.—Don't you see their symbols? On my word the assembly looks very thin. Those confounded praters about œons and demons, who ascribe mortality to the gods, have demolished one half of us, and made all the rest, but Apollo and Bacchus, look plaguy old.

Jup. We are called together, O ye gods and goddesses, this day, by a Dublin poet, who is about to celebrate the birthday of his patron's son. But whereas he wants sixteen lines in verse for the purpose, he desires, as the midwife is already sent for, we may, with all convenient speed, meet and confer on the young gentleman our prime qualities of all sorts, and furnish the rhymes beside. Wherefore, do you, Apollo, and the muses, form a committee apart for this purpose, while I, and the other gods, consult about ways and means for the recovery of our dignity, which, of a long time, hath so run to decay, that both we and it are in danger of total annihilation.—Apollo, retire, and get the lines ready for the poet, and, do you hear? throw him one in to furnish out a triplet at the end. We must keep well with the poets, who are almost the only professed votaries we have.

Mars. I bestow my prowess on the young gentleman, to make him a hero.

Venus. And I my beauty, that he may shine at balls and ridottos.

Cupid. And I my arrows, to give him success in his amours.

Mom. Peace, you blind wasp, and I my knack of sneering at religion and the gods.

Apollo. Come, my daughters, we shall soon rig out this younker to some purpose.

Mom. Do you hear how the beardless booby calls them daughters, who are every one of them old enough to be his mother? Alack! alack! what are we come to? we may well consult about the retrieval of our dignity, when every puppy of a rhymster can trapes us hither for a sorry epigram. Is Jupiter the cloud-compeller and thunder-thumper, is Mars the roisterer and warrior, is Apollo the charioteer of the day, and all this glorious assembly, to be employed in cooking up eight distichs of verses for a senseless rascal of a poetaster? Is the largest engine of Archimedes required to heave a pebble? or is Lucina to be called to deliver, not a mountain of its mouse, but a bug of a mite? If you will listen to me, I will shew you how to prevent the indignity of these assemblies for the future. The britch of a boy is the true Parnassus with two tops, and birch, not bays, the true

plant of the muses : now, all you have to do, is to order the pedagogues, those literary gardeners, to be more careful hereafter in cultivating that mountain with the slips of this tree ; so may the dabblers in verse know how to make their own compositions clink without us.—As for this blockhead, it is now too late to mend him, and therefore I advise you to send Vulcan with the largest sledge in his forge, to crack the fellow's skull ; if this is done, perhaps some pretty conceit, like Minerva there, may start out ; or let Pegasus do it with his heel, and try to open another Hippocrene in this dunderhead.—I bail the success, provided Vulcan will new shoe the poetical palfry, though the skull he is to work on be as thick and hard as Helicon itself.

Jup. There is a good deal, Momus, in what you say, but such is your manner of saying it, that unless you learn to deliver your sentiments in a style more respectful, know, I shall be obliged to banish you from mount Olympus.

Mom. Nay, for that matter, I was going to banish myself, if you call it banishment to be at a distance from company so low in their credit, and from a place where there is so little good cheer a stirring.—Who would be buffoon to a set of beggarly gods, that have nothing to eat or drink, but like broken gentry, equally proud and poor, are forced to subsist on the hungry remembrance of what they were ? Don't you hear them crying out where is the ambrosia ? when will the nectar come in ? are there no sacrifices ?

Jup. His unmannerly flout puts me in mind of that which I intended, now the poet hath brought us together, to make the subject of inquiry on this occasion, namely, how we may recover our credit with the world. We are now, O ye gods, seldom heard of, but in the grammar-schools, and that not to our honour ; for there every snivelling boy takes the liberty to curse us, even with Homer or Virgil in his hand, for all his floggings.—The present set of poets, who can hardly get strong butter to their mouldy bread, are no longer able to feast us with ambrosia ; nor can they afford to furnish us with more than two or three pints of nectar (mere taplash too) at a time.—What is worse, we have no priests to regale us with incense, and the savoury steams of sacrifices.—In this exigence, we have, for many ages, been forced to spunge on the barbarian gods, Foe, Ixora,

&c. and these, you know, live so nastily, that their best fare is enough to turn the stomach of a Grecian god, bred up to better things.—O the jolly times! when we rioted every day with the generous Greeks and Romans, on whole hecatombs.—These hearty friends, never took a morsel to themselves, without giving us a share, nor a glass, without throwing us a sup by way of libation. And then, there were the blameless Ethiopians! How happy a Jupiter was I, when I used to make holyday with those merry Africans! But now I am forced to pass them by, and sneak all the way to the gods of the Hottentots, who are so overrun with vermin and tallow, that I was almost poisoned among them the other day.

Mom. Don't affect so much delicacy, Jupiter.—It does not become us, who, as you say, are but hangers-on to other gods, to set up for nicety of nose and palate.—Besides, it is better for you, and many others present, to live low, and keep the flesh under, than so to pamper your carcases with hecatombs, as to be obliged, every now and then, to run to the Danaes, the Semeles, the Ledas, the Latonas of the times, in the uncouth shapes of guineas, swans, bulls, and I know not what.

Jup. Impudent varlet! Are you not afraid I shall transfix you with a chain of red-hot thunderbolts to the very bottom of the river Styx?

Mom. Oh! your humble servant, Mr. Transfixer, are you there with your chains? No, no, old boy, Styx is run dry; your old thunders are extinct, and Vulcan, who supplied you, hath shut up shop for want of trade.—Alas! It is but a folly to knit those beetlebrows of yours in that manner.—They no longer strike terror, nor does that nod now shake the poles.—And, now you talk of chains, what is become of your golden chain, wherewith you once threatened to make a bilboquet of us all, and whirl us about your head? Did you coin it for Danae? O improvident Jupiter! had you kept it, you might have pawned it to-day for a dinner.—But since you have proposed a deliberation on ways and means, let us all be on a level, that we may, as in a popular assembly, each of us have his word about, and speak his sentiments freely, for state and distinction in our circumstances, I take it, is but a mere farce.

Jup. Well, be it so for this time; and now hear me without interruption.

All the Gods. Hear him, hear Jupiter.

Jup. You may remember, that as the sect among Christians, called Romanists, or Papists, turned our temples into churches, so they were within a little of making us amends, by turning their own religion into ours.—They did not only adopt an infinite number of our ceremonies, and of those arts, wherewith our priests had so long supported our credit and their own; but, what was more, having converted a large catalogue of saints, male and female, into petty divinities, they filled the churches with their images, to which they burnt incense, and prayed with such devotion, that they seemed, in a great measure, to have forgot their chief God. To these new powers their prayers gave a kind of omnipresence and omniscience. Had it not been for the cursed reformation, which checked a little the progress of this growing polytheism, all these saints had, by this time, been styled gods and goddesses; and their devotees, as usual, might have cooled to such sneaking objects of worship, and taken us, as gods of more eclat, into favour; for fashions in religion, as well as in clothes and other things, sink, and revive, by turns, according to the varying humours of mankind. From this prospect, thus rendered doubtful, my attention hath, within these fifty years, been agreeably diverted to another, that seems to promise better, insomuch, that now I have a piece of news to communicate, from whence I apprehend we may hope, if we manage our matters rightly, and strike in properly, to reap great advantages. Christianity, you know, was that which ruined us all. You may remember also, how from time to time, our philosophers, prompted by Pluto, sowed among the Christians what that abominable people called heresies; and how, by these same heresies we did their cause a great deal more mischief, than by all the persecutions which we stirred up against it. Among the heresies, none was so likely to serve our purpose, as that of the Arians, not so much because it set the Christians one against the other, more violently than any former cause of difference, and spread farther, but because, as it consisted of a certain jumble or mixture of Platonism and Christianity, it bid fairer for the restoration of polytheism, than any

other.—You must farther know, that the sect, called Arian, after having been long suppressed by the ignorance and bigotry of the prevailing orthodox party, hath, since classical and critical learning were revived, sprung up again afresh, with some new additions still more favourable to us, than any thing held, or at least avowed, by the ancient Arians. The moderns, who, for a blind, call themselves Unitarians, together with the Socinians, a noble subdivision of this party, and the Quakers, a very comical set of fellows, all actually insist on a plurality of gods. These (for brevity sake, we will call them all Arians) insist there may be, not only one, two, three, but three hundred gods.

This number is sufficient to take us all in, down, from your humble servant, to the onions and garlic of the Egyptians, taken, I mean generically, not individually, provided we have the address to slide in under the new names of such gods, as this wise and excellent sect, shall be pleased to honour with their adoration.

Now, what signify names, but the things they stand for? If we can contrive to be the things, let us never boggle at the names, since, both among the poets and grammarians, we have been always accustomed to go by so many different denominations. But what I would consult you on, is, how to bring ourselves in under names of the new divinities, so as not to give an alarm to the bigots, and yet to enjoy our own again. The way is fairly prepared for us. The Arians have returned plump into our scheme of theology, which consists precisely in holding one supreme, and other subordinate divinities. Here now is the case, on which I desire your opinions; nay, I ask your assistance on this occasion, as you tender the revival of my honour and your own.

Mom. Notably spoken, Jupiter, by my troth! Now you talk like yourself, and just as you did formerly, when Homer drew up your speeches for you. Yes, yes, there is some sense in this, I felicitate the assembly both on the news, and the point of prudence suggested along with it. If the first principle of polytheism is once admitted, we shall all be gods again, and I, please the fates, shall come in once more, for my grin over a capacious bowl of nectar. Mars, Bacchus, Hercules, Mercury, courage my boys, we

may yet have glorious revels under our new names, contrived for us by those sweet fellows, the-the-the Arians; is it not so you call them?

Bacchus. I swear by Styx, every man of them shall drink like a whale.

Mars. And fight, like Alexander.

Venus. And make love, like Adonis.

Mom. Pox on your Adonis.---It was such pranks as that between you and him, that sunk us all. But enough of this,—let us not swagger too soon, just as if we were snuffing the scent of the new sacrifices, but rather think of assisting our Arian friends, and contriving, as Jupiter says, to pass for their gods.

Jup. Momus, I perceive, is none of your foolish gods. He hath struck out the two points, on which we ought to deliberate with all the wisdom we are masters of.—How shall we procure a victory for the Arians? How shall we afterward contrive to be their gods? Let us stick to these questions, and may the fates spin us a lucky thread.

Mom. See what it is to be humbled by adversity; I never heard you at your prayers before. But prythee, god Jupiter, tell us, who was this same Arius, to whom we are so much obliged?

Jup. He was an Egyptian priest.

Mom. Whether did he sacrifice to Isis, or Osiris, or to a clove of garlic?

Jup. To none of them.—He was too sensible of his own worth, to worship any thing but his own genius, at least to worship as his countrymen in his time did, or as any man ever had done before. He was one of those exalted spirits, who always go in a track of their own. As he was by far the most sagacious, the most penetrating, and the most learned man in the world, so, luckily for us, he knew it perfectly well, and therefore was neither to be guided, nor governed, by any man, nor by all mankind put together. He could argue the nose off your face, and on again, in less time than you would take to blow it. And such exploits as these he was enabled to perform by a species of reasoning peculiar to himself, and by the wonderful art of interpretation, that is, by the art of giving any word he pleased, a meaning directly contrary to its universally

known acceptation, and demonstrating the new-imposed meaning to be the right one. You say, for instance, the nose is on your face—No, quoth Arius; there are but so many sorts of noses, long noses, short noses, flat noses, &c. enumerating all; now there is nothing on your face, that may, strictly speaking, be reduced to any of these kinds, and consequently, you have no nose on your face. Besides as the word nose comes from Nasus, and Nasus from Nao, to flow, unless you will allow yourself to have the snivels or glanders, how can you say you have a nose?

Mom. Wonderful, as I hope to be a god again! O Jupiter, return me my nose, or, instead of being the jester, I shall be but the jest of the other gods.

Jup. Why, thus, giving you a good thump on the gnomon, he sets it a bleeding, or ichoring, that is, flowing, and so all is well again.

Mom. Rot the sophistical rascal, and your fist into the bargain! I would not care a farthing to——— Are all his followers like himself?

Jup. To a man. They can prove any thing by any thing. They are perfectly sceptical as to the sentiments of ther men, and rigidly dogmatical in their own, which proceeds from their having found out, that all men are fools, but themselves.

Mom. They cannot stand long. The rest of the world will fall on, and extirpate them to a man.

Jup. Oh! fear them not, they have a trick for that; rather than lose a single doit by their principles, they will say and swear any thing you bid them, and still be of their own minds.—Thus they parry all inconveniences, without either in the least receding from their opinions, or ceasing to propagate them. Besides, the safety of these men is sufficiently guarded against all hazards by the immense extent of their capacities; for whereas other men have, through stupidity or poverty of thought, but one meaning to each word, and sometimes none, our friends, the Arians, seldom speak a word without a cluster of meanings to it; insomuch, that whenever what they say, being foolishly apprehended in the common sense of the words, is likely to be censured, or refuted, or turned against them in an argument, they immediately dodge off into a different meaning,

and from that, if there is occasion, into a third. Have you ever tried to hold an eel by the tail?

Mom. I have, but cannot boast much of my success.

Jup. Well, you may do it with infinitely more ease, than keep one of these men to a point a moment longer than he pleases. By this artifice, and by not at once declaring their principles, they give themselves an opportunity of slily feeling the pulse of your faith, now venturing out a little, and then slipping in again, as you have seen a mouse do at the mouth of her hole, till they have found out whether you are a brother, or whether your previous way of thinking affords any hope of making you one in time.

Mom. Delicate fellows, I'faith! they are the right dabsters at a sly, or a dry joke; for they do all by way of ratiocination, with so grave a face, that it is impossible not to be taken in or bit at every turn. I will go, and spend a year among them, after which I will not only banter you all out of countenance, but out of being too, if I please. Venus may assure herself, that pretty nose of hers shall run a new sort of risk, by the time I shall have taken my degree of master in this inimitable art.

Jup. Well, but let us proceed to deliberate on the two important points proposed.—Is there any one here can speak to either?

Merc. That can your faithful aid-du-camp. I am very well versed in the controversies between our friends the Arians, and our enemies the orthodox, as they conceitedly style themselves. Uncle Pluto and I have been of their council any time these fifty years. Perhaps therefore what I am about to say may not seem altogether unworthy the attention of this most august assembly. Know then, O ye gods, that, many a time, when ye were all locked up fast asleep in your alcoves of gold, I have been at the ear of an Arian, conformably to my name of Hermes, in which I glory, prompting his invention with new and wonderful interpretations of words; and at his hand gently guiding it to write an s, at the end of god.—That I have at length succeeded almost to a miracle, you may see in some late performances, published by my directions. This, I hope, will convince you, that I deserve to be heard on the present subject.

All the Gods. Ay; hear him, hear him, hear the watchful and sagacious Mercury.

Merc. As to the first point, how the Arians may be assisted, as I take it, they stand in little need of aid. All the art, necessary to a decisive victory on their side, consists in a certain knack of making any word in the Hebrew or Greek languages signify any one thing, although ever so remote from, or contrary to, the intention of him who uses it, and the obvious purport of the passage, wherein he applies it: now, I have so tutored them all in this art, that the dullest scholar among them is fit to instruct Pluto himself in the mystery. This you will soon see by a Hebrew concordance, soon to be published, wherein my amanuensis has so laboured the business of that obsolete language, that, in a little time, all the Christians will perceive themselves tied to the worship of more gods than one, even by their own Old Testament (so they call a strange antique book, which contains the writings of Moses, and the other Jewish prophets). Thus this formidable volume, which hath hitherto been made so great a use of against us, is likely to stand hereafter on our side, and to become classically orthodox. You will wonder, it may be, where I learned this dead and barbarous language.—Why, I know not a tittle of it to this day. But this will only serve to increase your wonder, after telling you I had so great a hand in the concordance, till I farther tell you that my ignorance was doubly an advantage to me in carrying on the aforesaid work.

My amanuensis, you must know, could make a shift to read the Hebrew, which, as fast as he did, I suggested seven meanings to every word, and he constantly took all, but dwelt on that, which was most favourable to his Arian polytheism. Now, had I understood the real sense of the words, I should have been but the more confined for my learning, and should have been tempted to suggest only such meanings, as were some way analogous to those of the writer. Besides, as myriads were to be made interpreters, who neither had, nor could have, any knowledge of what the Christians call, the original languages, was I not a fitter prompter for these would-be critics, than one more

learned could be? If you will go into the world, you will see I was; for there you may hear thousands of able disputants, stoutly maintaining the cause of polytheism, who scarcely know how to read a word of any language. Yet these able divines do not stick to say, it is so and so in the Hebrew or the Greek. You may say perhaps of me and them, like master, like scholar. Marry, and so it was; and so much the better, I trow, for our cause. One thing I know, that I found it much easier to put different interpretations on the Hebrew words, which I did not, than on the Greek, which I did understand. However, I have done clever things in the Greek too. I did not suffer our own linguo to speak against ourselves, although as the language is vastly more known and fixed, than the Hebrew, so I found this work abundantly more difficult. But I was not such a bungler at the hocus pocus of words, as to permit those words I had myself invented, to mean any thing but what I pleased myself. Who has so good a right as I to take the meaning of a Greek author? or how dare any Greek author pretend to a meaning of his own, when I choose to have him mean somewhat else? Thus I encouraged myself, and brought all the Arians to think and act just as I did. You will be extremely pleased, by way of instance, to hear two specimens of their proficiency, the first relating to the Greek tongue alone, and the second relating both to that and the Hebrew.

As to the first, you may remember, that in all the bickerings between the Arians and orthodox of old, it was the constant custom of each party to draw up formulas of their faith, or creeds, as they called them, and invidiously to tender these for subscription to their opposites. The hatred they felt for our most zealous devotees was nothing to that they breathed against each other, on refusal. The Arians indeed found the way to put so many different senses on every word in the orthodox creeds, that as often as their worldly interest made a seeming compliance requisite, they could, with a safe conscience, subscribe the orthodox creeds, though conceived in terms extremely apt to stick in the throat of the swallower. However, down they went glibly enough, till at last the orthodox contrived a creed so wonderfully crabbed,

so ingeniously calculated to hamper the conscience of an Arian subscriber, and backed with such dreadful imprecations on all who did not believe its contents, that the Arians were fairly thrown out for many hundreds of years. But the last age had the honour to produce a perfect hero, one Clarke, for whom nothing was too hard.

He took this dreadful creed, which was penned in Greek, to task, and so managed the matter by a juggle of words, which I myself am amazed at, that it came out of his hands, what shall I tell you? why, neither more or less, than a good, sound, Arian creed.

The sight of his performance would be sufficient to convince you, there never lived so great a man.

Jupiter brags of his favourite Arius, and I own, not without reason; for all the men of his time were fools to him. But then he was a mere simpleton to my Clarke. O Clarke! Clarke! thou glory of all critics! if we get the world again to ourselves, it will be but just to give thee a temple and altar of thy own, for the immense services thou hast done to the cause of Polytheism.—— The other specimen, which will afford thee infinite pleasure, is this:

The Jews and Christians, you know, had set up for the worship of one God only. Their Bible seemed to tie them to this by terms so exquisitely precise, and with denunciations so very terrible, that every man of them was ready, as you may remember, to be roasted alive, rather than worship any God but that one.

But behold! the Arians have fairly proved, they understood the true Hebrew and Greek meaning of neither the word God, nor the word worship. Nay, proved that the Christians must renounce their favourite Bible, or worship a great many other gods. The Christians may now see, if they are not blind, what sort of ninnies their ancient apologists, who wrote against Polytheism, must have been, and what became of all their martyrs, whom we carbonaded for adhering to the worship of one God. What say the Olympians to this? are we not in a fair way, think you?

As to the other question, how we may contrive to be worshipped under the names of the new Arian gods, it is easily resolved; and I hope, you will soon with satisfac-

tion see, it may be as easily effected. But I hold it imprudent to attempt the thing, till the Arians shall have introduced a greater number of divinities, for as yet they have found out but two or three, though they have promised us, as Jupiter hath observed, three hundred.

Venus. I did not expect to hear delays recommended by that god, from whom all the brisk and sprightly part of the world is denominated mercurial. Oh! how impatient I am to have my temples at Cnidos and Paphos rebuilt, and my sweet amorous rights restored!

Mom. Right female! I expected no less from your gust for parade and ambition, to say nothing of another more favourite passion. But I think you, Bacchus, and Apollo, have less pretence for impatience, than the rest of us.—You, and your son there, are still in high vogue.—You have banquets made for you, ridottoes and assemblies celebrated in your honour, and hymns actually sung to you, with pristine warmth of heart, all over Europe. Bacchus hath hymns sung to him too, and orgies performed in the streets of every city and village, as often as night returns, and sometimes even in broad daylight. Apollo, also, and the nine Muses, are formally invoked in every garret.—Mercury likewise, hath still a good stroke of business among the dealers, and therefore hath no need to vote for precipitation, especially since he hath taken up the new trade of filching meanings from words, and putting others of less value in their place, like those merry thieves, who whip the handkerchief out of your pocket, and put a stone instead of it. But, my friends, if we shall be so lucky, as by the help of the Arians, to come in play again, it is my advice that we behave ourselves a little better than formerly, lest the Quakers, and other precisians make a party to kick us out a second time.—I would more especially recommend it to you to lay our friend Venus, and her blind by blow, under the severest rules, or otherwise we shall be presently wh-red out of all credit with the world. Be assured of it, if they get leave, they will turn us into rams, bulls, and he-goats, by the dozen; and then we may judge by the fate of our former divinities, what is likely to become of the new.

Venus. I desire, Mars, you may give that scurrilous jackanapes of a god, a good slap over the chaps.

Mom. Let me see if he dare so much as to lift his hand. Look ye, this spear which I brandish, was the very individual weapon (he knows it right well), wherewith Diomede wounded the coward before Troy, and forced him, after bellowing as loud as nine or ten thousand men, to consult about his safety with his heels.

Venus. For shame, Mars, why do you tremble and look so pale? I wish I had early enough known you for so great a poltroon.

Mom. So does Vulcan, whom I see yonder scratching his grimy forehead and looking slily on his wife's application to her bully.—But, madam strumpet, you too ought to stand a little in awe of this spear; and I do assure you, if you are not very quiet, I will lend you a sound thwack with it across the shoulders.

Jup. You did ill, Venus, to set that railer's tongue a going. Our time is short, and therefore ought to be precious, for we must break up as soon as the verses are finished.—Let us therefore be as speedy as possible in hearing what encouragement the messenger of the gods can give us, to hope for a recovery of our worship, when the Arians shall have brought their schemes to bear, and in resolving on the proper measures pursuant to the lights he shall communicate. Proceed, Mercury.

Merc. As soon as the Arians, who value themselves, and deservedly, on a prodigious latitude of thinking, shall have once sufficiently extended their idea of divinity, so as to give themselves a multitude of gods, we have then nothing to do but to have them properly instructed in mythology, which, with the help of conjectures, etymologies, allegories, hieroglyphics, and words of double meaning, will soon direct them to pick us out of the gods they shall adopt. And this I expect the rather for three or four weighty reasons. First, because they maintain that creatures who once had no being, may be naturally and easily converted into gods. Secondly, because they symbolize with the Deists almost in every thing, but more especially in their attachment to the natural light, which cannot be defended as adequate in any measure to its own end if our system of religion is not defended in the same measure. Thirdly, because many eminent writers have appeared in the world

since the revival of learning, who, seeming to follow the plans of Plutarch, Julian, &c. have gone a good way to prove that our religion is only so far removed from the true one, as it is a little more disguised and corrupted: and, fourthly, because our Arian friends have already laid aside the morality of their Bible, condemning it as mercenary, and utterly inconsistent with liberty and virtue: and have in the place of it adopted that of our old friends the philosophers, and our new friends the Deists. Now this is an advance of more consequence to us than may at first be apprehended by those gods that are not so well read in divinity as your humble servant. The Christians are men, and being but men, the majority of them are as studious of their ease, and as impatient of mortification, self-denial, and the belief of eternal torments, to be suffered for a slip now and then as other men. It is therefore my real opinion, they will readily take up with any religion, or any sort of gods, that will give them the latitude, in point of morality, they stand so much in need of. Now they may be well assured, once we are received for their gods, we shall never think of asking them to be better moralists than ourselves. Momus, for this reason, spoke like a fool when he recommended reformation of manners to us. No, my fellow-gods, it will be our interest and security to teach them the lessons, and set them the examples they want; and I have told you truly what the generality of them want. I submit it now to this assembly, and more especially to you, O Jupiter, whether these beginnings, which I assure you are all of them real facts, do not afford us a very hopeful prospect. For my own part, so much do I know of this affair, that I would not give three-pence, little as I value money, to have my new divinity ensured. The Arians, you must know, already worship certain subordinate beings, whom they call angels or messengers. Wherefore it is evident my function must bring me in of course, who have been, time out of mind, truly and properly an angel.

Mom. Dear Mercury! Thou shalt be styled the restorer of the gods, and the re-peopler of the skies. Although, of all the gods, it is not to be supposed that I, whose peculiar talent it is to put on all shapes, and mimic every thing I see, should find any great difficulty, in edging

in under some new name; yet as it is good to have two strings to one's bow, I beg, honest Mercury, you may speak a good word for me, as a pleasant comical sort of a god, to your cater-cousins, the Arians.

Mars. And for me.

Bac. And for me.

Venus. And for me, Mercury.

Merc. Pretty Venus, I need not.

Jup. I do assure you, Mercury hath acquitted himself most notably on this occasion, and deserves the thanks of us all. Ah, how I love thee, my dear boy, not only for thy mother Maia's sake, but for thy own merits. As for my readmission, I see it is as good as secured. Pope, the poet, who was a right hearty worshipper of mine, hath sufficiently provided for my success, on the present scheme, in his Universal Prayer, which he begins thus:

> Father of all! in ev'ry age,
> In ev'ry clime ador'd,
> By saint, by savage, and by sage,
> Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

Surely it was my own son Phœbus that inspired him when he wrote these lines.—I see now plainly, the boy is the true god of oracles as well as verses; for such I take this prayer to be. As I think I may safely reckon on my own admission, I swear by Styx to bring you all in after me.

Mom. We must not now say a word, I suppose, of your being born and buried in Crete, nor of your old dad, who, for lack of better victuals, had a scheme to pick your chicken bones for his dinner, immediately after you was brought to light.

Jup. By Styx, if you do, I will make an example of you to all future dabblers in ribaldry.

Mom. And by the Nile, the Danube, the Rhine, other-guess rivers than your Hell-brook, if you do not speak me fair and make me the new god of wit, I will tell such tales as shall spoil all Pope hath sung or said of you.

Jup. Well, well, thou shalt be the god of jokers.—But here comes Apollo with the verses.—Mercury cheer up his heart at your leisure, with the recital of that which you have opened to the assembly.

Apollo. We staid out a little longer on this performance than usual, not only because we aimed at perfection, but because the sisters differed a little about some expressions which we have agreed to submit to this honourable house at large.—As soon as your resolutions on these are known, Mercury may be dispatched with a fair copy to the poet's garret on Lazer's-hill.—You may observe, we have laboured to accommodate this work to the present mode of poetry, that is, have made it consist of smooth lines, with a certain turgency in the diction, to lift them above the level of mere prose in metre; and have taken care at the same time, not to swell them with too much thought, lest the father and the mother of the young hero should be at a loss to understand them.

Mom. A very necessary precaution.

Apollo. I will read them, if you please, and as I go on, note the words in debate.

> Bright rose the Sun on that auspicious morn,
> When great Cordelio's brighter son was born.

Here Calliope thinks *Sun* in the first line, and *son* in the second, sound a little ungracefully.—Thalia would have it, 'Bright rose the *light*,' &c. but others say this makes a worse jingle.—I apprehend 'Bright rose the *day*,' &c. would do better than either.

Jup. It will.—Let it stand so.

> *Apollo.* Then all the gods conven'd in full divan,
> To club their properties to this young man.

Here again Erato objected to the word *club*, as low and clumsy, and thinks *give*, would not be so likely to disgust the polite reader; but Clio insists on *club*, as more expressive, and therefore would have it stand.

Mom. Damn'd stuff altogether! incorrigible stuff! Apollo, if this thing gets abroad, the apothecaries will poison you for it.

Apollo. The apothecaries! why so?

Mom. Aye, the apothecaries, though they worship you under the symbol of a clyster-pipe; for these your verses will prove so powerful and so cheap a puke, that the whole corporation will not be able to sell an ounce of ipecacuanha in a year.

To club their properties to this young man!

How the stomach works at it! If the gods had eat any thing these twelve hundred years, I would not for the world venture to repeat it for fear of the filthy effects.—Far be it from me, who am, as it were, but an underling sort of a god to swear by the river Styx.—But I will take my corporal oath on Homer's Iliad, you stole these verses from Cherilus.—I frequently read his poems to laugh at them, and can repeat the original Greek, which may be found in his poem on the birth of Alexander.—Let me see. Oh! aye. Hem, hem.

Εις καλον ηρι γενοιτο φαεινος Φοιβος Απολλων,
'Οπποτε λαμπροτερος Διος εσχατο υἷος εωρᾶ
Ηματος αυγασμον———

Luc. You may save yourselves the trouble of proceeding any farther in that important piece of criticism, as I but an hour ago safely delivered the Irish lady of a fair daughter, to the great disappointment of that noble family she springs from.

Mom. So you must even castrate your verses, or use them at an operation, the reverse of a puke.

Apollo. It is very well, indeed! to be at all this trouble, and to have one's performance suppressed just when it is finished; and such a performance too! so capable of doing eternal honour to the composers!

Mom. What you are conceited of it then. Well! to be vain of stolen nonsense is comical vanity, on my word.—But why did not the prophet Apollo save the poet Phœbus all this trouble? ought you not to have foreseen the child was to be a girl?

Apollo. Before I would any longer submit to be the prompter of every paltry rhyming jackanapes, I would turn a common carter, or even clerk to a subaltern attorney at two-pence a sheet.—I was all last summer taken up at Amsterdam and Paris assisting the hungry tribe in writing madrigals at the one place, and epigrams as long as from this to Parnassus, at the other.—That I might attend on these important calls, I was forced to leave the sun a second time to Phæton. But he, to avoid his former error, drove the chariot of that luminary so far from the earth,

that it could hardly be either felt or seen from thence during the space of five months; and drove on too without any manner of regard to the new style.—These blunders and inconveniences must be prevented for the future, and that they may, I am determined to be charioteer only. Let the Muses, therefore, if they please, take the poetical province entirely on themselves.—I here renounce it for good.

Mom. And what will become then of your poetical godship?

Apollo. Why even let it go the way it came. Rather than be a god on the former terms, I would choose to roll stones with Sisyphus, or be made a whirligig with Ixion, though it were on the same spit that roasts Pluto's dinner for him.

Clio. And we (I speak for my sisters as well as myself) are so run off our feet, which you see have neither shoes nor stockings on them, and so jaded with the midwifery of every phlegmatic brain, that we are, one and all, resolved to hire with the country farmers, if Minerva will teach us to spin. There is no enduring the life we lead. Why, I was forced to stay six months with Codrus, before I could deliver him of his burden, and so heavy a one it proved that no mortal could bear it. It was a sort of an epic—damned by every reader at the first sight. While I was with him, I had four thousand messages from others, who all miscarried.—Then I laid five hundred epigrammatists and sonnetteers in one week. All this would not vex one, were it not that every brat of them, through the distempers of their parents, or the difficulty of the births, is born distorted, goggle-eyed, monstrous; and dies the moment it is dropped. —Then our employment is only fit for camelions.—It is not like that of Lucina, who gets a hearty swig at the caudle-cup, a comfortable dram every now and then, a swinging bellyful of good cakes at the blith-meat, and comes in besides, for her share of the fees at the christening. But we poor drudges are forced to ply in the garrets, which, you know are at so great a distance from the kitchens, that deuce a morsel any body will be at the trouble of carrying up to us. Here it is that we are called to poetical consultations with the two frightful goddesses, Hunger and Cold,

who take upon them to dictate just as they please. The province of invention is assumed by the first; and she, it must be owned, is a sufficient mistress of dispatch. But whatever she strikes out, the other instantly congeals to an icicle, which Phœbus with all his rays is not able to thaw. All I get leave to do, is to make them clink two and two together, like bobbins, which I call the birth of a distich, and for this I make use of Bysshe, as Lucina does of Culpeper.

Mom. Well, you Muses will certainly make delicate spinsters, your wheels are likely to dance about to some tune.

Jup. Forbear, Momus, do not jest with the afflictions of others. I must own, Apollo, and you my dear girls, your case is very hard. But bear it patiently a little longer, and all shall be well.—Mercury will let you into a project which is likely to set us all up again in newer and better employments.

THE

CANDID READER:

OR,

A MODEST, YET UNANSWERABLE APOLOGY,

FOR

ALL BOOKS THAT EVER WERE, OR POSSIBLY
CAN BE WROTE.

TO

HIS MOST CRITICAL, SCIENTIFICAL,

TRULY CATHOLICAL, AND TERRAQUEOUS MAJESTY,

THE WORLD.

LEARNED AND MIGHTY SIR,

SEEING the following treatise hath been penned on set purpose to vindicate thy taste against the impudent attempts of a few, who would impose their own upon thee, it cannot so properly be dedicated to any one, as to thyself. Forasmuch also, as many performances, not only such as are of little or no length or weight, but also the voluminous and heavy, relying purely on thy favour, have ventured forth into the light, and lived to see several generations of books, right valuable in themselves, rise and perish in oblivion, it is humbly hoped this little youngling of mine, which boasteth not its own merit, but presumeth on thy benevolence alone, will meet with the like kind reception from thee. If it hath thy approbation, being as modest as it is young, it shall therewith be content, and look no farther.

Those persons, who would needs take upon them to be thy teachers, and prescribe to thee in matters of taste and judgment, will lay their rods heavily on this my little infant, as well because it pleadeth in behalf of thy privileges against their encroachments, as because it delivereth itself in a style and manner not altogether authorized by them. But I hope, as it is thy advocate, so thou wilt be its sponsor and protector, more especially against the malice and craft of that black tribe, which, above all others, laboureth to abridge thy privileges, and aimeth at a tyranny over the mind and conscience. Those persons, although on many

occasions they pay thee no small court, are nevertheless, by profession, thy sworn enemies, and agreeably thereunto, some among them do most cordially, both despise and hate thee. Be thou aware of such; for albeit, they make but a small body, yet so great is the frowardness and virulence of their natures, that they force the rest, contrary to their great respect for thee, to join in the cry against thee. I expect all, which the teeth and nails of that fraternity can do, for my attachment to thy favourite author, the Lord Shaftsbury. However, his lordship hath a competent number of hopeful young shoots, springing up, and putting forth apace even among that thicket of thorns, who in a short space of time will form a powerful party, so as greatly to increase the number of his, and consequently, of thy props and supporters.

I suppose it is owing to the conspiracies of the aforementioned persons, that we so frequently hear thee railed at in such expressions as these. What a world is this! What will the world come to! The world is growing every day worse and worse! The world is come to that pass, &c. Not satisfied with these opprobrious reflections, they even proceed so far as formally to renounce thee, together with the devil, with whom, after all, they deal largely, and generally consult in matters of the last consequence; and therefore thou hast reason to comfort thyself with the hopes, that the hatred they pretend to thee, is as far from their hearts, as that which they profess against him. I am the more corroborated in this my opinion, when I hear the same persons inadvertently blabbing such expressions of love and esteem for thee as follow: If I might have the whole world for doing this, &c. I would not for the world be guilty of, &c. If I were master of the world, I would make thee mistress. Nay, I also hear many of them swearing by thee; from which, however, I should by no means conclude they worship thee, as their god, or even have a high respect for thee, did I not likewise behold them every day sacrificing to thee, not only their consciences, and characters, and souls, which are offerings of no very high estimation, but even their very pleasures and their lives.

Thy Majesty, methinks, may very well turn a contemptuous ear, to all the feigned invectives of the poor, the dis-

appointed, the discontented, the whimsical part of mankind, seeing the wise, the wealthy, and the great, are thine own, to a man, and that with infinite devotion. It is for thy Majesty they break through all the ties of nature and humanity, plotting, sailing, fighting, swearing, cutting the throats of their friends and fathers, and sometimes their own. It is for thee they pretend religion in one age and circumstance, and it is likewise to come at thee they trample on it without scruple in another. Thou art their god, and their devotion is sincere and hearty.

The servile dissembling herd of dedicators, have by misapplication, so lamentably debauched the expressions of respect, that language can scarcely supply me with terms, both strong enough to set forth my esteem, and at the same time sufficiently delicate to enter thy Majesty's ears, averse in the highest degree to every the smallest appearance of flattery. I shall therefore (I know it will please thy Majesty) preserve an unwilling silence on a subject, which it requires the self-denial of an anchorite to abstain from. I will not say one word of thy candour and taste, as a reader, thy wisdom and justice as a governor, thy valour and conduct as a soldier, thy humanity and politeness as a companion, thy fidelity as a friend, thy generosity as the patron of merit, nor the other innumerable and illustrious virtues, that grace thy amiable character, and render thee so deservedly the admiration of all. These topics, defended by thy modesty, and exalted far above my weak ability, are reserved to be inscribed by a pen of steel, on everlasting monuments of brass and marble. It would be a profanation to lavish thy praises on frail paper, so applicable, on many occasions, to the vilest uses, more especially when lowered in value by the base and uncurrent mintage of such a mere coiner among writers, as,

May it please thy Majesty,

Thy Majesty's most humble, most obedient,

And most devoted slave and admirer,

MUNDANUS.

THE

CANDID READER.

GREAT is the satisfaction I enjoy in beholding the daily and plentiful additions made to the commonwealth of letters by my contemporary writers. However, it is a pleasure of a very peculiar nature, and cannot be even conceived by any other person, if he doth not take the matter in the same light I do. I consider the whole body of writings, that have hitherto appeared in the world, of whatsoever kind, whether philosophical or poetical, historical or political, moral, theological, or critical; whether they be the performances of great wits or dunces, of the learned or illiterate, as one great community or republic of books, in which every individual performance hath its own place and use. As in a well-regulated commonwealth, consisting of men, there must be persons for all purposes, some to be treasurers, and others to be scavengers, some to be judges, and others to be hangmen; so in one of books, there ought to be some sublime and learned, others low and illiterate, some full of sense and life, others dull and stupid, some of a senatorial order, and some of a plebeian; because, all books being wrote, if I mistake not, in order to perusal, and all mankind being either obliged by duty, or moved by inclination, to peruse some kind of books or other, and there being such an infinite variety of tastes and capacities among men, prodigious numbers would be excluded from the great and delectable exercise of reading, were it not for the plentiful provision made, and laid in, by the writers of past and present times. We have now almost a competency of writings, calculated for all sorts of tastes, and all degrees of understanding. The plodding mathematician hath his Euclid or his Newton; the reader of fire and fancy hath his Lucan or his Milton; the sage politician, his Tacitus or Machiavel; the young ladies, their books of battles

and slaughter; the young gentlemen, their plays and novels; the honest farmer his Don Bellianis and Seven wise Masters; the gay have their comedies; the melancholy their tragedies; the morose, their satires; the flatterers, their panegyrics; the hasty precipitate reader hath his newspapers and duodecimos; the patient and laborious, his huge performances in folio. Give me a reader of ever so odd a turn, and I will give thee as odd a writer, who shall fit him as exactly as if nature had cut them out for each other. Nay, on the other hand, I will be bold to say, thou canst not shew me a writer, for whom I have not a reader ready, who shall tally with him, notch for notch, and nick for nick, from one end to the other.

Now, it is no way improbable that some who look upon their own minds as more refined than those of other men, may object to me the unreasonableness of being pleased to see such a number of ill tastes, indulged and fed by writings of a mean character, as they perhaps may call them, and so repugnant to right reason and nature.

But let those over nice persons consider what it is they are pleased to brand with such injurious appellations. Perhaps it is a romance, for instance, the renowned history of Valentine and Orson; which, upon a close scrutiny and calculation I find to be read by four persons, for one, who reads an Homer or a Newton. By what authority can this huge body of people, free, at least in these countries, and feared by the king of France, be deprived of their right to this delectable author? Or, with what assurance can a few supercilious critics take upon them to condemn their taste in this behalf?

Reason follows nature; and where is nature to be found, if not among those who are untainted with art, and unrefined by prejudices? If thou, O objector, whoever thou art, hast laboured to force nature, and acquire a certain luxury of taste, must thou presently take upon thee the office of a censor, and presume to reduce the world to thine own whimsical and formal way of thinking? Thou hast deviated from nature. It was study and art that taught thee to think in trammels, and reduced thee, from the boundless liberty of nature, to a parcel of dry rules concerning unity, uniformity, and probability. Surely, thou

must remember, that it was in schools and colleges thou learnedst these impertinences. The reader of Valentine and Orson is uneducated, that is, unprejudiced, and guided by nature alone to that amusing performance; and therefore thou doest ill to say his taste is unnatural. The books wherewith thou pleasest thyself, are of a nature so odd and out-of-the-way, that it is the work of a whole life to bring oneself to understand and relish them. They have certainly cracked thy brains, or thou couldest not be so absurd as to think them natural, merely because thou hast habituated thyself to them, or think of imposing a taste for them on others, who find a shorter and easier way to be pleased. Thou art like those wise people, who by forsaking nature, and reason too, have reduced themselves to such a pass, that they cannot take their breakfast till it is brought them from the Indies; whereas the reader of Valentine and Orson resembleth him, who findeth a pleasant and plentiful breakfast at home. Every particular class of readers is for giving rules to all the rest, and converting the whole world to their own opinions and tastes, because truly they cannot see the profit or pleasure of perusing those writings which others seem to be so entirely taken up with. The mathematician is utterly at a loss to understand the strange, and in his opinion, wild flights of Homer. The fire and imagination that break with such heat and lustre from that father of poetry, seem all frenzy and extravagance to his cold and sober understanding; nor is there any phenomenon in nature which he finds it so difficult to account for, as the surprising admiration with which his daring sallies and hair-brained fictions are attended to. It is amazing to him, that matters, which admit of no demonstration, should at all amuse or engage a reasonable creature, and gain such numbers of readers, imitators, and admirers in all ages and nations.

On the other hand, the poet, and in general, all readers of fire and fancy, are as much astonished at the strange infatuation of mathematical learning. They look upon it as a dry, but bewitching study, that engages, without giving pleasure, and draws on a whimsical sort of admirers, with hopes of discoveries which would render them famous, could they be made, and which nature hath hid from others,

but cannot conceal from the singular sagacity of their minds. The mathematician, if you will believe the poet, is the most stiff and conceited, the most enthusiastic and ignorant of all mankind; and his knowledge, if it may be called so, the most impertinent and useless.

Thus each unreasonably condemns the other. The poet would propose the pleasures of imagination to persons who have none; and the mathematician again, is for estimating the poet's fire by his own ice. The same may be said of other readers, howsoever classed and distinguished. They admire their own, and condemn the studies of others; and a conceited spirit of proselytism reigns universally among them all.

Now, for my part, I am for giving toleration to all sorts of readers to indulge themselves uncensured and uncontrolled, in the perusal of all such writings as their various humours or tastes shall respectively dispose them to. There is no work made public, from the ponderous folio which cost a life in the composition, down to the daily journal, the child of half an hour, which doth not afford me a very sensible satisfaction, inasmuch as I look upon them all as new births to increase the commonwealth of letters, and new accessions to the treasury of reading. As on the one hand, I would not have the works of Homer, Plato, Paschal, Newton, or Berkley destroyed; so neither would I vote, that the lucubrations of Tom Brown, Durfey, Quarles, Forster, Morgan, Hucheson, or Drummond should perish. Let them live as long as they can, and enjoy their several sets of readers for ever, or for a winter, according as they calculate for duration; and let no man, nor set of men, pretend to condemn all such books, pamphlets, or ballads, as have not an *imprimatur* from them. As we freely live, so let us freely read. An universal caterer, either for head or stomach, would be the most absurd and unnatural of all tyrants.

I was led into these reflections by some extraordinary performances, which I have long admired, but lately heard condemned in a very arbitrary manner, as a silly and senseless sort of writings. The authors I am going to mention and justify, have many readers, and as many admirers, whose privilege of being instructed or diverted, as

they please, I take to be very injuriously struck at by the afore-mentioned heavy censure; and what greatly aggravates their grievance and my own is, that, were we deprived of those writings, we should be almost totally shut out from information and entertainment in the way of reading.

The first I shall take notice of, is a scheme proposed in Hill's Arithmetic for making Latin verses by an arithmetical table. The whole treatise is a valuable work in every respect, but never enough to be admired for this stupendous invention, by which as many verses as would make an Iliad or an Eneid, might be told out in a few days, without the least labour of the brain, either in composing or reading them. Surprising author! Had he lived in the earlier ages of the world, when the gods were a making, he had certainly been deified. We should never have heard of Apollo, the Muses, Orpheus, Homer, or any of those other inventers of the old poetry, who taught the world a very tedious and painful method of making verses, by which the health and reason of the poet were frequently and sorely impaired, had the earlier times of literature been enriched with this admirable art.

And yet after all, there are not a few who take upon them to depreciate the invention, who cry down the thing itself as mean and mechanical, and the verses it produces, as destitute, in some measure, of sense and meaning. Those nice gentlemen, in particular, who affect the Belles Lettres, contrary to their usual attachment to sound, and contempt of sense, treat it with the utmost scorn, merely because the verses are generated mathematically. Surely, never any thing, say they, was so pedantic! What! Verses made by arithmetical rules! No doubt the thoughts must be very fine, and the diction vastly elegant. Poems produced this way must be tip-top, to be sure.

It is easy to see there is no reasoning in all this: but mere wit and raillery, though ever so keen, must not be allowed to decide this controversy. No human performance can be perfect in all respects. Homer, in the opinion of some critics, is irregular and inconsistent; Virgil too uniform and cold; Lucan hot and injudicious; Tasso weak and grovelling. In a word, there is no poet so happy in

every particular, as to please all. The only defect of the arithmetical species of poetry is, that it wants meaning. If, however, it is to be condemned on this account, what an infinity of poems must suffer with it! What a catalogue of names, celebrated among polite readers, and laureated at courts, must perish in oblivion! Is mere want of sense so great an objection to a poem? For my part, I should think it were much better to find no meaning in a poem, than a bad one. Considering how it fares with poetry at present, a performance of that kind, which can possibly do no hurt, may deservedly enough be called a good one. Besides, if there be numbers of readers, who do not at all look for meaning in a poem, surely the above mentioned objection can be none with them. And that there are such, I can very safely take upon me to affirm. How often have we heard a fine lady sing that beautiful song, called a* Love Song in the modern taste, to a company of raptured beaus, of whom we may truly say, that they are a little too selfish in the application of their applause, to lavish it away rashly on performances of no merit. Easy readers, among whom I may reckon some of the greatest personages now alive, should have easy writers, that they may not be forced to rack a delicate system of brains over a poem, as if they were straining at a mathematical problem.

Poetical performances are calculated primarily to please. Accordingly to this idea of poetry, it may be aptly divided into that, which pleases by infusing grateful fancies into a vacant mind, of which sort are the poems of Pope, Addison, and Swift, and into that which relieves the mind from the torture of its own uneasy thoughts, of which kind we may esteem the arithmetical poetry as chief. For this purpose I will take the liberty to recommend it as a sovereign opiate. Let the beau, whose heart palpitates with the terrors of a duel, which he must either fight to-morrow, or forfeit all his little stock of honour, read but a dozen pages in a poem of this kind, after he is gone to bed, and I will answer for it, at the hazard of my skill in criticism, he shall sleep, till his adversary hath quitted the field of battle. Let a belle, whose mind is chagrined with the loss of a lap-dog, a lover, or some guineas at quadrille, go im-

* Vide Swift's Works, vol. II.

mediately to bed, and get her waiting woman to read her fifty lines in a poem of this kind, and she shall find it as consolatory as the first addresses of a new lover, and as soporific as her prayers. All her thoughts, if she had any, shall insensibly die away, she shall sweetly dissolve into a composure, which no dreams of her former losses shall ruffle.

The second author, whom I shall mention, as admired by me and many others, and censured by some, is lord Shaftsbury. The performances of this author, like the arithmetical verses, are of a very anodyne nature, but in a different way; for whereas, those verses are of sovereign use, in stupifying care; his lordship's writings are of most powerful efficacy in blunting the stings of conscience, one of the most terrible evils incident to this life. This noble person observing that most people are pestered with idle and superstitious fears about certain punishments, said to be inflicted on wicked livers, in a chimerical life after this, and that the conscience of a man, sometimes looking back at his crimes, and anon looking forward at those punishments, is apt to excite very terrible and distracting apprehensions, hath laboured, and that with great success, to dissipate those fears, and relieve the conscience from this heavy yoke, which priests and nurses, taking the advantage of our tender years, have thought fit to impose upon us. His method of doing this however is singular, and adapted to the humour and turn of a very particular class of men, that could not have been relieved by the plain and common expedients of others, who undertake the cure of consciences. To give the reader a clear idea of his lordship's manner, it will be necessary to characterize the set of patients, whom he chose for his province.

They are men of infinite sense and understanding, yet of little or no learning. It is from nature, and from within themselves, that they draw forth a fund of knowledge, in comparison of which the wisdom of the Greeks, Romans and Jews, is but stupidity and ignorance. Hence it cometh to pass, that they seldom read; and when they do, it is with great contempt for the writer, if he doth not recommend himself to them by two things, novelty and obscurity. As to the first, they say, and very justly, to what end a new

book, if the contents are old? The antiquity of an error cannot turn it into truth, and to tell us old truths is impertinence, because we know them already. It is certain, those truths which may be told us concerning ancient occurrences and transactions, are not to be known without reading; but then we are no way concerned in such truths, and besides, as length of time is perpetually weakening the authority of such relations, there is no depending on them. They have also another reason for liking novelty in an author; it supplies them with something to say, which as it is known to few or none, may be easily passed for their own, which trite notions and received opinions can never be.

As to obscurity, they admire it in a writer, for many reasons: First, because it is a great pleasure to them, that others, who have not so much penetration as they, are, by the fruitless perusal of an unintelligible performance, proved to be men of inferior understanding; Secondly, because they can almost as safely retail for their own the sentiments of an author, understood only by themselves, as if his performance had never been published. In the next place, they look upon themselves as sharing with the author in his honour, when they find out his recluse and hidden meaning. The sentiments seem to be generated between them; nay, the reader seems to invent the sentiments of the author, and ought, on many occasions, to have the whole credit to himself, inasmuch as he frequently draws out a shining sentiment from a passage, by which the author either meaned quite another matter, or nothing at all. Again, the gentlemen I am speaking of, have understandings framed, like the eye of the cat or the owl, to see in the dark, so that they can scarcely discern a very glaring sentiment. Hence it is, that of two books wrote against each other on any controverted point, they are always convinced by the more obscure. Had we an university made up of this sort of gentlemen, their public disputations, instead of being managed in the usual plain way, would be carried on like those of the ancient Eastern princes, by cramp questions, and every argument proposed would begin with riddle-myree. Alexander the Great had certainly the honour to be one of this species of men. When his preceptor Aristotle published his ethics, the hero chid the philosopher for having

revealed to the world that system of knowledge, which he had been instructed in, and hoped that nobody else would. But the stagyrite comforted his pupil with an assurance, that, although the book was made public, yet the contents of it were still a secret to every body but Alexander.

People may mince matters as they please; but after all, it is certain, that I and all other authors, like Aristotle, write in order to publish, and publish in order to be praised. It is also as certain, that all readers (I beg pardon of mine), from him with the fesque in his fingers, to him with the spectacles on his nose, do read to gratify their vanity, that is, to gather knowledge, which they intend to make a show of. The persons, whom I have been giving a character of, are readers of a more refined and exalted vanity, than others. They leave the fruit of a bramble or a thorn for meaner people, who can only look up with admiration at those delicious clusters, reserved on the tops of lofty trees, for the hands of such giants in understanding, as those who make the subject of this my panegyric. What is easily obtained, is generally little valued, and we are apt to rate knowledge, as we do other commodities, according to its rarity and the price we pay for it.

By these means it frequently so falleth out, that our gentlemen above mentioned, who carry this humour farther than others, do most admire that which they least understand, taking it for somewhat very sublime, which their towering understandings cannot reach to. They have been told, that philosophy is placed on a mountain difficult of access; and if this mountain should hide its summit in clouds, it strikes them with the greater awe and admiration. They imagine it higher than it is. They gaze at it with strange astonishment, and grow superstitious as they gaze. All things seem larger in the dark, and so do those writings, to which their artful authors give a kind of clouded majesty, by presenting them in fog and vapours to their readers. A reader hath no other way of shewing the force and keenness of his sagacity, as a reader, but by the difficulty of his author; and therefore our piercing wits can neither give themselves nor others a full proof of their penetrating capacities, without authors sufficiently abstruse and hard. All men are not to be pleased by one manner of writing. There is an endless

variety of tastes; some like sublimity, others perspecuity; some are fond of simplicity, others of perplexity and subtlety in a writer. The gentlemen I am speaking of are most delighted with obscurity. Now as all have a right to read, and consequently to read what they please, I take obscurity to be as useful a talent, as sublimity, inasmuch as it hath its admirers, and those not a few, who care not a straw for that which is plain and easy.

But what chiefly recommends the obscurity of such a writer, as lord Shaftsbury, to this sort of men, is, that it serves, as gilding to that pill, which he prescribes to the distress of their consciences. They, poor men! have been a little unfortunate in their education, which hath deeply riveted in their minds a fear of judgment and punishments to come; and this fear damps all their enjoyments, and miserably cramps their schemes, as well of profit as amusement. Now when they consult with a casuist, or, I should rather say, exorcist, about the expulsion of this demon, if his reasonings should happen to be a little too weak for the purpose, it is plain enough that they may easily be too intelligible. As therefore they come with minds impatient for relief, an argument half apprehended is more likely to insinuate itself, than, that which, by being too easily understood, exposes its own unsoundness, and gives the alarm to reason. A very explicit writer is the most unfit person in the world to remove the scruples of a queasy conscience, because reason is generally biassed by education, so as to support those hideous scruples; and therefore there can be little good expected from an argument, that is not so palliated, as to steal by that austere and watchful door-keeper. Many and grievous are the maladies incident to the mind of man! Among which there is none so shocking, and so hard to be cured, as those of a conscience, prejudiced by notions about another world, especially when reason fixes and roots them in the very understanding. Happy is the author, and great his art! who can enter the intellect in an effectual disguise, and there forming a party among our passions, can eject those tyrants, and bestow on the soul a perfect and unbounded liberty.

Such an author is lord Shaftsbury. He can pass incognito through the most guarded heart; and conceal himself

till he hath established his authority there. He can strike one way, till he hath entered a principle into the mind, and then the contrary way, till he hath clenched it; and all this without being perceived. He can disposses the most rivetted notion, and impress a contrary one, while the understanding is in the mean time insensible of the change. He can hold the imagination in play with a rapture or a flight, till he hath passed a fine expression on the judgment, for a reason, and a witticism, for a convincing argument.

Those terms, such as the beauty of virtue, and the deformity of vice, which were seldom used before, even in a metaphorical sense, he hath employed in a precise and philosophical strictness, as terms of art, and drawn surprising discoveries and useful speculations from thence. By these, and many other expedients of the like nature, he so refines the plain and intelligible science of morality, that it is impossible for his reader to find out its foundation, to distinguish, whether it is seated in the rational, or sensitive part of our nature, or to form a clear, or any, idea of virtue; but so much may be gathered from him at last, that religion is rather prejudicial than helpful to it, and that religion as it is commonly understood, and superstition, are one and the same thing.

While he is thus employed in the leaguer of common and received opinions, he shoots from his thick darkness, like Nisus out of the wood, without running the least hazard of being attacked himself. If any one attempts to be on the offensive with him, and to give chace to an opinion of his, the fugitive sentiment immediately takes cover in a thicket of fine words, and poetical rants, where, with the greatest ease, it can elude the most diligent pursuit. But, if on any occasion a straggling assertion of his should be surprised, and in a fair way to be run down, the artful author flies to its rescue, and like Venus in the Iliad, saves his offspring in a cloud of intricate subtleties, and an inaccessible obscurity. Like an experienced general, he so manages matters, that his adversaries can have little or no view of what is doing, while their measures lie exposed to him in all that noon of light, which their silly confidence induces them to diffuse around. Hence it is, that all the performances of this inimitable genius are absolutely unanswerable. I could point

out a passage or two, in which it appears that the author finding himself inclosed on all sides, by difficulties and dilemmas, so attenuates his substance, as to escape at an almost imperceptible outlet, like the genie in the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, who being confined close prisoner in a barrel, and having no way out but at the bung-hole, rarefied himself to a smoke, and so insensibly evaporated through that narrow passage.

Some treatises are hard to be understood through the difficulty of the subject, others through the method and style of the author. The first may be called profound, and the latter, of which kind are all the philosophical essays of lord Shaftsbury, are, properly speaking, obscure. Now I would not have the reader think, that when I say, obscure, I mean in the least to depreciate the performances of his lordship. It is easy to handle a plain subject clearly, its own native light being a sufficient illustration to it. It is likewise the easiest thing in nature, and for which no writer deserves thanks, to treat an obsure argument abstrusely, because that darkness, which, in the nature of things, inseparably attends it, will naturally, and almost unavoidably, flow through the pen of him that writes upon it. But, that author shews parts and skill indeed, who clears up a dark and intricate subject, and renders it intelligible to the meanest capacity. Nor shews he less mastery, who throws such an artificial darkness round a plain, and obvious topic, as sets the reader a groping, as it were, in broad daylight, by which means the too glaring truth, or the too dazzling error are presented to the tender-eyed, through a fog, which adds to their apparent magnitude, what it takes away from their brightness. From Adam to lord Shaftsbury, there lived not so great a master of this art, as Oliver Cromwell. That great man, who gave liberty to these nations by killing, beggaring, and banishing one half of the inhabitants, and totally subduing the rest, would often carry a point in parliament, for which his glorious and immortal memory is now drank with the most religious veneration, by a long elaborate speech, of which not a single sentence was understood by any mortal in that wise and august assembly. The writings of the schoolmen, Cornelius Agrippa's occult Philosophy, Persius's Satires, with other performances of

the obscure class, found work for the sagacious readers of their own times, but can no longer please, because they are no longer new. All covered with the dust and cobwebs of antiquity, they are now utterly unfit for the perusal of any thing, but moths and book-worms, those gluttons of ancient learning; and having served out their time to the commonwealth of letters, are retired to silence and darkness as great as those within them. Lord Shaftsbury, and his imitator Hucheson, have the present generation of obscurists entirely to themselves.

Manifold and fruitless were the labours of Zeno, Socrates, Aristotle, Averroes, Smigletius, Kekermannus, Locke, and others, to find out a rule for right reasoning, by which, as with a needle and compass, the yet vague and dissipated thoughts of man might be collected and steered through the pathless ocean of science. They gave us a set of dry unwieldly instruments for this purpose, such as, modes, figures, syllogisms, definitions, divisions, interrogations, concessions, &c. by which the mind, like a young colt, was to be broken, and then trained to a very awkward and unnatural sort of an amble. But error still found means to evade the laws made against her by these logical legislators, could sometimes plead them in her own defence, directly in the teeth of truth, for whose use they were intended.

At length the great Shaftsbury arose, and taught the world a new, easy, effectual, and universal method. By a nice calculation I find, that the most stupid person in the world may learn this useful and admirable art nearly in the space of thirty-four seconds, and a man of parts in twenty-two and a half. Ridicule, that is the grand arcanum of science. Apply it, saith our author, to any argument; if the argument bears up against it, and is no whit out of countenance, then it is certainly a good one, if it doth not, then it is as certainly erroneous and false. By the application of a little banter to a suspected syllogism, if it happens to be really unsound, you shall quickly see the middle term, and the terms of the question fall asunder, and the conclusion strart off from the premises, as if newly divorced from an unnatural polygamy. Since the invention of this new logical touchstone, an infinite number of beaus, belles, squires, fox-hunters, farmers,

mechanics, scavengers, and gold-finders have commenced disputants, and begin to sneer away the grizly fantoms of futurity with great dexterity and address. Every one, who can laugh, may be a complete master of this art, and an excellent reasoner. Now, as all men are risible, so by this invention they are made rational animals, and those two much-contended specialities of man, namely, risibility and rationality, are happily united into one. Heretofore it was imagined, that philosophy was seated upon a steep and craggy mountain, which none, but the mere goats of learning and science could climb; but, now we find, to our great satisfaction, that she resides in the jocular faculty, and shews herself every moment in the muscles of the face, like an obliging beauty, who is perpetually at the window.

How happy, were we but sensible of it, is the age we live in! We can now laugh, and be wise. By a merry turn of thought, or a humorous screw of the face, we can banter error and superstition out of the world, we can take such strides in knowledge, as ages could not attain to, nor centuries boast of. Those arbitrary engrossers of knowledge, who have hitherto led the world by the nose, and appropriated learning to themselves, shall no more rule over the reasons, nor preside in the understandings of men. The lowest, and most illiterate peasant shall be able to hunt down error as well as they, and it will be as common to see two merry fellows grin for a point in natural or moral philosophy, as two old women for a bag of snuff.

To conclude my observations on this glorious invention, I am persuaded, the opposition given to it by some among us, is owing to the phlegmatic and melancholy genius of the English. Had it been proposed in France, it had universally met with approbation. That nation, famous for gaiety and wisdom, had opened its arms to so facetious a method of improvement, and embraced it with entire esteem.

As this great person hath placed reason in the risible faculty, so hath he likewise seated religion in the sensitive part of human nature, and rendered it a pleasant and disinterested thing, independent of hopes and fears. The notions of religion, that prevailed in the world before his lordship's time, were both extremely selfish, and hideous. Re-

wards were proposed to people for being good, and punishments threatened to vice, by which enticements and terrors, the very idea and essence of virtue were destroyed. His lordship hath taken rewards and punishments out of the hands of superstition, and now virtue rewards, and vice punishes itself. Every man hath a portable court in his own conscience, which, in all actions, distributes justice fully and effectually on the spot. Go where thou wilt, O man, although to ever so great a distance from witnesses and judges, thou canst no longer do, nor even think, an ill thing, because thou art now thine own lawgiver and judge. I can trust my wife in thy bed, and my purse in thy pocket. The beauty of thy virtue is greater than hers, and the deformity of vice will effectually secure to me my uncounted guineas. This holds the strings of my purse, and that engages thy caresses, while spouse sleeps as quietly as with me; thanks to the good lord of Shaftsbury. Since the great reformation introduced by his lordship, religion begins to have an air of good humour. Hell, the devil, and damnation, are now excluded from good company, are scarcely heard of in an oath, or in the pulpit, and even sermons begin to grow polite. Our great folks, not liking the vulgar religions with which these countries abound, as being both expensive and inconvenient, were on the point of renouncing all religion, when his lordship, who knew what they wanted, revealed to them the religion of taste. This religion sits easy, and breaks no squares. It neither shocks nor offends. It neither hampers, nor restrains. It can never occasion either disputes, or wars. It distinguishes the polite part of the world from the vulgar, who cannot parcipitate in it. But, it may be, thou wilt ask me what it is? I tell thee again, it is, taste and good breeding.

The last extraordinary performance, which I shall at this time bring under the reader's consideration, is the celebrated play of Hurlothrumbo, wrote by Mr. Johnson (not Ben), the support and glory of the English stage. Thou seest, reader, how, like a skilful manager of a feast, I have reserved the best and most delicious course for the last. First, an Hill, good; then a Shaftsbury, excellent; lastly, a Johnson, incomparable.

It is remarked, of Shakspeare, that had he perfectly un-

derstood the art and rules of dramatic writing we should have been deprived of numberless beauties, which we now enjoy in that great poet. But had Johnson's genius been hampered with the trammels of the drama, he had been wholly lost to us. Rules, the best of critics will allow, were made only for little and narrow spirits. They are mere leading strings for infant imaginations, which would tumble and grovel on the earth without them. But the soaring soul, whose range is infinitude, can never be out of its way, because its way is boundless. That fire and rage, so necessarily required in every great poet, with what vehemence do they blaze out in this animated composition! With a noble negligence of rule he hurries his subject, and with it sweeps his reader through heaven, earth, and hell! In one moment he dives into the deepest recesses of the dark abyss, and before time can bring that moment to a period, he mounts again with so sublime and rapid a wing, that this whole globe vanishes from his sight, and he sees the stars faintly twinkle beneath his feet. He hath thrown off reason, that tyrant of the fancy, which damps its fire, and cramps its vigour, and boldly breaking through all the fetters of criticism, hath asserted the native liberty of poetry.

But as, according to the tenor of this my learned and elaborate treatise, that work which pleases most people, ought to be the most highly esteemed; so, to give this inimitable performance its just character, all London, that great city of taste and judgment, London, for above fifty nights successively, poured forth its inhabitants, great and small, rich and poor, fine and shabby, to the representation of this noble entertainment. They all saw, they were all transported with delight, and all returned again to repeat so exquisite an enjoyment. Pindar, that bright star of the ancients, was admired for a majestic negligence, a daring digressive spirit, which at once gave fire and variety to his poems. And Johnson, the comet of this age, merits equal glory for that conflagration of sentiment and style that kindles in his first scene, and rages to the very epilogue.

Soon after this performance had seen the light, I happened to visit an old gentleman, a friend of mine, who hath been a politician, ever since the reign of king William. He reads the news, lectures his neighbours on the subject

of peace and war, and gives as shrewd guesses at the success of a congress, as any one I know. I found him engaged in a pretty warm dispute with a maiden lady about the age of thirty, who had been a beauty in her time; a young officer, who was nephew to my friend, and a noted critic. Hurlothrumbo was the subject of the controversy, which the young warrior read to the company with an air and accent, that did justice to the performance.

After the usual civilities to me, upon entering the room, they resumed their dispute. The old gentleman, who is a zealous friend to the present happy establishment, both in church and state, seemed very warm. He was jealous of every line, and either saw or suspected treason in every page. There is nothing, said he, can be more evident, than that it is a treasonable and factious pamphlet, wrote to sow sedition among the people, and bespatter the ministry at least, if not to bring in the pretender. If this is not the design of the writer, why those scurrilous reflections on kings and great men, in the very first act? Why does the plot lie so deep? And why is the whole conducted in so seemingly incoherent and obscure a manner, that it is scarcely possible to understand it? What occasion for so much darkness, if all was as it should be? If it was not the spawn of a damned Popish plot, there had been no need of introducing so many familiars and devils. Why that lion overcome and killed by Hurlothrumbo? Is not a lion part of the arms of England? I do not like that lion.

In short his passion transported him so far, that he would not allow the performance had either spirit or sublimity in it, nor, in some places, even sense. He concluded with a piece of advice to his nephew, to decry it in all companies, lest he should be suspected of disaffection, and lose his post by it.

Here the officer, who is a man of taste and fire, undertook the defence of his favourite play, with as much warmth, as was decent in the support of an opinion, opposite to that of his uncle. That youthful warmth, said he, which is necessary in the reader of such a performance, is a little too much abated in you, sir, to keep pace with such writings as this. Your great attachment to our establishment hath

made you watchful and apprehensive, where there are no grounds for suspicion. The introducing of demons is a thing very innocent and common in our best plays. As for the lion, he is but a lion, and I will answer for him, hath no designs upon the reader, but to please.

Having thus answered his uncle's objections, he proceeded to set forth the beauties of the play in such a strain, as shewed he entered deep into its spirit, and was sensibly touched with its masterly strokes. He commended the force and propriety of the diction, the justness of the sentiments, the sublimity of the images, the beauty and variety of the descriptions, and dwelt a long time on the inimitable art of the author, who had so artfully concealed his art, that it required infinite penetration to discover there was any art in it at all.

The critic waited a long time, with impatience, for an opportunity, to interpose his sentiments of the matter, and was, after all, obliged to interrupt the officer. He told us, he did not give his judgment on that occasion, with a design to impose it on us, because he had acquired some reputation for skill in criticism, but to give a right turn to the controversy, which, in his opinion, did not enter into the true merits.

I will readily grant, said he, that a true poetical fury enlivens the whole; yet I can never forgive an author letting loose the reins of his fancy, and indulging it in the transgression of all rule and order. A writer of any kind, should consider, that his readers have reason, as well as imagination, and while he gratifies the one, should take care not to shock the other. What is unreasonable can never be natural, and what is unnatural, can never truly please. Here gentlemen, you see no harmony, no cohesion of parts, no unity of time or place, preserved. A wilderness of similies, descriptions, digressions, transitions, tumbled in one after another upon the reader, hurry him along in such confusion, that he hath no leisure to attend to the management of the fable, the choice of the metaphors, nor the delicacy of the colourings. All is a chaos of beautiful materials, huddled together in vast confusion, from whence we sometimes hear an immoderate peal of laughter, sometimes frightful lamentations. Now we grope in a hell of darkness

and terror, and anon, have such a burst of light and blaze about us, as no human eyeball can endure. The sentiments, in short, are often extravagant, the expressions outrageous, and the fable so embarrassed with collateral, or opposite drifts, that it is impossible to keep in with his design, or preserve the thread he is twisting.

This severe censure grated most disagreeably on the ears of the officer and the lady, the latter of whom being perfectly charmed with the innumerable beauties of Hurlothrumbo, undertook its defence in a manner suitable to the good taste and sensibility of her sex.

How cold, said she, how void of feeling must be that heart, that reads without emotion, the powerful workings of the passions in this surprising play! How lofty are its flights! How musical its style! How amusing its plot! How heroic its battles! Above all, how engaging its interviews of love! There is nothing to be met with, in the whole circle of reading, that so absolutely melts one down, as the passionate parting of the king and his mistress. There is tenderness in perfection. The languishing regards, the mutual dying in each other's arms, the transporting expressions of infinite affection, are what no performance ever equalled it in, and what the icy rules about your heart (turning to the critic), will never suffer you to conceive. I sir, can never forgive your losing the man in the critic, and divesting yourself of that, which is most amiable in human nature. You measure poetry by a parcel of cold insipid rules, enough to extinguish the fire of a description, and freeze a metaphor to an icicle. You prey upon the garbage of an author, and can find no taste in the delicious dainties he dresses up for fine imaginations. You dive into an author, only as worms do into wood, where you find him unsound. You measure all things by the narrowness of your own understanding, and whatever exceeds that wretched scantling, you pronounce enormous, monstrous, mad. Books were not wrote for you, but for the world, and it is downright assurance in you to read at all. I wish, sir, you would confine yourself to a newspaper, and the almanack. I own I should have had but very little pleasure in this conversation, had it not been for the polite and ingenious defence of Hurlothrumbo, which the

gentleman (meaning the officer you may be sure) hath been so good as to favour us with.

The young gentleman made her a very handsome bow for this overture, which, however, he affected to interpret only as a mere civility.

This vigorous vindication, delivered with an earnestness and warmth, equal to its keenness, dumfounded all opposition, and to my infinite satisfaction, which I took care to intimate, carried the cause in favour of Hurlothrumbo.

And here, O reader, I met with an occasion of being thankful for that inestimable stock of wisdom, which I derive from education, upon hearing the ignorant wretch of a butler, who happened to get a part both of the play and the dispute, as he gave attendance, muttering to himself some uncouth criticisms, as well on what had passed in the company, as on the performance itself. I heard him swear by his soul, he believed the author was mad, and the whole company little better, for talking so gravely about his hare-brained rants, as he called them; adding, that Tom Clatterplate, who had been lately at London, with his master, Justice Wiseacre, assured him every body there began to suspect the author to be a madman. Astonishing stupidity! Be thou thankful also, O reader, that thou art not such a one as this butler, nor as Clatterplate, the traveller; for had not thy stars been kind to thee, thou mightest have been yet worse than them, even a scavenger. So take not the honour to thyself, but be thankful.

The rest of the play being read out, to the great entertainment and edification of us all, we spent the evening very agreeably, every one turning to, and repeating such particular passages, as happened best to hit his taste and humour.

I cannot shut up this elaborate and useful treatise, without a parallel between Lord Shaftsbury and Mr. Johnson. There is such a resemblance to justify this new trespass on the patience of my reader, that the genius of the one seems to be transfused into the other. But what seems to bring them the nearest to each other, is the Rhapsody and the Hurlothrumbo, to which two performances the reader is

desired to consider me, as alluding in the following comparison.

These two authors have, with the same boldness, ventured from the common worn path of all other writers, which can now afford nothing that is new, and notwithstanding they seem to scour the boundless regions of poetical and philosophical matter at random, yet tread precisely in the same path, excepting in a very few instances, which I shall point to hereafter.

I persuade myself, I have a clear and distinct idea of both their methods; and yet I find it exceedingly difficult to communicate that idea to the reader, for want of terms, which in this case ought to be very complex, and which, as the occasion is new, have not yet been provided by the learned. But, in some measure to get clear of this difficulty, let us suppose, what will probably happen among posterity, that there is a great number of writings formed exactly according to the manner and plan of each; one half of which are called Rhapsodies, after that of lord Shaftsbury, the first of that name, and the other called Hurlothrumbos, after Mr. Johnson's, as Cicero's Philippics are so called after those of Demosthenes. By which means, Rhapsody and Hurlothrumbo, become the terms of two general ideas, which ideas every intelligent reader will best form to himself, by carefully perusing the two performances; and those who cannot read may get others to do it for them.

Were it not for the different periods of their publication, so great is their resemblance to each other, that one would be apt to think they had flowed through the same pen.

There is a tragic spirit blended with the philosophy of the Rhapsody, and a philosophical, in the Hurlothrumbo; insomuch that the Rhapsody may not improperly be called an Hurlothrumbo of a Rhapsody, and the Hurlothrumbo, a Rhapsody of a tragedy. There is the same astonishing variety in both. Both breathe the same free spirit of thinking. Both surprise us after the same manner, and by the same faculty of digressing suddenly, and hurrying the reader in a moment from the sight of the first subject, in pursuit of a new one, which escapes and leaves him on the scent of a third, and so on, till a thousand, one after another are started and quitted in the same page. They both pursue their themes with infinite eagerness; but pursue them

only for a moment. It is the peculiar excellence of them both to deviate, before they have beaten their path bare; to quit the pump, before they have exhausted their subject.

Nor do these two eminent writers, less resemble each other in that gloomy magnificence, in which the true dignity of their writings consists. The same midnight darkness lours over both their performances. Each presents his reader with a night-piece, drawn in so deep a shade, that it seems rather the picture of night itself, than of benighted objects. Yet from this darkness, a gleam of light, now and then, breaks forth, which although it serves not for sight or direction, yet looks excessively bright, because it shines in the dark. They resemble a cloud which envelopes a huge body of fire, and sometimes suffers a flash of lightning, to rush out with amazing suddenness and lustre.

But, as no two authors ever were exactly alike in all respects, so neither are these, although it be the most difficult thing in nature to see wherein they differ. If I mistake not, it is peculiar to lord Shaftsbury, to charm and bewitch his readers, and to Mr. Johnson to astonish and terrify them. The former hath more art, the latter more fire. The former insinuates, the latter commands. His lordship circumvents our reason by stratagem. Mr. Johnson takes our hearts by storm. His lordship leads us in the dark through a fantastic heaven. Mr. Johnson drives us trembling through imaginary terrors. The spirit of the former is an ignis-fatuus, that leads his reader through hedges and ditches, over hills and dales, and at last leaves him a sticking up to his ears in a bog. And the genius of the latter, especially when it exerts itself in description, is like the blowing up of a magazine of gunpowder, that breaks out on a sudden with a frightful burst, scatters death and amazement round it, shakes the earth, and invades the skies with a chaos of uproar and confusion.

If thy patience, candid and long-suffering reader, hath carried thee thus far, it is now high time I should reward thy indefatigable diligence, and present thee with the most agreeable word by far, in this tedious treatise, which I have hitherto reserved to make amends for all the rest, which long-wished for word, if thou wilt cast thy eyes downward, thou shalt presently behold.

A

LETTER

TO THE

AUTHORS OF DIVINE ANALOGY,

AND OF

THE MINUTE PHILOSOPHERS:

FROM AN OLD OFFICER.

———Ne tanta animis assuescite bella,
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.—VIRG.

GENTLEMEN,

No doubt, you will think it somewhat odd, to receive a letter from an old officer, on a subject in which books only seem to be concerned, and which relates to one of the subtlest theological controversies that has either exercised or disturbed the church. And what will probably surprise you still more, is to find the same letter directed jointly to two persons, whom their places of abode, but more especially their differences in opinion, have set at so great a distance. But the very occasion of your surprise must remove it; for had you not entered the lists together in the spirit of combat, I should never have had occasion to interpose in the character of a peace-maker, nor call to you both at once, rather in the voice of one that attempts to reconcile friends at variance, than compose the resentments of enemies.

I own it may seem a little too presuming, for one of my character and employment, to intermeddle in the controversies of divines; for which reason I should have taken some feigned name, and wrote to you in the disguise, perhaps, of a clergyman, had I not contracted such a habit in the service, of talking about military affairs, and

alluding to them, when I am in discourse on subjects the most remote from warfare, that I must have soon betrayed myself to correspondents so discerning. Besides, I do not care to dissemble. You know, gentlemen, it is not the way of the army. I have been too long a soldier to appear any thing else.

However, though I have spent a great share of my time in garrisons or camps, as I got a little Latin when I was a boy, I have entertained myself with my books ever since the peace of Utrecht.

Though Baker's Chronicle, Knoll's History of the Turks, and several other volumes of the same kind of writing, have been my constant companions in my retirement; yet with leave of the divines, I now and then look a little into church history, and read all the new things that come out, particularly whatsoever relates to the present controversy with libertines, in which, as I am a staunch Christian, my thoughts are very deeply engaged.

Do not imagine, gentlemen, that lay-Christians are not concerned, as well as you of the clergy, in the defence of their faith, particularly such as I am, who have drawn my sword as often in the cause of religion, as you have done your pens. If you have risked your characters with posterity in its favour, I have also risked my life for it; and that you know is as dear to me. For every drop of ink you have spent in the service of the church militant, I have shed, at least, four of my blood. If I break in upon your province of writing about religion, do you the same with mine, and fight for it, when occasion shall serve; every man of sense will think it more decent and more consistent with your zeal, than to turn your weapons upon each other, when the common enemy is laying hard at us all.

Bear, good gentlemen, bear with the warmth of an old man, who imbibed the principles of religion in better times than these, and the remainder of whose blood rises with indignation at those libertines, who would laugh that faith out of the world, in the defence of which he shed the rest, and no less at those divines, who draw upon each other within the town, when they should unanimously encourage us to the defence of our walls, where the adversary has already made a dangerous breach in one part, while they

fix their ladders to it in others, and prepare for a general assault. Bear also with my military style, and while I am calling to you as a friend, apprehensive of our common danger, do not idly criticise on the manner of expressing my concern for you, and the great cause in which you are embarked.

The garrison is well walled, its foundations deep, its battlements high, its bastions disposed according to military rules, and mounted with cannon of a wide and formidable bore. We have sufficient magazines of ammunition, and stores of victual, and our soldiers are well armed, full of courage, and hearty in the service. But this can never secure us against the attacks of our assailants, unless our commanders be wise, vigilant, and unanimous; unless they join heads to conduct the defence with discretion, and hearts to execute their resolutions with steadiness. Neither Namur, nor Gibraltar, nor the best garrison in the world, could ever defend itself. The besiegers, it is true, are in many respects contemptible, their cannon seldom fire home, their weapons are blunt and brittle, the ground on which they intrench is sandy and shallow, and their military stores scanty. But then they perfectly well understand the art of war, they are great masters of stratagem, and extremely intent upon the occasions of engaging with advantage. However, be only unanimous, and we cannot fail to baffle their attempts. Be absolute each of you in his own quarter, but do not intrude upon and confound one another. Let not this one, because he himself fights with a pike, find fault with that other for fighting with a sword; but let each hew, or bruise, or push the enemy with that kind of weapon which he is best skilled to wield. Every weapon has its use, and there may be occasion for them all. Whilst you give opposite orders, we under-officers, or common soldiers, know not which to follow; and the delay this disorder occasions, gives the enemy time to mount the breach, and make the defence ten times more difficult and hazardous. Be as distinct in your orders as you please, but be not contrary.

It has been observed, that as men grow less courageous and patient of labour, they have learned to fortify with more art, and to put their trust in walls and towers, instead

of personal courage and conduct; hence proceeds security, the greatest enemy to military exploits, hence frequently the greater number, though enclosed within a garrison deemed impregnable, have been surprised and cut to pieces by the fewer.

The great ecclesiastical garrison seems to be threatened with the effects of the same degeneracy. Its walls are raised much higher, and perhaps rendered stronger; its counterscarps, its bastions, and its redoubts, are executed upon more skilful plans by the modern engineers, than they were by the old methods of fortification. But all this to very little purpose, if it renders the defendants idle, secure, and luxurious; if it gives the commanders leisure for ambitious broils among themselves, and makes them seek enemies within, whilst they live in a contempt of those without the walls.

Pardon, gentlemen, my running thus into allegories drawn from my employment: I slide, I know not how, insensibly into such allusions. However, they seem to be very parallel to the case under consideration, and as such, perhaps, you may not think them altogether to be despised. But to be plain, books indeed wrote in defence of Christianity, are necessary to answer those that oppose it, and satisfy the reading world of its divine authority and truth. But then those books, unless they appear to proceed from a disinterested Christian principle, and to be put in practice by such as approve of them, especially their authors, can be of no more service to the cause in which they are engaged, than artillery charged and directed, but never fired. Particularly if the authors that write in favour of Christianity, quarrel with each other about their own private opinions, the world will rather regard them as authors than Christians. Their readers will be tempted to look upon their performances, howsoever ingenious in themselves, as dictated to them rather by a spirit of ambition and contention, than by a spirit of piety, and a zeal for that religion which should inspire mutual love, and a contempt for praise, and whosoever makes the occasion of dissension, understands not rightly its meek and peaceful genius.

As for you gentlemen, if we believe yourselves, you

have grafted your dispute upon the very root of religion, and therefore if its consequences be hurtful, they must be infinitely more dangerous than differences in matters less fundamental. A radical putrefaction strikes at the life of the whole, whereas a distempered branch may be lopped off, and with it the entire disorder. Should one of these aids-du-camp, that receive orders from the general in time of battle, misconceive or wilfully alter the message he is charged with, it would infallibly pervert the whole scheme of the battle, and endanger the loss of the day. The hazard would not be so considerable, if a petty captain would fight his troop after a method different from the main design of the engagement.

However, though the point on which you differ may be a fundamental one, I am afraid your wrangling about it will have worse consequences than could proceed from either the one opinion or the other, were it universally received and established. Do not think, gentlemen, that religion is to stand or fall, according as this or that of your opinions shall obtain. You know it subsisted for many ages, and withstood the persecution of otherguise adversaries, than a few sneering libertines, without troubling itself much about analogy. It was no subtle distinctions, nor nice metaphysical schemes that supported this magnificent fabric in the midst of so many storms; no, it was faith, piety, and charity, pillars of a solider kind of stuff than ever was dug from the mines of the schools.

But you have only run fondly into the same warmth with all the other theological disputants that have gone before you, every one of whom has made the particular controversy, howsoever trivial it may have been, in which he was engaged, the one only question on which all religion bottomed, and represented the tenets of his adversary as utterly destructive of faith and revelation. It is to be wondered, that persons of such uncommon understandings, and that have set themselves to open new avenues to truth, should repeat so trite an error, and sink the main value of their performances, by laying an immoderate stress on the part controverted. How ridiculous would it be for a common soldier, or a petty officer, in the time of battle, to tell those that stood next him, that if he should be killed, it

would be in vain to dispute the victory any longer, since the whole success of the day centered entirely in him?

Either you intend, by the opposition you give each other, to serve the cause of religion, or to advance and secure your credit as authors. Now, as I cannot help supposing the former, from that excellent spirit, and that extraordinary measure of understanding that shines throughout the writings of you both, you must give me leave, gentlemen, to put you in mind, that you are taking a most preposterous method to answer the good end proposed. Calm your resentments a little, and look back upon the controversies of former ages, and see what blood they have spilt, what scars or wounds ill healed, they have left on our religion. Look round you, and see, by the general sneer, what excellent diversion you afford your libertine adversaries, who are saved the trouble of attacking you, by your mutual animosity, and rejoice to find each of you sinking under a stronger arm than their own.

You are each of you labouring to prove, that whatsoever his antagonist has said on the point in dispute, is idle, equivocating, and erroneous.

The common adversaries of you both, fear not, will be ready enough to believe you. You need not be at the trouble to demonstrate it to them. I'll engage they'll take it on your bare word. Nay, they'll do more than that; they will extend whatsoever you charge each other with, in the article of debate, to the rest of your performance. They will allow you all that imputation of nonsense and fallacy, which you are so ready to throw upon each other in a particular case, to be justly chargeable on the whole. This is more, I believe, than either of you ever thought, or intended to prove, yet be assured, your arguments prove nothing short of it among libertines, who, all the world knows, have a trick of drawing general conclusions from particular premises.

You both will say, that you are concerned to see the truth abetted by fallacious arguments; and that a wrong defence does more harm to a good cause, than an open and direct opposition.

This may be true, and you are very much in the right to be therefore concerned. But perhaps the defence is not so

wrong as you imagine. Would you know whether it is or not? Let me humbly suggest a method to you, which alone I would prefer to your own judgments. When the Jewish Sanhedrim deliberated whether they should persecute the disciples of our Saviour with the secular arm, and were almost unanimously determined to a resolution not unlike yours, that is, of suppressing such opinions, as they did not approve of, by human means; Gamaliel stopped their violent proceedings, with advice to leave them to themselves, and an assurance, that a little time would shew whether they were of God or man. If either of you be a Theudas or a Judas, your writings will fall beneath the power of that God, whose religion they deserve; and this will infallibly be their fate, though no man should ever trouble himself to refute them.

If you be fellow-workers with the apostles, as I confidently believe you are, you will stand upon the same foundation with them, stand in spite of hell and the world, in spite of the enemies of truth and virtue. But this moderation and reliance on Providence is still more directly recommended to you by the practice of our Saviour. When one of his disciples told him, that he finding one, who was not a follower of him, casting out devils in his name, had forbidden him, he reproved his mistaken zeal, telling him, 'that whatsoever was not against them, was on their part.' Do not hinder each other from casting out the devils of heresy and infidelity. The work is good, and since you both do it in the name of God, never reproach one another with not following the footsteps of your Master.

But you may have found, before this, that the generality of your readers, especially those that read you to find your faults, do not judge altogether so charitably of your motives for falling foul upon one another. They suppose your warmth proceeds not from love of truth, but of applause; and that instead of labouring to fortify religion, you are only endeavouring to secure the foundations of those books, on which you build your credit with posterity. That they judge amiss, those who know you can witness; yet since they can give your dispute the appearance of proceeding from such unworthy motives, would it not be more prudent to drop, than maintain it any longer,

forasmuch as, while it subsists, it can serve no other end, than that of frustrating the good effects of whatsoever else you may write, or tarnishing the lustre of books otherwise full of beauty, and furnishing our adversaries with matter for unworthy reflections on the bravest champions of our cause?

Though I believe there are few spirits exalted farther above the love of praise, by a refined sense of things, and a thirst of higher glory, than that which a well wrote book can reflect upon its author; yet I neither think it wrong, that you should place the reputation of having well defended the best cause in the world, in a distant part of your view, nor do I think it possible it should be otherwise. But then, gentlemen, you cannot reasonably hope for any reputation by a performance of that kind, unless what you derive from your engaging in it out of a love to your religion, as your primary and principal motive, and from your appearing to proceed consistently with that motive in the prosecution of your design. How far contention and reproach may be inconsistent with both, judge for yourselves. It is absolutely requisite in a good general, and indeed in every officer and soldier, that he engage in a war with a hearty zeal for his country, and the cause he espouses, and that he seek his glory not so much in doing brave actions, as in doing them to promote the interest he is embarked in. When ambition, or a thirst of glory, has been the ruling principle of action, we find it has pursued the good of its country only so far as that, and its love of glory coincided, and when they have run across each other, has turned its arms against its country, and sought reputation in destroying, as it did before in defending it. We have had our Coriolanus', our Syllas, and our Cæsars in the church, as well as elsewhere, who have done nobly for the cause of religion, while it was able to discharge the pay of honour, and on the other hand, have made most unsightly havoc of what they so strenuously defended before, when religious differences have arisen, and party ambition has directed their mouths another way.

It is not my opinion, gentlemen, that you are of this kind of men. I rather think you take up arms to defend and maintain, with an honest zeal, what each of you appre-

hends to be the true constitution of our religion. But for the sake of that religion, consider, that you are in the mean time wasting your own country, maintaining troops at a vast expense of talents only lent you in trust, to shed their own, not their enemies blood; and that by these means the constitution is so far from being bettered, that the subjects are diminished, the authority of the laws sorely shaken, and the whole in danger of being disconcerted and ruined; not by the issue of your controversy, which could have but slight effects, were it decided either way, but by the ill blood you may raise, the breach you open for our vigilant adversaries, and the unhappy diversion this bone of contention is likely to give to those weapons, which your great Master has put into your hands, not to gore each others sides, but to do execution among his and your enemies. I cannot sufficiently lament the loss religion sustains by those, who spend the talents God has given them to traffic on for the general profit of their fellow-Christians, in civil wars among themselves. What infinite sums have we lost in every age since that of the apostles, by this fatal misapplication of what must be, one day, most severely accounted for! What a heavy draught is made on us at present, by the alienation of your talents, who have so much of our stock in your hands. It is a grievous loss when an officer of great experience, or a soldier of more than ordinary strength and courage, stand still in time of battle, and will not assist their own side; but it is still worse, if the one should strike down the weapons of his fellows, and hinder them from assaulting the enemy, and the other busy himself in misleading the men, and perverting the order of the battle.

What punishment, gentlemen, do you think that soldier would deserve, who, because those that happen to be stationed near him in an engagement would not imitate him in his manner of annoying the enemy, when perhaps it is a little singular too, and not altogether authorized by the discipline, should therefore expose them to the enemy, by shewing where they were unguarded, and how they might be easiest assaulted and slain? Would you pardon him if he should offer in vindication of himself, that he could not

endure to see victory obtained, even by his own side, except they fought according to what he thought the strict rules of discipline? It is certain this excuse would not satisfy a court-martial; and why the battles of the Lord should be fought with less unanimity among the ecclesiastical soldiers, than those of avarice and ambition amongst us, I cannot see.

I remember in our late wars in Flanders, if any of us happened to have a pique at his brother-soldier, an engagement never failed to reconcile us. Our private animosities were swallowed up in the general danger. The common cause and the national quarrel always superseded those little differences, which in time of peace might have been more lasting; and people that hated each other before, have not only returned good friends from a fight, embracing and wishing each other much joy of the victory, but have been known to assist and rescue each other in the fury of the battle, generously consulting the common cause, and not weakly yielding to the dictates of a private resentment.

A little before the famous battle of Ramillies, I had a quarrel with a brother-officer of the same regiment with myself. Our spleen on both sides ran high enough to bring us to extremities any where, but in a camp. However, we having occasion to fight the French soon after, our private grudge gave way to the common cause, and we engaged, though without a formal reconciliation, yet well enough disposed to friendship in our hearts. I am sure mine was utterly divested of its spleen, and that his was so too, his behaviour in the battle sufficiently shewed; for the generous man (the remembrance of it brings the tears from my eyes at this day) when I had closed with a captain of the opposite side, and was pulling him from his horse, seeing a French soldier making a full pass at my back, which lay fairly exposed to him, though he was very hotly pressed at that instant himself, gave the fellow such a gash on the shoulder, as made him drop his sword, and then threw himself between me and the enemy, fighting before me until I had finished my man. As soon as the battle was over, and I was fully informed of what he had done for me (for I could see but little of what passed) I flew to him in such a trans-

port of love, and shame, and gratitude, as no other occurrence could possibly have excited. We were ever after but one man.

Thus, gentlemen, we of the army compose our resentments, and vent our particular spleen upon the general foe; we, whose very profession is wrath and death. How much more ought you to postpone private piques, whose business it is to recommend the gospel of peace, both by your examples, and in your preachings, who fight an infinitely more important battle than we, such a battle, and for such a stake, as should bind your hearts together in the firmest concord, and lift your spleen to a higher and juster object of resentment, than little personal affronts can suggest to it?

Had the duke of Marlborough, and prince Eugene obstinately pursued two different plans in their marches, sieges, and battles, and had each been industrious to acquaint the enemy with all the wrong steps the other made, and how he might be easiest surprised and defeated, our triumphs, notwithstanding the bravery of our soldiers, had been but few, and our trophies rare. As rarely shall we triumph over Deism and infidelity, if our leaders in knowledge, and the ablest champions of our faith, thwart each other, and mutually conspire their own ruin and confusion. I do not say this, because I think you manage the war of opinion with less address and conduct, than the generals above-mentioned did that against the French, or that you can find much in each other to fix the common enemy upon; but though your measures be discreet enough in themselves, yet mutual opposition will defeat both.

You can never, gentlemen, answer the end you propose by this controversy, whether it be the conviction of infidels, or the credit of writing well. You can never prove yourselves in the right, by proving one another in the wrong; nor hope that your characters will flourish among posterity, when you nip them thus in the bud, and apply such a canker-worm to their tender roots. It is the interest of you both to sound a speedy retreat, and, if that consideration cannot weigh with you, consider, that it is the interest of religion, that you contend no longer. If you be truly those disinterested defenders of the divine cause, which the more pacific part of your writings and your noble characters

speak you, you will instantly put an end to those fatal hostilities, that rend the bowels of religion, and bring the deepest groans from the spirit of faith and love. For shame, good gentlemen, throw down your arms; fight no more like foes, but embrace like Christians; rather conquer yourselves than one another. Such a victory will make you invincible to your adversaries of the minute tribe, and give your names a brighter lustre to all succeeding generations, than a thousand volumes, wrote with all the mastery of those you have already published. If you would rather choose to share in the conquest of the common foe, than a mutual defeat, join hand in hand, and bear upon the adversaries of truth and virtue, with united forces, and mutual resolution. The battle waxes hotter, and the enemy press on harder; in such an heat of action, there is no leisure for little private brigues.

This epistle may seem too prolix, but excuse it, since it is from an old man. The din of arms and battles, that make so much noise in it, may offend; but consider, that controversies in religion have been usually attended with such sounds. The strain of metaphor and allegory may disgust; but you will pardon that, I hope, when I assure you, that the reading of your books could scarce choose but have that effect upon one that admires them as much as I do. So much freedom in one of my character, with persons so highly and so deservedly distinguished in the church, might seem presumption to men of less understandings than yourselves, who do not weigh what you hear by the figure and station of him that speaks, but the weight of what he says, who know that the first messengers of Christian peace were the simplest and meanest of the people. Reason and truth, come they from whom they will, always find a welcome with such spirits, and do not more convince, when they proceed from the mouth of the most eminent in learning, than when they are proposed by such a one as,

Gentlemen,

Your most humble servant and admirer,

1733. VETERANUS.

A

VINDICATION

OF

THE RIGHT REVEREND THE

LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,

AGAINST

THE MALICIOUS ASPERSIONS

OF

THOSE WHO UNCHARITABLY ASCRIBE TO HIS LORDSHIP THE BOOK

ENTITLED,

"A PLAIN ACCOUNT OF THE NATURE AND END OF THE SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER."

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?—Job xxxviii. 2.

——Indignum! Scelerato profuit ara.—Ovid Metam.

Quo teneam vultus mutantem protea nodo?—Hor.

A

VINDICATION,

&c. &c.

HAPPENING lately to make a visit to an acquaintance who is one of those few gentlemen that still retain some faint sense of religion, and would willingly be thought Christians; I found him perusing a book, the title of which is, A plain account of the Nature and End of the Lord's Supper. He seemed to be extremely pleased with the performance, and recommended it to me as the best treatise on that subject that he had ever seen. I took it home with me and read it over with attention; but perceived that it could no otherwise be called a plain account, than as the generality of Quakers may be called plain men. It is true there is a superficial simplicity, a plainness of dress and language; but in the matter and tendency of the book there is a world of cunning, ambiguity, and dissimulation. I likewise soon perceived my friend's reason for approving so highly of it. He is one of your easy men, who is satisfied to profess and practice just so much of religion as will not be troublesome to him, nor thwart either his interest or recreation. Now nothing could be more exactly adapted to his purpose than this plain account, as the author figuratively entitles it; because, according to the promise it makes its reader in the preface, it represents the duty of receiving this sacrament in such a manner, that there is nobody so indolent, so lukewarm, nor indeed so profligate in his life and conversation, but may safely communicate at any time. Nay, and for the greater ease and convenience of all persons indisposed to strictness of principle or practice, or weary of attending at church, or perhaps disgusted at the parson; the laity, for any thing I can see in this book to the contrary, may consecrate and receive this sacrament any where, any time, or in any manner they please.

I may safely say there never was a book more likely to please, nor less likely to reform, the present times. There were two ordinances that till thirty or forty years ago, did

jointly contribute to keep religion alive among us, namely, the sabbath and the sacrament of the Lord's supper. People of any tolerable fashion have quite got over the sabbath. I mean as to the intention of its institution, and have converted it into a mere day of pleasure. The Eucharist has kept its ground longer, and preserved some share of the respect that is due to an institution so sacred and so necessary, even in spite of all the levity and disregard with which the ordinances of religion have been treated of late. But this book, if Providence doth not prevent, and its own impiety and absurdity subvert its evil effects, may soon relax the little religious strictness, and quench the last spark of Christian warmth that is left among us.

I know not what part of the world its author lives in; but by the tendency and design of his book, one would imagine he had always lived in the midst of a people who were inclinable to carry religion to extremes, and lay too scrupulous a stress on the observation of its ordinances. I am sure my countrymen need no preservatives against excesses of this kind. In receiving the sacrament particularly, unless my observation fail me very much, there seems to be such a lack of ardour and piety as may make it needless to dissuade us from the small degrees of reverence and care that are still employed about this important institution. It would be never a whit more absurd to dissuade an inveterate miser from prodigality, or earnestly to exhort a spendthrift to be profuse. The author of this book must certainly have had the propagation of irreligion and vice prodigiously at heart; and yet, though no principles can tend more strongly to his purpose than his own, I think he has lost his labour in a good measure, since it is evident that what he preaches has been for some time generally practised. Where is the need of sinking this sacrament still lower in the esteem of the world, when so little regard is shewn to it already? To what purpose is it to shew us the folly of devotion on this occasion, even supposing our devotion were ever so supererogatory, since we are no way disposed to be devout? His book contains a parcel of very ill-timed errors, inasmuch as it has reduced the most pernicious practice to theory, and furnished it with pre-

tended principles, at a time when there is no scruple made of the practice without any pretences whatsoever. I cannot for my life imagine what his end in publishing such a performance could be, unless it was to get himself a name of some sort or other, by writing in direct opposition to the spirit and intention of all Christian writers from Moses down to the present times.

Next to the wickedness and folly of its author, is the malice of those who would make us think it the work of so great and excellent a man as the bishop of Winchester. What a scandalous and uncharitable age is this that can ascribe such a work of darkness to an apostolical messenger of light! To a bishop! To a servant and successor of our Saviour! How is it possible that one who subscribes our articles, who engages to inculcate our catechism, to administer the church according to our canons, and this sacrament according to our rubric, should write one sentence of such a book? It is impossible he should vindicate his conduct in so doing to his conscience, by pleading the superior authority of Scripture in favour of his principles, since he holds his bishopric by subscribing to the consonancy between the holy Scriptures and the very reverse of this author's doctrine, as set forth in our rubric, articles, and homilies. Far be it from me therefore to join in such a groundless and uncharitable imputation, an imputation that would fix one of the worst books that ever was wrote on one of the best bishops that ever adorned ours or any other church, a bishop so learned and judicious, a bishop so sincere and ingenious, a bishop so sound and orthodox, a bishop, in short, so pious, so replete with the greatest abilities and the highest virtues, so inspired, so fired, so almost consumed with Christian zeal.

It was to do justice to the character of this distinguished prelate, that I undertook to write and publish this little paper, in which my design is to point out a few of those notorious errors, and pernicious principles that are so inconsistent with the short sketch I have given of the bishop's character, in which I have imitated the sincerity, and spoke with the same love of truth that appears in all the actions and writings of this incomparable father of our church.

To proceed then, as his lordship is indisputably the

most learned, judicious, and pious prelate that ever was (as for the present times I have nothing to say to them) or ever will be, it is by no means to be supposed he could have run into the absurd and irreligious doctrines on which the book is founded, which doctrines I shall lay before the reader in a few propositions, and direct him to the pages in the plain account where they may be found.

But before I proceed to this, it will be necessary to premise, that the author recommends his book to the world, not only as a plain, but also as a full account of the Lord's supper. He tells us, that he has explained every passage that is to be found in the holy Scripture relating to this institution; and that if any one shall take upon him to have other notions of, or form higher expectations from it than those passages of Scripture, under the discipline of his explication, set forth, he must be guilty of sin and presumption. If therefore he shall be entirely silent about any received notion in relation to this sacrament, we are to conclude that he is so for no other reason, but because he takes it to be a notion not warranted by Scripture. Now as he has made no mention of consecrating the elements, let the first proposition be,

I. That consecration, as practised by ours, or any other church, is without scriptural precept or example, and an addition to the institution of those 'who alone had any authority to declare the nature of it.'

It is true, our author has not any where, that I remember, mentioned the word consecration except in page 121, but without often using the term, which might have given offence, he has struck at the thing, as may be seen in page the 11th, &c. where he endeavours to give such a sense to that word on which he supposes the notion of consecration to be founded, as may remove all foundation for such a practice.

Whether he has rightly explained the word εὐλογήσας or not, perhaps the reader will be better able to judge when he considers that he would have the sense of that word, which is used by two of the evangelists, determined by εὐχαριστήσας, which is used only by one; that his reason for this determination is because St. Paul makes use of the latter upon the same occasion; and that it is applied by all

the four to the cup, which must be supposed to be blessed, if at all, in no other sense than the bread. But if St. Paul may be allowed to be as good an interpreter of his own meaning as of St. Matthew's or of St. Mark's, then he may be understood to mean a blessing when he says εὐχαριστήσας, in the same sense that our interpreters have put upon εὐλογήσας in St. Matthew; because, in the 10th of his first Epistle to the Corinthians and at the 16th verse, he applies the word (viz. εὐλογοῦμεν) to the cup in such a manner that it is impossible for even this author, with any shew of sense or reason, to apply it to any thing else. His words are, τὸ ποτηριον της εὐλογιας ὅ εὐλογουμεν. I will only observe two or three things on these words. The first is that ποτηριον is the antecedent to the ὅ, and that consequently whatsoever is applied to the latter is thereby applied to the former. The second is that εὐλογοῦμεν being here applied to ποτηριον cannot signify, we give thanks, and therefore must signify, we bless or consecrate. The third is, that it cannot signify, as our author wrests it, over which we pronounce good words of praise, because then the words would have been υπερ or δια ού, or at least εὐλογιας ἡν εὐλογοῦμεν. The last thing I shall observe upon the words is, that εὐλογοῦμεν is the first person plural of the present tense, from which I conclude that St. Paul and others his contemporaries did after our Saviour's death actually bless the cup, and if the cup, by our author's own way of reasoning, the bread also. The word being applied in this place to the cup, may shew us that the same word was probably intended to be applied to the bread in St. Matthew and St. Mark. The rules of grammar will lead us a step farther in this probabibility. The participle of an active verb, without an accusative case after itself, agreeing with the nominative case to another verb is applied as a transitive to the accusative case of that other verb; as for example in this very word, Gen. xxii. 17, according to the Septuagint; ευλογῶν ευλογήσω σε. Here σε is the accusative case to ευλογῶν as well as ευλογήσω. The author insinuates that our translators were conscious to themselves that they had put in the particle *it* after ευλογησας in St. Matthew's gospel without warrant, and therefore omitted it in St. Mark's. But in this he deals very disingenuously by them, because

though they have not put in the particle *it* in St. Mark's gospel, yet they have rendered it in the same sense as if they had, as may be seen by any candid reader; the words are 'and Jesus took bread, and blessed, and brake it,' here the copulative *and* applies all the verbs to the accusative case governed by the first.

The candid reader will probably agree with me that this author has not sufficiently invalidated the necessity of consecration, by his manner of interpreting this word of Scripture, even supposing there was nothing else in the New Testament to countenance it; but it is not on this word chiefly that the notion or practice of consecration is founded. At least the church has not thought so, as appears by the directions given in the rubric to the minister, to apply his hands to the bread at the words 'brake,' and 'this is my body;' and to the cup, at the words, 'this is my blood.' And that these are the proper words for that purpose, will appear to any one who considers that they are the very words of consecration used by our Saviour. The bread was not his body, though he had given thanks or blessed it, till he affirmed it to be so; nor the cup his blood, till he called it by that name. It was by those words that he set apart and appropriated the elements to the ends and uses of the sacrament. Our author should therefore have found out some ingenious method of proving that the institution of this sacrament, and the appropriation of bread and wine to the remembrance of our Saviour's death, are not contained in the aforesaid words. I make no question but he would have shewn abundance of learning on this very point, if he had been aware of it. But he has attacked consecration, just as Mutius Scevola, in a better cause, did the king of Etruria. He has aimed his blow at the wrong place, and offered violence, if not committed murder on a word of less importance in the present controversy, than he imagined.

Before our Saviour instituted this sacrament, bread and wine were no more the representatives of his body and blood, than any other materials, but were made so entirely by his appointment; since which the elements for this purpose must be no other than bread and wine. However, all bread and wine were not consecrated by this institution, for then it had been a desecration to have used them at a common

meal, or on any other occasion. If all therefore was not consecrated, it follows that none was actually consecrated, but what was then on the table before our Saviour; so that it is necessary some consecration of the same nature should still be used in order to restrain that to a holy use, which is left at large for all uses, by our Saviour's consecration. But our author will say, the receiving bread and wine in remembrance of our Saviour, is a sufficient and effectual consecration. If that were the case, how could the Corinthians profane the sacrament, since they did not apply it to the memory of our Saviour, but eat it as a common meal? Without such application, according to our author, there can be no sacrament, and consequently no profanation, because the bread and wine are still common and unconsecrated. Neither can the Test Act, by his way of reasoning, possibly occasion any profanation; because the taking bread and wine in remembrance of Christ, being according to him the only consecration, he that takes them in order to qualify himself for a beneficial post, takes them unconsecrated, and consequently cannot be guilty of a profanation. It is for this reason, that I cannot suppose the bishop of Winchester could have been the author of this book, because his lordship, if I remember right, in his incomparable performances against the Test Act, shews that law to be a profanation of the holy sacrament to worldly uses, which it never could be, unless the elements were supposed to be separated and dedicated to a sacred use before. But this author will have it, that they are never so dedicated, but when they are taken in remembrance of Christ, so that he who takes them with any other view or intention, does not receive the sacrament of the Lord's supper at all, because he eats and drinks not in commemoration of Christ, but for his own promotion, and therefore does no more than he who feeds on bread and wine for his nourishment.

The next doctrine I shall take notice of in this writer, is that which relates to the end of the Lord's supper. If the reader will please to lay proposition the 8th of our author, and all the pages from 153 to the end of the book, together, he will perceive that the proposition is fairly drawn from, not only the general tendency, but the express words of his treatise.

Secondly, The sacrament of the Lord's supper is a rite purely commemorative, 'so that the duty of receiving it is (strictly speaking) comprehended within the limits of eating and drinking with a due remembrance of Christ's death.'

Our author tells us, p. 54, that the nature and essence of this sacrament, consists in its being done in remembrance of Christ's death; from which we must infer, that where there is no remembrance of his death, there can be no sacrament. He argues from this doctrine against transubstantiation, and a corporal sacrifice in the mass, insisting, that to suppose a real presence when there is only a memorial instituted, would be absurd: from which we must infer, that in the presence of our Saviour this sacrament could retain neither its nature nor essence, i. e. could not be.

From which two inferences put together it appears plainly, by our author's way of reasoning, that our Saviour could not have instituted, nor his disciples received this sacrament, till after his death. For, says our author, p. 24, "The doing any act in remembrance of a person implies his bodily absence; and if he is corporally present, we are never said, nor can we be said to perform that action in remembrance of him; and again, p. 30, they (that is, our Saviour's disciples) could not do the actions here named (i. e. eat and drink the memorials of his body and blood) in remembrance of him, whilst he himself was corporally present with them, nor in remembrance of any thing done, which was not then done and past." All this is very true, and therefore the essence of this sacrament cannot consist in mere commemoration, according to our author elsewhere. To remember a future event is much the same with foreseeing what is past.

However, since St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. Paul, will needs have it that this sacrament was instituted and received before our Saviour's death, much to the discredit of this author, we must look out for somewhat else in the institution, on account of which it was consistent with the infinite wisdom of our Saviour, to ordain it before his death.

Let us in order to this consider the passages in Scripture that relate to the last supper. And here it is observ-

able, that there is no mention made of commemoration in the account given by St. Matthew and St. Mark. It is not unlikely that their reason for so doing was, because they intended to state the nature of the sacrament, as it was before our Saviour's death. But as St. Luke and St. Paul have given us a more full account of it, by adding the precept for doing it in remembrance of Christ's death, we will suppose for the present, that St. Paul's account, in which the memorial is twice mentioned, is the only historical narrative of this affair extant.

Every one who reads St. Paul's words, must perceive, that we are always to commemorate our Saviour's death in this sacrament. The words therefore that contain the precept for commemoration, being agreed upon, may be set aside; after which we shall find these other words, 'this is my body which is broken for you,' and 'this cup is the new testament in my blood. These words cannot mean the same with those relating to commemoration, for if they did, the apostle must have been guilty of a tautology; and if they mean any thing else, then this institution must have something more in it than a bare memorial. But be their meaning what it will, it must be essential to the institution, not only because, as I observed before, these are the very words of consecration, but because in these words, or in none, we must look for the reason of celebrating this sacrament before our Saviour's death.

It must therefore be a matter of high import to all Christians, to know what is meant by these words. Our author has treated them with such contempt that he takes little or no notice of them. The most he vouchsafes is a paraphrase of them, in which he obliges them to speak according to the drift of his doctrines, without giving us any reason for so doing. The words 'body' and 'blood' must either be understood literally and corporally, or else in a figurative and spiritual sense. They cannot be understood literally nor corporally, because common sense is against it. A figurative or spiritual interpretation must therefore be found, before they can be rationally or rightly understood; because we may presume to say that they ought to be allowed some meaning. Now if nothing else is intimated to us by these words, but that the bread and wine are memorials of

Christ's death, then they signify only just the same thing with, 'This do in remembrance of me;' by which our Savour, and his historians, must be supposed guilty of multiplying words, without enlarging the sense, and that in the very form of a most sacred institution, when, if ever, both brevity and strictness are necessary.

Since then neither a bodily presence, nor a bare memorial is intended by these words; since the sacrament was fully instituted by these words alone, as appears from its being instituted before our Saviour's death, and consequently before the possibility of a commemoration; and since St. Matthew and St. Mark have given us an account of the institution, without taking the least notice of the commemoration, we must conclude, that to eat our Saviour's body and drink his blood, is to partake of all those benefits that were procured to us by his death, among which faith and grace are chiefly to be reckoned; for,

To what purpose do we eat and drink, unless in order to our nourishment? But as in this eating and drinking there is no bodily nourishment intended, some spiritual food must be intended. Now our souls can be strengthened, refreshed, or fed, no otherwise than by faith and grace, I mean in a religious or Christian sense; it follows, therefore, that if we eat, drink, or are fed at all by this institution, it must be by the most comfortable and reviving motions of God's Holy Spirit, that answer to the devout disposition of our hearts, as material food does to our bodily hunger. Our Saviour in the sixth of St. John, speaks of his flesh and blood in this very sense. 'I am the bread of life,' says he, 'I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever, and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world. Verily, verily, I say unto you, except you eat of the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, you have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me.' The Jews had cavilled at these expressions before, but as soon as our Sa-

viour perceived that his disciples also murmured at them, he explained them to them, by telling them that 'it is the Spirit that quickeneth, that the flesh profiteth nothing, and that the words which he speak unto them are spirit and life.'

As in St. Paul's account of the institution, we are commanded to eat the body and drink the blood of Christ, so St. John tells us, that unless we do so, we have no life in us: and lest we should either reject his doctrine with abhorrence at the thoughts of eating his flesh and drinking his blood literally or corporally, or to avoid that, should fix some other unworthy interpretation on his words, he tells us that we are to understand him in a spiritual sense, that it is the Spirit that quickeneth, and that the words which he speaketh unto them are the Spirit which quickens, and that life which is thereby quickened.

It is observable, that after our Saviour had often spoke of eating his flesh and drinking his blood, he comes in the fifty-seventh verse, to speak of eating himself; by which is meant according to his explanation at the end, his Spirit, as well as his flesh and blood, which without that could not be vitally called him, nor of any avail towards the procuring eternal life to us. What are we to conclude from eating Christ's flesh and drinking his blood, nay, from eating Christ himself, but that we are to feed on some representations of his flesh and blood, under which, to make them, in some sense, him, is conveyed his Spirit, which works in us by his words, and nourishes by his precepts to eternal life?

From this passage of St. John it appears plainly in what sense the bread and wine are called our Saviour's body and blood. Christ here, calls his flesh the food or bread of life, and in St. Paul's account, calls the sacramental bread his body; he tells us in both places that we must eat it, from whence we cannot but conclude that some kind of nourishment is to be communicated by it. What that is, he shews us by the opposition between manna, which could not prevent temporal death, and this meat indeed which secures to us eternal life.

Now if we suppose the two passages of St. John and St. Paul laid together, the sense of both may be expressed in the person of Christ, thus: "Endeavour not to procure to yourselves that perishable kind of food, which can only support you for a short time here, but endeavour to come

to me by faith, who am the true food, without which you must perish everlastingly. I intend my flesh for your meat, and my blood for your drink. But that you may not be shocked at such a kind of food, I appoint bread to represent my body, and wine my blood, under which (that you may not have only the dead unprofitable flesh) I shall signify and impart to you my Spirit, in order that by its powerful impulse, the principles of eternal life contained in my word, and the saving efficacy of my dispensation may be applied to your souls. Having thus made provision for your immortal part, I desire that hereafter as often as you feast on, and refresh your souls with this spiritual nourishment, you do gratefully remember me, who have given up my body to be torn, and my blood to be shed for the remission of your sins, and the eternal preservation of your souls."

But our author will not allow this passage of St. John to be meant of the Lord's supper at all. Let us examine his reason. He begins with telling us that it hath been applied to the Lord's supper especially since the doctrine of transubstantiation, by some who have laboured hard to make the application. In this he says what is very true. But those who laboured that point for that purpose were guilty of a great oversight in so doing, because the explanation of the whole passage subjoined by our Saviour, is the plainest and most direct argument that is to be found in holy writ against the doctrine of transubstantiation. It is not an argument by deduction and consequence; but in express terms. Besides, we find the sacrament necessary in both kinds from the fifty-third verse of this chapter. Nor were the Protestant commentators guilty of a less oversight in denying it to be meant of the Lord's supper, for the very same reasons. Had they rightly understood it, on both sides, they had in all likelihood exchanged opinions.

He says again that it could not relate to the duty of the Lord's supper, because it was not then instituted, nor so much as hinted at to his disciples. This consequence does not follow. Could not Christ have spoken of an institution which he intended? And why should he have hinted it to his disciples before? Was not that itself a timely and sufficient hint? Was it however impossible that he should speak then of a future institution, and without previous intimation given to his disciples? That he does speak of some-

what future, and then intended, is plain from his words, 'The bread which I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.'

But farther he tells us that there is such a difference of expression in the two cases as may shew that they are not to be applied to the same thing. Our Saviour says in the form of institution, the bread which you are to eat is my body, not my body is your bread or your food, &c. But when our Saviour said, 'this bread is my body,' and bid them eat it, he intended they should feed on it, and then it must have been their bread or food, according to what he tells them in the sixth of St. John.

He observes likewise, that there is no mention in this passage of eating and drinking in remembrance of Christ after he should be taken from his disciples; from whence he argues that it could not be meant of the Lord's supper, which is a memorial of his sufferings a long time afterward, and could not be put in practice during his presence with them. By this way of arguing St. Matthew and St. Mark, in their accounts of the institution, could not have spoken of the Lord's supper, for neither of them have mentioned the commemoration; nay, by the very same way of reasoning, our Saviour could not have given this sacrament to his disciples before his own death, for how could they commemorate a future event? nor even after his resurrection, for how could they commemorate him present? These are all the blunders offered by our author on this head; what follows is only a modest endeavour to help our Saviour and St. John to express in the author's sense what they have attempted to speak in their own words.

I shall therefore lay him aside for awhile, and try if I can offer any satisfactory reasons, why this passage ought to be understood of the Lord's supper, beside such as may be deduced from the explication already given of it.

It is generally allowed that St. John wrote his gospel after the other three gospels and the writings of St. Paul had been published; nay, it is commonly supposed to have been wrote the last of all the scriptural canon. His end for writing it is known to have been no other, than that of perpetuating certain particulars in our Saviour's history, which had been either omitted or not fully related by those who had handled the subject before, in order to rectify some

errors and abuses that had by that means crept into the church. The Cerinthian heresy was the chief of these. But before he wrote his gospel, the Heathens had probably accused the Christians of certain horrible rites, particularly feasting on human flesh and blood. It seems therefore very probable that the aforesaid passage was intended as an explanation of the Lord's supper, on which this charge had been fixed. The whole discourse is admirably well fitted to this purpose, because in it is shewn the abhorrence with which both the Jews and disciples received the doctrine of feeding on Christ's body and blood, while they understood it in a literal sense, and then the true spiritual sense is immediately subjoined. Now St. John having cleared up this difficulty about the sacrament, had no occasion to say any thing of the institution. It was enough for him to explain the nature of the mystery, as for the time, and manner, and end of its appointment, they were all sufficiently related before.

It cannot be denied but that St. John recounts many incidents in our Saviour's life, which had been written by the other evangelists before him, particularly the celebration of the passover that very night in which he instituted his last supper. But he says not one word in that place of this institution, and the reason in all probability was, because he had said as much as was needful on that subject before, in the discourse about spiritual food.

But again, we find in this passage that Christ mentions his flesh and blood separately, four times over, from which we must conclude that when they come to be interpreted spiritually, they must intimate to us two distinct ideas; but unless they be applied to the sacramental body, by which our souls are fed in order to eternal life, and the sacramental blood, through which we have remission of sins, they cannot represent more than one idea, which is no way consonant to the care our Saviour takes to speak of them distinctly.

Again, If we take away our Saviour's human nature, that is, his flesh and his blood, he can neither be food nor life to us, because it is necessary to his being either, that he should obtain remission of our sins; but without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins. It follows therefore

that the food of eternal life mentioned in this passage can be no other than the body and blood of Christ which he sacrificed for us, and which are applied to our souls by faith in the sacrament of his last supper.

Again, If our Saviour had not spoken in this place of the same food which he afterward calls his body and his blood, he had not said that he himself was that bread or food. If he had spoken of his precepts as ordinarily delivered in discourse, he could not have called them in any propriety himself. He might have said indeed, I will give you the bread of life. But he could not have said, I am the bread of life. Such an expression is as absurd as if an ambassador, who is sent with articles of peace to a neighbouring prince, should say, I am articles of peace. Or if a husbandman should deliver a system of agriculture to the world, and upon the strength of the rules laid down in it, should tell the public, that he himself is corn, and wine, and oil.

Lastly, If this discourse is not to be understood of the Lord's supper, it must appear to contradict itself; because our Saviour, who so often calls his flesh and his blood meat and drink indeed, and the food of life in the former part of it, in the latter end says, that the flesh profiteth nothing. But if we understand what he says of the Lord's supper, the difficulty will clear up, as may appear by this paraphrase; 'Except you eat my flesh and drink my blood you have no life in you, because you cannot receive the grace and principles which I have annexed to them alone. But if you receive the symbols appointed by me to represent my flesh and blood unworthily, they will profit you nothing, they will to you be my body and blood in no other sense than to make you guilty of commemorating my death without renouncing those sins for which I died, which is a kind of consenting to my death.'

Other reasons might be offered, but I hope these will suffice to shew, that this discourse is scarce intelligible to us, if not understood, of the Lord's supper. No plain reader ever put any other interpretation on it; and such readers usually fall in with the true and natural sense of plain passages, provided they be faithfully rendered, more readily than commentators do. The reason for it is this;

the plain honest man searches his Bible for such information as is necessary to the saving of his soul, with an eye to no controversies, but that between himself and the adversary of his salvation, so that with all the understanding he has, he goes directly on to the true construction, God's grace in the mean time directing and assisting his honest inquiry. Whereas your commentators, who are always deeply engaged in disputes and learned prejudices, lay the bias of their own prepossessions on the Scriptures, and suffer them to speak nothing but their own opinions.

If any one will needs suppose, after all, that the Lord's supper is a purely commemorative rite, let him consider with himself to what purpose such a rite could have been instituted. Let him consider that barely remembering our Saviour's death, which is all our author seems to make absolutely necessary, can have no effect, nor be of any use at all. But then our author will say that he speaks of a grateful and thankful remembrance. If he does, he would do well to consider that such a remembrance is altogether impossible without repentance for past sins, without faith in God's word and promises, and without charity towards our fellow-Christians; so that allowing that to be the sole end of the sacrament, yet still it cannot be purely commemorative, since the whole of a Christian's duty necessarily results from thence.

Drinking the glorious memory of King William the Third, has been thought by some to have a profane resemblance of this sacred institution. However, neither the party warmth with which the memory of that prince was drank, nor the party spirit with which that practice was railed at, could ever raise it so high, as to give any offensive resemblance to our Lord's supper, till the publication of this book, which has brought down the sacrament to a level with that or any other honorary commemoration. Nay, if we consider the matter well, we shall find that our author has sunk the sacrament a good deal lower than the glorious memory. When a company drinks to the memory of King William, they cannot be supposed to do it with either common sense or sincerity, without a hearty abhorrence of Popery and tyranny, without a resolution to oppose both to the uttermost of their power, and without a firm adherence to the

political principles on which the late revolution turned. But if you will believe our author, it is only necessary to remember the death of Christ. Repentance, faith, and charity are, according to him, by no means necessarily connected with the duty of eating and drinking in remembrance of our blessed Saviour. To profess our faith in Christ's promises, to rekindle our zeal for those principles by which he wrought the great revolution from a state of sin to a state of salvation, or to renew our religious engagements to him, may be, in the opinion of our author, no useless work, but he thinks they are not necessary when we meet to commemorate the death of our Divine and Glorious Redeemer. If this does not sink the memory of our Saviour lower in a religious, than the common practice does that of King William in a political sense, I am under a very gross mistake.

I have dwelt the longer on this head, because the following errors of our author are so artfully interwoven with this, that it would be difficult to get clear of them if this one were admitted. But his art will now be turned against himself, inasmuch as the demolition of his foundation must be attended with the ruin of the whole erroneous fabric which he has erected on it. Besides, to expose his fundamental absurdities and falsehoods under this proposition, was the most effectual way of demonstrating that this book could never have been the work of so learned, so ingenious, and, in short, so great a man as the bishop of Winchester.

If the reader will be pleased to consult the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th propositions of our author, he will find that the following proposition is rightly and fairly drawn from thence.

Thirdly, There is no other preparation necessary to the worthy reception of the Lord's supper, than a serious remembrance of our Saviour's death, so that persons who lead lives unworthy of Christians both before and after it, may nevertheless be worthy communicants.

This would be very true, if the sacrament of the Lord's supper were merely commemorative, for then we might without the smallest trouble or preparation examine ourselves, whether we remembered that Christ died for us. But I hope it appears pretty plain from what was said un-

der the foregoing proposition, that there must be something more intended by this institution than a bare commemoration.

But let us be determined by Scripture, and the nature of the institution itself. We find in the eleventh chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, St. Paul telling that church, that 'whosoever shall eat this bread, or drink this cup unworthily, should be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord, and should eat and drink damnation to himself.' From these words so alarming, notwithstanding the softenings of our author, it appears very plainly, that we ought to be exceedingly careful to know in what a worthy reception consists. This we may find by the other admonitions there given. St. Paul reproves the Corinthians for three vices, viz. drunkenness, despising the church of God, and uncharitably shaming their poor brethren; which vices rendered their celebration of the Lord's supper unworthy. Now it appears that they were not guilty of these vices at the very time of receiving, but at their love feasts which they celebrated, according to our author, before, but according to others, after the sacrament; which may serve to shew us that our behaviour either before or after communicating ought to be virtuous, devout, and decent, or else we must be unworthy communicants. It is not at the time of receiving only that we are obliged to live and act like Christians, but at all other times, under the penalties of an unworthy reception. Perhaps our author will say, not at all other times, but only immediately before or after, only while we are in the usual place of communion. This is as if it was not the heinousness of vice that made the action unworthy, but the nearness of time. But vice is vice, and as such offensive in the sight of God, to whom a thousand years are as one day, at all times. Nor is it these vices only that are here mentioned, but all others, for the same reason, that make an unworthy reception of the Lord's supper. If this were so, our author will say, why did not St. Paul tell us so? How can we conclude all this from the passage now under consideration? I answer, that St. Paul, in the words already cited, reproves the abuses of the Corinthians, for no other reason but because they were offensive in the sight of God, which is a reason as good against

all manner of vices and abuses whatsoever, whether committed before, at, or after the sacrament, though ever so geographically or chronologically distinguished.

But it happens unluckily for our author, that St. Paul, after reproving the Corinthians by applying directly to them and their particular abuses, in the twentieth, twenty-first, and twenty-second verses, at the twenty-seventh verse says in general, that whosoever shall eat and drink unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord, and then immediately subjoins, 'Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat and drink.' This is applied to all mankind, and ought to be understood as a bar laid against all kinds of sin and unworthiness. To what end is a man to examine himself? Is it only to try whether he remembers the death of Christ or not? Surely that can require no examination. Or is it in order only to consider the difference between our Lord's body and the common meal? Surely that is not to examine himself, but to examine the institution.

It seems to me a little hard, that while all other affairs or undertakings necessarily require, according to their importance, certain degrees of preparation, this most sacred and solemn ordinance, in which not only the body and blood of our Redeemer are represented, but his spirit conveyed, should be approached in an abrupt and irreverent manner. Is there no decency of dress, or wedding garment required when we are to be entertained at the table of the Lord? Shall we set off our bodies in our best apparel, when we are to dine with a prince or a great man, and yet go covered with all the foul rags of our unrepented sins to sup with the Lord of hosts and the King of kings? This is not only not to discern the Lord's body from a common meal, but to treat it with infinitely more indignity. Surely a wretch polluted, corrupted, and altogether impenitent, is utterly unfit for the performance of any Christian duty, but most especially, of the most awful and important institutions. Surely to a soul void of faith in God's merciful promises through Christ, this sacrament must be impertinence, and his taking it profanation. Surely to a heart imbittered with malice, and at enmity with its fellow members in Christ, this feast of love must be extremely opposite and repugnant. Is it not then necessary that we

should consider well whether we possess our souls in a spirit of repentance, faith, and benevolence, before we approach the Lord's table? And can we form to ourselves these dispositions in an instant, without either exerting ourselves in meditation, or imploring the assistance of Almighty God by prayer?

If, as our author will have it, the whole nature and essence of the Lord's supper consist in the commemoration of Christ's death, we ought certainly to commemorate that inestimable mercy in such a manner as may redound to the honour and glory of our Divine Benefactor and Master. But this can never be done without a strict adherence to his precepts, or at least a deep and sorrowful repentance for having transgressed them. He that is obstinate in his wickedness, dishonours the Saviour of mankind, because he caresses and courts those sins for which he was put to open shame; he is at enmity with Christ, because he is in amity with those vices which Christ came into the world to combat and subdue; he crucifies Christ afresh, because he cherishes and encourages those impieties that nailed our dear Redeemer to the cross, and pushed the spear into his side. Now, is it possible for such a one to honour Christ by receiving bread and wine in his remembrance? If he remembers him at all, must it not be as an enemy, or as a person whose memory he would disgrace?

Let the reader now consider whether it is with sense or charity to be supposed that an ambassador of Christ, and a pastor of his flock, should, against the nature of the sacrament, against the interest of Christ's kingdom, and against the salvation of his subjects, whom he has bought with his blood, labour to make the hearts of those who come to the Lord's table, as impenitent, as faithless, as uncharitable, and as devotionless every way as he can.

When the reader has done this, if he will turn to the 18th proposition of the Plain Account, and peruse that with what is said under it, particularly in pages 143, 153, 156, 164, 173, and 174, he will find that the following proposition is truly and fairly extracted.

Fourthly, There are no privileges peculiarly annexed to the worthy receiving the Lord's supper, no concomitant grace, no spiritual benefits, no communion with God. It

is no renewal of our baptismal vow, nor seal of the Christian covenant.

'Our author owns indeed, at the 155th page, that the sacrament by its natural and reasonable tendency leads us to thankfulness, to the profession of our dependence on, and obligations due to God, and our duty towards our neighbours, and that it is therefore an effectual acknowledgment of our strict obligation to all instances of piety and virtue, &c.'

It is easy to see that this contains a flat denial of what the 4th proposition sets forth, which proposition is nevertheless faithfully collected from the pages referred to. But besides, the matter of this concession made by our author is manifestly impossible, if it be true that the Lord's supper is a rite purely commemorative, and that there is no preparation necessary to the worthy receiving of it. If it be merely a memorial, how can it be reasonably expected that it should lead the thoughts of those to the whole system of Christian duties, who are not necessarily required to make any preparations for it, farther than a bare and instantaneous recollection of our Saviour's death? The thoughts themselves may take what hints, and steer what course they please; but this, according to our author's doctrines, is no necessary effect of the Lord's supper, the duty of receiving which is, if we will believe him, 'contained within the limits of eating and drinking in remembrance of Christ's death;' so that if we should make any devout or pious reflections on what we are about, it seems, they must be more owing to our own goodness, than God's injunction. And yet I cannot see of what use such reflections, if they were made, could be towards the improvement of our lives, since without time and preparation they must be too transient to have any effect upon our manners.

This doctrine of his concerning the benefits of the sacrament, directly contradicts what he lays down in his four first propositions, where he tells us, 'that the duty of partaking of the Lord's supper is not a duty of itself, or apparent to us from the nature of things, but made such to Christians by the positive institution of Jesus Christ.' The performance of all natural duties is useful and beneficial to us, and the omission hurtful. If this were a natu-

ral duty, it would be beneficial to us, and the omission hurtful. If this were a natural duty, it would be beneficial by its own natural tendency, not otherwise. Now our author denies it to be a natural duty, under his four first propositions, and yet page 154 tells us, that 'in its natural and reasonable tendency we ought to found our main expectations' of the benefits which he enumerates, p. 155. These sentiments are very inconsistent, but then they lie at the distance of a hundred and fifty-three pages from each other; and what occasion for connexion or consistence between principles so remote? there are leaves enough between to keep the peace, though they were ever so strongly disposed to jar.

If our author had not ascribed these benefits to the sacrament, though in opposition to the principles he set out upon, some one perhaps might have asked, Where is the good of such a rite? Why did Christ institute what is of no use to us? If in answer to these questions, which he could not but foresee, he had said, that Christ has annexed scriptural benefits to it, which by its own nature it could not convey, being merely positive, he had contradicted the tenor of his whole book, and particularly the very beginning of the same paragraph, see p. 154, where he speaks of these benefits. This had been too palpable; so he chose rather to let his answer to these questions give the lie to his very fundamental principle, hoping that the reader would not so easily perceive it.

Since then this answer of his can never satisfy, and since no natural benefits are to be expected from an institution purely positive, other than what our own reflections could have derived from the action itself, though it had never been instituted, it follows, that it must either be a useless right, an empty and idle ceremony, or else there must be some spiritual benefits preternaturally annexed to it, and conveyed by it to a worthy communicant. To eat bread and drink wine can never tend, by their own nature, to any moral improvement of our minds; not even when they are applied to the memory of Christ, if, according to our author, there is no other preparation necessary than barely to remember. The most that can be said of this sacrament upon his principles is, that it is a useful hint to our thoughts, as applied by Christ, if seriously received.

Had our Saviour intended no more than this by it, what occasion was there for all the solemnity with which it is so often treated in Scripture? If he had designed it only for a mere memorandum of his death, he would not have said this bread is my body, nor this wine is my blood; but, this bread and wine shall put you in mind of my body and blood.

But our author tells us, that whatever benefits we are to expect from this institution, they are only such as are the common effects of all Christian duties, and not peculiarly annexed to this single duty. If this be so, then this sacrament can be of no use, unless all other Christian duties be performed as well as it, which is directly contrary to what the author labours under in his 16th proposition, the sum of which is to shew, that this sacrament may be worthily received, though other duties should be ever so much neglected. He that doubles and goes far about for arguments, is extremely apt at one time to cross and thwart what he maintained at another. But no more of this now. I shall have an opportunity of speaking more fully on this subject under the next proposition.

The author of the Plain Account endeavours to prove that there is no grace nor divine assistance communicated in the sacrament of the Lord's supper. To know whether this be so or not, we must first consider, what is to be understood by the word grace, and then, whether there is any grounds in Scripture to hope for that grace in the worthy participation of this holy institution.

By grace is sometimes meant the Divine favour, or God's good disposition to protect and succour his servants: in this sense it signifies the cause. But it more usually implies the effect of God's goodness towards us, and signifies the actual assistances of his Holy Spirit, working in the ordinary way, with our weak endeavours to subdue our passions, resist temptations, and strengthen our resolutions against the trials we are to encounter.

Grace, taken in this latter sense, must be supposed to be communicated in the Lord's supper, if we will not charge our Saviour with speaking words without meaning, or running into tautology; for in what other sense can eat my body and drink my blood be taken? Besides, if there be any similitude implied in these words (and except we sup-

pose a similitude they must be utterly unmeaning), they can be interpreted in no other sense, than that of refreshing and feeding our souls, as ordinary bread and wine do our bodies.

Christ, in the sixth of St. John's Gospel, gives them this very interpretation; he calls his flesh and blood the food of eternal life, but shews us in the close of his discourse that we are not to expect life from the flesh itself, but from the spirit represented by it, and conveyed with it. The body and blood of Christ in the holy communion, represent his Divine Person to us, as may appear from those expressions where our Saviour speaks of eating him personally. 'I am the bread of life; he that eateth me even he shall live by me.' Now there was in the person of Christ not only a body to be rent, and blood to be spilt for us in order to remission of sins, but also a holy and lively spirit, by which he uttered his most excellent revelation, in order to the amendment of our lives. As therefore in this sacred ordinance we commemorate his sufferings for us, by spiritually eating his body and drinking his blood, so we must also be supposed to receive his Holy Spirit, which is to write his law in our hearts, because without that, his flesh profiteth not, though ever so duly commemorated; without that we eat not Christ, Christ dwelleth not in us, nor we in Christ; we rather crucify him anew by those sins that hinder us from participating of his spirit, and like persons a sinking, instead of assisting ourselves by his infallible directions, only desperately cling to his body, as if we rather intended to drown him with us, than save ourselves.

As the body and blood of Christ can be rationally called so in no sense but this, so this, if it be well considered, will appear to be founded on a most strong and beautiful similitude. By bread and wine our bodies are nourished and our lives are preserved; by the spiritual or sacramental food our virtue is fed and strengthened, and eternal life secured. Bread and wine rather enfeeble our bodies and endanger our lives, than support the one by nourishing the other, if our stomachs be distempered, or our constitutions already infected; in like manner the sacramental food is rather baneful than nutritious to our souls, if they are not

properly prepared for its reception. Bread and wine cannot begin health or produce life, but they can renew and revive both; the grace communicated in the sacrament, as it does not prevent, but attend that ordinance, cannot inspire virtue where there was none before, nor plant eternal life in the midst of dead works and sins, but it can feed a virtuous disposition, it can perfect good works, it can cherish the principles of eternal life, and bring them to maturity. Bread is the strength of man's heart, and the staff of his life; grace is the support of the conscience, and the vital principle of eternal salvation. Wine maketh a glad heart, and a glad heart, like a medicine, prolongs our days; so the grace of God infuses comfortable hopes into the soul, by which eternal life is assured to us, for we are saved by faith improved into hope.

Our author denies that in the nature of the sacrament there is any communion with God necessarily implied; and yet, according to him, the nature of the sacrament consists in a thankful remembrance of Christ's death. Now, is not thanksgiving an act of worship? And is there not some communion or intercourse with God in every act of worship? But he will say there is no extraordinary or peculiar communion with the divine nature, farther than what is common to all other acts of worship. Here every rational and candid interpreter of Scripture must differ from him. We have but just now proved that some participation of God's grace must be supposed in this institution. Now is there no communion, when on the one side grace is imparted, and on the other the most grateful acknowledgments rendered? When God assists his servants, and they at the same time gratefully bless their good and bountiful Benefactor, is there no intercourse to be supposed?

Does not Christ invite us to approach, and unite ourselves to his divine nature, when he bids us eat his body and drink his blood? There is communion among those who only eat together; shall there be none between him that affords himself for our nourishment, and us who feed on him? Our Saviour tells us in the sixth of St. John, that he who eateth his flesh and drinketh his blood dwelleth in him, and that he reciprocally dwelleth in that person. They that dwell together are said to have fellowship and com-

munion with each other, and shall there be no communion supposed between those who dwell mutually in one another? Now it is in the holy sacrament of the Lord's supper that Christ and the faithful soul partake each other, and spiritually enter upon this joint-indwelling, as appears from the words of institution, as well as from Christ's express declarations in the aforesaid chapter of St. John.

Well, but then the author of the Plain Account will say, if Christ and the communicant unite so closely in the celebration of this rite, how can it be in any sense commemorative? If Christ be present to us, how can we be said to remember him? I answer, that the bread and wine in the sacrament represent to us Christ's body torn, and his blood spilt; that they are therefore memorials of his death which is past, and of his real body and blood that are now in heaven; and that notwithstanding this, they are the pledges and vehicles of his favour and grace to all worthy communicators. Is it impossible that the same thing should serve to convey a bounty and also preserve the memory of our Benefactor? He that holds an estate by the last will and testament of his father, can make use of the deed both to secure possession, and perpetuate in him a grateful sense of his father's goodness. This instance does not come fully up to the case in hand, but it serves to shew that there is no inconsistency in making the same thing both a means of communicating a favour, and at the same time a standing token and remembrancer of him to whom we owe it. I think it cannot be denied but that we may remember Christ absent in the flesh, though at the same time we feel him present in spirit, and communicate with him by thanksgivings on our part, and spiritual benefits on his. Why may we not by one and the same act commemorate those sufferings by which remission of our sins was procured, and obtain assistance to resist temptations?

Our author denies likewise that the Lord's supper is either a renewal of our baptismal vow, or a seal of the Christian covenant. Before we can determine upon the merits of this doctrine, we must consider the nature of our covenant with God, and of the parties contracting. Whosoever is baptized into the Christian religion, solemnly promises or vows to God, that he will conform to the arti-

cles proposed by Christ Jesus. On the other side, God promises, that if he does so, he will apply to him the merits of Christ's sufferings and death, by virtue of which he shall be entitled to an inheritance in heaven. A violation of this covenant in any of its articles, on our part, must discharge Almighty God of his obligation to perform what was stipulated on his.

Now such is the nature of man, that he no sooner comes to the use of his thoughts, his tongue, and his hands, but he employs them all in the daily transgression of some article or other of this covenant; by which means the covenant must be rendered of no effect, and the whole work of contracting through Christ come to nothing. But our covenant is not purely a covenant of works, like that of Moses, but of mercy also. The Divine person we have to deal with is not only just to perform what he has promised, but is ready also, in compassion to our infirmities, which he knew before he contracted with us, to pardon the particular transgressions of our covenant, which we may happen to be betrayed into by our nature prone to evil. But this pardon is only to be expected on our sincerely repenting, and resolving to be more strict and careful how we transgress for the future. Yet it cannot be sufficient barely to repent and resolve; we must also confess what we have done with sorrow, and some way or other solemnly renew the covenant which we have by our sins annulled; and the religious act of renewal ought, since there is the same reason for it, to be as public and as solemn as that of our first contract. It is treating God's goodness, in proposing articles of peace, ungratefully, and trifling with his majesty, to violate our contract with him, and yet expect the performance of his glorious promises, without doing any thing more to reinstate ourselves than barely repenting.

However, let the seeming necessity of a sacred and solemn act of renewal be ever so great, we can have no right to it, nor warrant for it, but from the word of God. Now if we search the whole New Testament, we shall find but two federal acts solemnly instituted by Christ, namely, baptism and the supper of the Lord. The renewal cannot be effected by a repetition of baptism, which is purely ini-

tiatory; it follows therefore that the act appointed for that purpose, if any, must be the supper of the Lord.

Let us now see whether this last institution of our Saviour carries with it any federal characters that may farther shew us, that it was intended to be applied to this purpose.

First, then, it is to be observed that it was substituted in the room of the passover, which was a type of it, as the lamb sacrificed therein was of our Saviour. Now it appears from Exodus xii. 19, that the passover was not only entirely a federal act at the first performance of it in Egypt, but so in some measure afterward, since that soul was to be cut off from the congregation of Israel, *i. e.* to be put out of the Mosaic covenant, who should not observe it, or celebrate it with leavened bread.

But what puts it out of dispute that it is a federal act is, our Saviour's calling the cup the new covenant in his blood, which expression will not bear the gloss our author gives it, when he calls it only the memorial of the new covenant. Our Saviour expressly calls it the new covenant, and afterward desires it to be drank in remembrance of him. If we take these words of our Saviour in the sense our author would impose on them, we shall make them signify only the same with the words that follow. To avoid this we must understand them in some other sense; and what sense can we so rationally interpret them in, as that which they plainly and naturally intimate? It is true neither the cup, nor the wine contained in it, can, strictly and properly speaking, be a covenant. Nor can the blood of Christ, if our author will insist on that. But the blood of Christ can be the means of procuring this covenant between God and his people, it can ratify and seal that covenant; and the cup that represents it to us can be the sign of this ratification on God's part, can be a means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof.

It will appear still plainer that the Lord's supper is a means of applying God's covenanted mercies to us, and of renewing our engagements to him, if we first consider that it is a representation of Christ's death, and then reflect on those passages of Scripture, in which his death is said to

be the means of the new covenant, in which we are said to be justified, and to have peace and redemption through his blood. In whatsoever solemn act the merits of Christ's death are applied to us, in that very act we must be supposed to covenant with God in some sense; because there is no uncovenanted application of God's mercies or Christ's merits. Now the sacrament of the Lord's supper is a solemn act instituted by Christ, commanded to be kept up till his coming again, and often repeated; so that it exactly answers the character required in order to make it a solemn and authorized form to renew our baptismal vow by.

In the sixth of the Epistle to the Romans, we are said to be baptized into Christ's death. Here that institution by which we first covenant with God, is directly applied to the death of our Saviour, to represent and apply which the Lord's supper was appointed; by which it appears that baptism and the Lord's supper are so far of the same nature, and intended for the same purpose, inasmuch as the merits of that death which we covenant to receive in baptism, are again stipulated to us by the express mention of a covenant in the supper of the Lord.

This may suffice, instead of a great deal more that might be said, to prove the opinions of this author, contained in my 4th proposition, to be groundless, erroneous, and pernicious, and consequently to shew, that such a performance as this Plain Account can never, without the greatest violence done to charity and truth, be ascribed to such a person as the bishop of Winchester.

If the reader will be at the pains to peruse the preface and pages 90, 91, 92, 106, 178, 179, and 180th, he will perceive that the substance of the following proposition is contained therein.

Fifthly, The duty of partaking in the Lord's supper is not so connected with other Christian duties, but that it may be well performed without them, or they without it. If this were universally admitted, it would make our people more truly and practically Christians than they are, and greatly increase the number of communicants.

I agree with our author, that all duties ought to be distinguished from each other, that the reward of performing all may not be expected from the performance of one only.

But nevertheless there may be a duty, of which we cannot rightly acquit ourselves, without either performing the rest or at least, setting our minds in such a frame as to have some tolerable assurance of performing them for the future. Such I take the sacrament of the Lord's supper to be for reasons already assigned.

Though all the moral duties which are required of us by the Christian religion be distinguished from, yet they are so connected with one another, that there is no transgressing one, without being guilty of violating all the rest. It is therefore to no purpose to observe those which we have perhaps no temptation to omit, if we indulge ourselves in the contempt and transgression of others. There are two reasons for this. One is, because the committal of one crime naturally leads to that of another, not only by corrupting and disposing the mind to evil; but by means of a natural connexion among vices. The other is, because no one commandment of God can be broken, without being done in a denial or defiance of that authority by which the whole system of duties is imposed.

Whosoever therefore shall teach, that the performance of one single duty is acceptable to God and capable of conciliating his favour, as our author does, without a strict observation of all other duties, must be guilty of a great sin against the souls of his fellow-Christians; and if, like our author, he does this with a design to hinder mankind from placing their hopes of the divine favour in the performance of one single duty, when others are neglected, he sins most intolerably against reason and common sense. Our author tells us, that we may do this duty worthily, and so as that it shall be acceptable to God in itself, though in the rest of our lives we be very blamable. God does not speak so of the ordinances of the Jewish law, between which and the moral duties there was not so necessary a connexion intended, as under Christianity. In the first of Isaiah, he says thus to the Jews. 'Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth, they are a trouble unto me, I am weary to bear them;' and the reason why they were so was 'because their hands,' as he tells them in the next verse, 'were full of blood.' So let a Christian ever so seriously remember the death of Christ, while he

receives the sacrament, yet it shall be 'an abomination to the Lord,' if he do not put away the evil of his doings from before those all-seeing eyes, that are too pure to behold iniquity. But supposing it were otherwise, and that duties like men, shall be judged of, and accepted singly by Almighty God, can a duty confined within the narrow limits of eating and drinking in remembrance of Christ's death, have any virtue in it, or merit any reward?

No, though this, and all other positive duties are made so merely by divine appointment, without any thing in their own nature to oblige; yet must God be supposed to have had a previous inducement to the institution of them, as our author himself confesses, or else it had been inconsistent with his wisdom and goodness to have imposed them. Now this inducement or end proposed by them all (I mean under the Christian dispensation) could have been no other than the advancement of the true religion and the promotion of virtue. This is the common end of both the sacraments and that in which all other positive institutions, howsoever distinguished by their particular ends, must concentre. No notion therefore of the Lord's supper can be a right one, that represents it to us as not tending through its own peculiar end, to this general one. Let the reader judge now, whether our author's notion is conformed to this rule, whether a rite purely commemorative, for which there is no preparation previously required, by which there is no divine grace communicated, and between which and our other Christian duties there is no connexion, can possibly tend to the advancement of religion and the promotion of virtue. To what purpose are positive duties, unless they support and enforce the moral? And how can they do this, unless they be necessarily connected with them?

If these doctrines of our author were once universally received, I know not but for some time they might induce people to go oftener to the sacrament, than they do, inasmuch as they would remove all fears of going unworthily from all kinds of people, though ever so wicked, and make it the most easily performed duty in the whole Christian catalogue. But I am fully persuaded, that they would at length bring it into such contempt, as an empty and useless ceremony, that it would not be thought worthy the going to. It

is true there would be no bar against going directly from the stews to the table of the Lord; yet as there would appear to be no good in going, people would not trouble themselves with it, if they had any thing else to do.

But though these doctrines should continue to crowd Christ's table to the very end of the world, yet still, as they must diminish the devotion, faster than they could possibly increase the number of the communicants, they could never answer any religious end, nor tend either to the improvement of men's lives, the salvation of souls, or the glory of God. Christ, we may presume, reckons his guests, not by the head, but the heart, and counts no hearts his but such as are clean from sin, or averse to it, and warmed with the love of God, and the beauty of Christian holiness. But if these doctrines should obtain, they would not only bring in guests from the streets and common roads, but from the common shores and dunghills too. Would not the death of Christ be gloriously commemorated by a herd of thieves, whores, and bullies; of panders, sharpers, and perjurers; by a rabble of drunkards, adulterers, and murderers?

If my reader is not one of those libertines, who are always ready to suppose the worst of a parson, he will never ascribe such a system of doctrines to a bishop; and if he have the least mite of common sense, he will never suppose that the bishop of Winchester, whose conscience was so tender that he could not bear to have this sacrament prostituted to the temporal end of the Test Act, could think of laying open such a divine mystery to the familiarity and intrusion of the worst of men.

There are still behind many other absurdities, false expositions of Scripture, of our communion service, and our catechism, and a world of art used to intersperse such expressions as may help to make the performance less shocking to the orthodox, but unwary reader. I have not leisure however to animadvert on them all. What I have noted and censured may serve in some measure to prevent the mischievous effects of this work of darkness, this mystery of iniquity, which recommends falsehood under the shew of truth, and sanctifies sin. It may shew, what I chiefly intended, that it cannot be the work of an apostle.

Let us now take the same liberty with our author, whosoever he is, that he has taken with Christ, and suppose him summing up, and paraphrasing his whole performance to his readers, thus :—

My dear fellow-Christians, I have long observed with concern the apprehensions you labour under, and the vast trouble you are at, in preparing yourselves for a certain rite, called the Lord's supper. All this is owing to prejudice and groundless notions infused into your minds by superstitious teachers, who have taught you to imagine that there is some spiritual benefit annexed to it, when worthily received, who have taught you to apprehend some danger in receiving it carelessly, and in the midst of your sins, who in short have taught you to be a great deal too good on this occasion. Now to rid you of all these hopes and fears, and to discharge you from all fancied duty or tie to these works of supererogation, I will give you a plain account of the nature and end of this rite. Not to amuse and detain you with many words, you have nothing else to do, but just to eat some bread, and drink a little wine, and exactly as it is going down, remember the death of Christ. This is all, take my word for it. As for whining for your sins a long time before, or praying, or resolving to lead a new life, or putting yourselves under a severe examination, you may be at the trouble of so doing if you please, and have nothing else to do ; but I tell you, Christ has laid no such burden on you, I tell you, he will accept very well of your eating and drinking in remembrance of him without all this coil. You have for this long time been obliged to go to church in order to perform this rite, and placed with a great deal of formality upon your knees about a table ; but there is nothing of all this in Scripture, nay, and common sense is against it. What can people mean by eating, and praying, and drinking, and kneeling all at once? You have a notion that you cannot receive it unless your minister consecrate it for you. Why will you be so priest-ridden? It is the receiver himself that consecrates it ; so that you may take it without the help of a parson, any where, any time, any way. So you do it in remembrance of Christ you may be sure you have done it according to the end and manner of its institution ; there is no going

wrong. Your parsons are a kind of fellows of narrow education and narrow notions, or else they would never restrain this rite to the penitent, the faithful, and the meek, as they do. I grant you, such devout persons ought not to be excluded from this rite, nor ought those either who are not so disposed. To confine it to your pious folks only, is to leave our Lord a thin table. There is no warrant in Scripture for such a restraint; and for man to presume to set bounds where Christ has set none, is impiety, and arrogance, and uncharitableness, and narrow-heartedness. I tell you, Christ keeps open house, and his table is free to all. Nor is he so nice about the dress you are to appear in, when you visit him, as your ceremonious parsons would persuade you. He will not take offence at such trifles as your sins, when you come in a civil and neighbourly manner to sup with him; fear not, he is not so captious. What your parsons prate to you on the subject of preparation for this rite, is a mere bugbear, nothing but a scarecrow. As vain also are those expectations of grace and spiritual infusions, which they have so often inculcated to you. But Christ is not obliged to make good their large promises. Believe me, you have nothing to fear, and as little to hope for from this rite. Your teachers have huddled all the Christian duties together, and confounded them one with another; so that by their way of managing the matter, you are given to understand that no one duty can be well performed without all the rest, as much as to say, you cannot say your prayers, without giving money to the poor, nor keep the sabbath, without visiting the sick, nor perform this rite of the Lord's supper, as it is called, without doing I know not how many other duties, that have nothing to say to it at the same time. This is all a jest. One thing at once, and it will be the better done. You know what too much cooking does. Upon the whole, therefore, come all of you to the performance of this rite, howsoever distinguished by your vices. There is no respect of persons here. You are all welcome. But as you are exempted from all trouble both before and after, the least you can do is to come seriously. Compose therefore your gestures and the muscles of your faces. Put on a serious look, and a serious air. And as for the future, you are to

celebrate this rite in a tavern or any where else, on any occasion, I think it the more necessary to caution you against a jocose or ludicrous behaviour at the time of receiving. I tell you therefore, that unless you be very serious, unless you eat seriously, and drink seriously, you had as good not do it at all. It is a religious rite, and you must be serious at it. Some of you perhaps may imagine, that I am not strictly orthodox in relation to this rite; but if he will shew me one sentence in my whole book, that I cannot reconcile with the Bible, nay, and with the communion service of the church of England and its catechism, I will give him leave to call me schismatic, or heretic, or what he will. Indeed I had been worse than a lunatic, if I had not always provided a saving against all imputations of that kind. I love you very well, my dear readers, as you may plainly perceive; but not so well as to run the hazard of losing a handsome livelihood for your sakes. Besides, truth, at its first appearance, must not glare upon weak eyes. It ought first to be insinuated with a nice and delicate address, and as soon as the world is grown a little familiar with it, it may then go naked. If any of you should take it into his head to think, that I am not over-zealous for Christian piety and devotion, let him cast his eye towards the end of my book, where he will find a specimen of my devotion. He will there see prayers in their full pathetic perfection, and in a genteel and polite style, contrary to the vulgar custom. He will there see a spirit of piety strong enough to keep up an ejaculation for the length of thirty pages, which will fully convince him, that notwithstanding all the appearances in my book upon the Lord's supper, I am no enemy to devotion. I will take my leave of you, my gentle readers, with one piece of advice, which was never so much needed as in these too religious times. Be not righteous above measure.

Having thus epitomised our author's performance, I shall now acquaint the reader with the substance of a conversation that turned on the subject of this book, at which I happened to be present some time ago. The company was made up mostly of men of letters, who had all seen and read the plain account. After many remarks, some critical and some theological, they came at length to guess

at the author; but they could not agree among themselves upon any particular church to which they could give him. They observed, that he insinuates at the beginning of his preface, that he is a clergyman of the church of England, by saying that he had once the care of a parish; but this was generally regarded, as said with a design to conceal himself, and recommend his principles. To the like artifice they ascribed his attempt to reconcile his doctrines to our communion service, and all the guarded expressions he makes use of to elude the imputation of impiety and error, with which after all he is manifestly chargeable.

There was one who took him to be a Quaker; his reason for being of that opinion was, because he endeavours to debase the nature of the sacrament, and give the world a low notion of it; as a dead rite, consisting entirely in a mere outward act. I'll warrant you, said he, if the author could once bring the world to think with this book of his, we should immediately have another to shew the emptiness and vanity of such an idle ceremony, and the folly of performing it externally any longer. But I believe he might save himself the trouble; because if it were come to that, no sober Christian could think it a duty to observe it.

There was another who would needs have it to be the work of a Corkian Jacobite, as he expressed it; because, according to him, the arguments of the late bishop of Cork against drinking of memories had been undeniable, had there not been a concomitant grace supposed in the sacrament of the Lord's supper; which alone can difference it from drinking in memory of any other person. Now, said he, could this author bring the sacrament to a level with the glorious memory, the latter would then appear a profanation, and so must be laid aside. But I hope things will never come to that pass. I hope no artifices of his or any body's else will ever be able to make us forget our great benefactor king William.

This gentleman seemed to speak from a spirit of party, so his conjecture was received with little regard.

A third person insisted that the author must be a Jesuit. You see, said he, with what art and chicanery he

manages his arguments, how he wrests the Scriptures, how he winds and doubles, and throws out ambiguous expressions; but above all, what pains he takes to represent the Protestant notions of the sacrament, and especially those of the Church of England, as inclinable to the error of vilifying this holy institution. If this book could once prevail among us, what might not Papists then say? Besides, you see, he makes the sacrament consist in a mere *opus operatum*, but does it as covertly as he can, that after we have refined away all our true and orthodox notions of this institution, Popery may be found at the bottom.

There was a fourth, who delivered it as his opinion, that the author, be he of whatsoever church, must have published the book with a design to increase the number of occasional conformists, by shewing dissenters of all kinds, that they are in the wrong to make a difficulty of conforming to a rite so indifferent in its own nature, when a place of profit may be thereby obtained. If this sacrament, said he, is supposed to be purely commemorative, to need the consecration of no kind of clergy, to require no preparation in order to it, and to have no spiritual benefits conveyed by it, I cannot see how even a heathen could think of refusing it, provided there were any thing to be got by receiving it. The elements would in that case be as common as beef or water.

I subscribe to your opinion, said one who sat next him; but I must add, that I look upon the author to be a Socinian. His notions of the sacrament are the very same with those of that heresy. As they sink the person of Christ to mere humanity, they likewise bring his ordinances proportionably low; accordingly, throughout the whole plain account, there is no mention of Christ's merit as a means of our salvation, though his subject required it, not a syllable said of his divinity. The author places no relation between Christ and his church, but that of master and servant, or disciple.

This hint was no sooner given, than the whole company unanimously gave into his opinion. When they recollected the tendency of the work, they were still farther

confirmed in it. Since this they have ascribed it to one or other of the new light heretics; but none of them could ever think of attributing it to the bishop of Winchester.

If, however, it is still imagined, that this sink of heresy and immorality could possibly have flowed from a church of England pen, I cannot but condole with that church upon producing a treatise against the sacrament of the Lord's supper, as well as with her Protestant sister, the church of Scotland, upon producing another in favour of fornication. We live in strange times indeed, when there is only just so much religion and virtue left among us, as can afford bread or a name, by being wrote against.

I hope, since it is at present inconvenient for our clergy, to meet in convocation, that they will endeavour, each of them to find out the execrable author, and if he is a clergyman, drive him from their body, with a just zeal for religion; or if that cannot be done, refuse all communion with him. Whom can it be more necessary to excommunicate, than him who has laboured to pervert and vilify the most sacred ordinance of our religion, the very seal of our Saviour's last will and testament, and the very act of communion itself?

But if the author cannot be discovered, I hope Christ and the Christian church may expect so much from the pious zeal of our bishops, that they will not suffer the book to go uncensured, but will at their visitations publicly condemn its doctrines, and give a strict charge to their clergy to drive this wolf in sheep's clothing from among their respective flocks. While the false friends of religion shew so much art and industry to destroy it, shall its true friends shew no zeal in its defence, but stand by with a cool prudential indifference and calmly see its ruin? Shall our religion have many cunning and vigilant opposers, and none but lukewarm and inactive assertors? Shall it be thought enthusiasm or a breach of Christian charity, to stand up in defence of Christianity? Open enemies the church of Christ may boldly defy. Against such it can oppose reason enough to overthrow all their forces. But covert enemies and pretended friends are to be sought

out and treated in another manner. They should be dragged from their dark corners and exposed to the light, that they may be proved by the light; and when it is found by examination that they have been dealing in works of darkness, they should be put to open shame, and kept at a proper distance, to prevent infection; at least, till by a thorough quarantine they have purged themselves of those pestilent principles, that make it unsafe for other Christians to come near them.

SOME

PROPOSALS

FOR THE

REVIVAL OF CHRISTIANITY.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

SIR,

FROM the report of some friends who had read your Confessional, ere I had an opportunity of giving myself that pleasure, I imagined your performance was built on a plan much nearer to that of the following elaborate treatise, than I find it is. You aim, it is true, at the same mark, and draw your materials chiefly from the same applauded authors who furnished me with mine. Perhaps it is owing to my vanity, that I still think I have better hit their meaning, and come more roundly, as well as briefly, to the point in view than you have done. If you really saw this my treatise before you wrote the Confessional, you ought to have made me a compliment on having pointed out the scheme of your whole book. As we are both but borrowers and compilers, by no means original writers, either in regard to the matter or tendency of our lucubrations, you could not surely have thought this too great an honour. Be this as it will, I must observe to you, sir, that all your lay readers at least are extremely dissatisfied with that air of worldly selfishness which runs through your whole book. You talk so much of bread, of promotion, of the wealth of the church, &c. as objects you wish to arrive at, without the ugly obstacle of subscriptions in the way, that the laity, who are to be taxed for the levy of these emoluments, think there will be little advantage gained by them in the abolition of creeds, &c. if they are to be at equal expense in maintaining your no-system, as in supporting that of the

present establishment. You may perceive, I take another course, and one infinitely more acceptable you may be sure, to them. The sort of clergy I propose will cost them nothing. Whoever you and I are, especially if we are believed to be clergymen, the world must look on me as infinitely more disinterested than you, and on mine as a more saving scheme than yours, by the entire amount of all the sums arising from tithes and glebe lands throughout England and Ireland. Take it for granted, therefore, that whenever the legislature shall think proper to change hands, they will pass by yours, and go plump into mine, as exactly the same with the drift of our favourite originals, and as incomparably more consonant to the rules of good economy, both national and domestic.

SOME PROPOSALS,

&c. &c.

THERE was a pamphlet published in the year 1708, against abolishing Christianity in England. The title, it is true, was bold; but the author, though supposed to be a parson, was so modest as only to argue for the outward profession of that religion, without insisting on any thing farther as necessary to be retained, than mere nominal Christianity. His arguments seemed so reasonable, that they only abolished the thing itself, but still adhered to the name and profession, because both were incapable of giving any umbrage to the principles and manners of the times.

The author, like a true parson, that is never to be satisfied, encouraged by this unexpected success, had the assurance the very next year to print a Project for the Advancement of Religion and Reformation of Manners; in which, to the great offence and surprise of the public, the religion he proposed to advance, was the old stale affair of orthodox Christianity, as some affect to call it, together with the clog of the church, as hitherto received in these countries; and the manners he would reform us to, were those no less antiquated customs that had been all lately exploded under the unfashionable name of virtue. The nation may see by this example, how apprehensive it ought to be of the encroachments of the church, and how cautious of encouraging a set of men, whose designs are boundless, who are professed enemies to liberty, and who, if not opposed in time, will again reduce us to slavish mortifications, and superstitious prayers.

His project was knocked on the head by these three little defects in itself; first, the presumption and exorbitancy of the thing raised a general contempt and indignation in the breasts of all free Britons, whose liberties it proposed to abridge by a narrow way of thinking, and a certain stiffness and formality of living, which was directly opposite to the gay and easy manner they had just began to learn of the French. In the next place there was nobody so stupid but could perceive that it was designed to serve

a party. For as his project consisted chiefly in a proposal to the queen to promote none but men of virtuous, regular, and religious lives, to places of trust in either church or state; who sees not that the promoting and enriching himself and his set was at the bottom? This was too partial and narrow a scheme to take, because there would not have been men found to fill our vacant employments, and though there had, yet almost the whole bulk of the nation must have been excluded; so that it would have been a more flagrant grievance, and a greater abridgment of the civil rights of the subject, than even the Test Act itself. In the last place, the project in itself, was, and is, and ever will be, impracticable. I defy any queen or king either to distinguish the virtuous from the vicious, or the deserving from such as are otherwise. No man shews himself to his sovereign; and I may venture to say that there is not a king in Europe who ever saw one of his own subjects yet. But supposing a prince could distinguish between man and man, would it be consistent with any one refinement in modern politics to heap his favours on a few, and pass by so great a majority of his loyal subjects, for no other reason truly, but because they do not go to church, nor say their prayers, nor worship a God? If he can make it their interest to serve him, what need he care how far they gratify their inclination in the choice of their principles, and in their manner of living? Besides, if what I have often heard, from Machiavel and other great politicians, is true, your honest and religious fools are the most unfit creatures in the world to serve about a court. The narrowness of their principles, and the sickly delicacy of their consciences so hamper both their heads and hands, that they are altogether unqualified for business. A prince who has a genius equal to his high station, with such a set of precise formalists to execute his designs either among his subjects, or with his neighbouring princes, must make much the same figure that a man of mettle and spirit does, whose hands and feet are cramped and contracted by a severe fit of the gout. When he would make a stride he stumbles at a straw. When he would make his subjects tremble and his neighbours quake with the vigorous shake of his sceptre, he can scarcely wield a pin.

We may observe upon the whole, that his scheme, if it

could have had any effect at all, it must have been only to make virtue and religion mercenary, by annexing places of profit to the practice of them. If the state should once set itself to encourage virtue and discourage vice, it might come at last to destroy all virtue, because the appropriating temporal power and wealth to certain modes of living must be a heavy bias on the liberty we ought to enjoy of living and acting as we please. Now there being no virtue without liberty, whatsoever tends to abridge our liberty tends likewise to the destruction of virtue. He that has not leave to be vicious is forced to be virtuous (pardon the contradiction), I mean, is forced to live as if he were virtuous, which is the same thing with hypocrisy. Had this project taken place, the devil might have complained of foul play, inasmuch as the whole weight of worldly interest would have been put into the scale against him, and a manifest partiality shewn to religion.

Our Freethinkers will teach us larger notions, and more comprehensive principles than these; they will shew us that people ought not to be deprived of their civil privileges on account of irreligion or immorality, since they are still useful members of the society, since they serve the public to their own private detriment, and since they generously throw away their fortunes, ruin their healths, and damn their souls, purely for the public weal.

By this the reader may perceive the weakness and partiality of this projector; so I shall take my leave of him and his schemes, and try if I can present the public with others of a more free and generous tendency, founded on a more extended way of thinking, and, considering the times, more likely a great deal to succeed.

I will not arrogate to myself the glory of these proposals I am about to represent to my readers: they lie scattered up and down among the writings of our best English authors, and the world is only beholden to me for fetching them into a narrower compass, by a faithful abridgment of the sum and substance of each, so that the uses and excellencies of them all may be more clearly conceived, and more fairly compared. I shall speak out their sense too perhaps in plainer terms than their authors, who writing against the slavery and prejudice of the times, were obliged for the

most part to insinuate their sentiments in an artful and doubtful manner. If the reader should find any considerable inconsistency in the schemes one with another, he is not to be startled at it, because they are drawn from the works of various authors, and the public may approve and the legislature embrace any one, without being tied down in the least to the rest; however, though there may be particular differences, there will be a general likeness observable among them all, which they derive from the opposition of each to the one set of prejudices that have been established among us.

The many projects that have been proposed or set afoot for the advancement or revival of Christianity, have owed their miscarriage to the folly and avarice of the projectors, who always took care to make establishment and tithes, and church endowments a part of their schemes. This is the cause that the utmost attempts of the clergy could scarce ever procure more to be retained than mere nominal Christianity. If they had proposed such methods as should have been neither expensive nor burdensome to the laity, perhaps before this there might have been a very considerable number of real Christians among us. The projectors I draw from were aware of this, and have avoided it.

The first thing necessary to be done is to demolish the present established church to the very foundation. I believe it may be safely taken for a maxim, that the Christian church has been the destruction of the Christian religion: it follows therefore, that Christianity can never raise its head till the very rubbish of this proud pile be entirely removed from off it. The Test Act, with all the other laws relative to church affairs, ought to be repealed. It is impossible to establish one religion or modification of religion, without persecuting all others: for what does establishment consist in, but the restraining the rites of all the citizens to the professors of one religion? And what is this but partiality and persecution. Now if this be done in favour of the true religion, it is the most likely thing in the world to destroy it, because it must give it the appearance of a state trick and a party spirit; it must make it seem tyrannical, selfish, and worldly; and as it decks it in pomp and riches, must render it the object of envy and the prey of its ene-

mies. If we would have religion go safe, we must not leave any thing about her that is worth taking away, because such things are never taken away without violence and abuse. If we would have a church that should last for ever, let us erect it of pure spiritual materials, without any rotten mixture from this world, that must at last bring it to the ground; without enclosing it in the mud walls of worldly interest, that can neither be handsome nor lasting in a church, and without putting one stone or beam in it, that may entice church-robbers to convey them to their own houses. As the clergy have been the chief enemies to Christianity, the next thing that is to be done is to extirpate them root and branch. The present set ought to be either banished, or hanged to a man; because there is no hope of ever reducing them to a proper poverty of spirit, though we bring them ever so low in purse. Two admirable effects towards the revival of Christianity will proceed from hence. First, the people being left without teachers, may have leave to teach themselves, and instead of the learned and fanciful interpretations which the clergy have taught them to put upon the Scriptures, they may understand them in the plain and natural sense. Every man may be free to think for himself, and regulate religion according to his own way of thinking. For the same reason parents, who commonly set up for a kind of priest in their own families, and sometimes pretend to preach to their children and servants, ought to be hindered, by capital punishments, from instructing either in the principles of Christian religion, because they will infallibly teach them to think that Christianity which they themselves take to be so, and by that means educate them in such prejudices as cannot but be attended with wrong interpretations of Scripture when they grow up. Besides, when they come to years of discretion, Christianity may begin to appear stale and old-fashioned to them, having been so long trifled with during childhood, or perhaps a cheat, having been imposed on them before they could judge of its merits. All methods ought to be prohibited in advancing the true religion, that can possibly be so applied as to serve a false one. The other excellent effect that will proceed from the extirpation of the clergy is, that all those who have been turned away from Christianity

by the avarice, ambition, and ill lives of our priests, will return to it again, when the cause of their apostacy is removed. To this the dispersion of church wealth among the laity will contribute not a little, by putting them again in good humour. They will quickly begin to think more favourably of a religion they are to lose nothing by. Money is so scarce, and religions so abound in these times, that Christianity can never be introduced into these countries, unless it come for nothing.

Having thus cleared the ground by removing these two encumbrances of church and clergy, let us next see what we had best put in their places, and how we may contrive to prevent their being re-established.

My authors are much divided on this article: some are for never tolerating any such thing as clergymen in these nations for the future. They say every fibre of the clerical thorn ought to be rooted out of Christ's vineyard, lest it should again increase, and overspread the whole; that the core of this corruption ought to be entirely cut out, and purged away from the Christian body, lest it fester, and mortify, and infect the vitals; and that if we suffer clergy of any kind, or in any sense of the word to live among us, they will certainly bring back the church, and render the profession of Christianity so expensive again, that nobody will care to meddle with it.

Others disapprove of this extremity; because, in their opinion, Christianity can never be divulged among us, without some such kind of men; and their reason for being of that opinion is this. Christian religion, say they, is contained in an old book called the Bible; so that unless the people be able to read, though it is in English, they will be never the wiser for what it contains. The clergy therefore that they would have, are such as can read, and their whole employment to teach children to know their letters, to make syllables of letters, and to make words of syllables. To prevent their encroaching again upon the laity, as they have formerly done, there must be a law made, that if any of these teachers shall take above a penny a quarter per child, and be legally convicted of the crime, even by the affirmation of any one in the school, he shall be immediately hanged. If he be convicted of teaching his children any formula of re-

ligious principles, or explaining any part of the Bible to them, or catechising them, he shall be forthwith sentenced to be torn to pieces at horse-tails. If he be convicted of receiving a present from any body, of sneaking or sauntering within half a mile of any gentleman's house, as if he wanted to be asked to dine with the servants, or of fingering one farthing of any kind of money belonging to any body else, under any pretence whatsoever, beyond his own quarterly penny, that he shall be instantly burned alive. That in order to have these laws more effectually executed, any neighbouring justice or country squire may take cognizance of the aforesaid crimes, and upon the affirmation of any one person, not under the age of four years, proceed immediately to sentence and execution. It is thought (and I think not without reason) that these laws will sufficiently guard us against the usurpations of priestcraft, provided they be duly executed; and there is all the reason in the world to hope they will, since the execution is committed to those very persons who will first feel the ill effects of their encroachments, should they be suffered to raise their heads again. It is the country squire, or the man of landed interest, whose estate may be subjected to tithes, that has most reason to be apprehensive of the clergy; to those therefore it will be most prudent to commit those laws that are to prevent the growth of the church.

Some there are who seem still to have so much of their old prejudices unconquered, as to imagine that the Christian religion can never be taught, unless there be some persons to teach it; that the people would be too indifferent about it, if they were bred up in an entire ignorance of it, to get themselves instructed in its principles when they come to years; and that many of them are too poor to have their children taught to read, even at a penny a quarter. For these reasons they are of opinion that it is in some sort necessary to have certain persons publicly appointed to teach the principles of the Christian religion. They wish this could be done without expense or danger. But here is the difficulty. How shall we get people to instruct us, who will take nothing for their pains? How shall we get such persons as will infallibly teach us Christianity in its utmost purity, and set examples agreeable to the strictness of its morality?

It is not easy to get over this rub. However I will offer one expedient, which may perhaps deserve to be considered.

I believe it is agreed on all hands, that if there could be a man found entirely free from all appetites, desires, and passions, he would make a very good clergyman, because he would never be tempted by ambition, or avarice, or luxury, to encroach upon the laity. But it is impossible to get such a one, unless he is absolutely out of the need of meat, drink, and clothes; because he that stands in need of meat and drink, will certainly desire them, and this desire will in all probability, as is usual, transport him to the luxurious excess of choosing beef before Poor-John, and wine before water. Again, if he cannot subsist without clothes, who knows, but instead of wearing a mat, he may have the pride to make his cassock of a cadda, or somewhat even finer than that, which the laity truly must pay for, that the good man may apply himself to the instruction of the people, without any worldly lets or hinderances. All the expensive refinement and luxurious delicacy observed at the tables of the great, though one could scarce imagine it, is founded on the necessity we are under of eating and drinking; and all the finery and foppery of the world is owing to our not being able to go naked. Now if we would have a clergyman free from all that luxury, gluttony, avarice, and pride, which proceed from these natural wants, as their first principles, he should be able to live without meat or drink, and be weather-proof, any place from Nova Zembla to the Cape of Good Hope, without a stitch of clothes on him.

First as to wearing of clothes; it will be allowed me that men are capable of going naked, if they be accustomed to it from their infancy, as is manifest from the examples of many nations in America. Nay, the experiment is now made at home with very tolerable success, so that many of our poorer sort have been made, by a like treatment, little inferior to horses or asses, in bearing the injuries of the weather. Now if we should send none to our colleges but such as have been accustomed to hardships of this kind from their infancy, they might be trained up in a few years so as to need no more garments than our first parents did in their state of innocency. If they were accustomed to

sleep on the ground, and had their clothes withdrawn by degrees, as they could bear the cold, by the time they commenced bachelors, they might strip to their shirts, and the degree of masters might be taken by them quite naked.

It is not so easy to propose a practicable method for breeding them up to an independency on meat and drink; notwithstanding I hope it may be done. Many instances may be given of people who have lived so many days without food that they got over the desire, and even seemed to survive the necessity of it. The woman who took up her lodging in the church of Talla, and lived there twenty-eight days, without either meat or drink, is still fresh in every body's memory. It is true she died soon after, but it is very likely her death was occasioned by the meat they thrust down her throat. Who knows but she might have been immortal, if it had not been for this violence? Buchanan gives an account in his History of Scotland, of a man who could at any time fast thirty, forty, or fifty days at once, without receiving the least hurt by it. It is likely enough that the celebrated parsimony and abstemiousness of the Scotch may bring them nearer to a possibility of living entirely without food than any other nation; for which reason we may choose out our candidates for holy orders from among such of them as have been least accustomed to food. If there ever was a kale garden in the family since the memory of man, it should incapacitate the whole race for the ministry, because the habit of feeding plentifully or sparingly, or eating or not eating at all, often depends very much upon the hereditary practice of the family. There are families of the East Indians, who by being constantly employed from generation to generation in the pearl fishery, frequently produce men that are able to hold their breath half an hour under water. Suppose now, that food is as necessary to life as breath; yet if we consider that we are commonly obliged to breath about twelve times in a minute, and not eat over once in every twelve hours, it will be found upon a fair computation, that he who abstains from air for half an hour, has gone as far in that article as he who abstains from food for fifty or sixty years. I cannot see why nature should not be as pliant to custom in the one respect as the other. Why can we not make the ex-

periment however? Let us take the aforesaid lads, whom we are inuring to nakedness, and, withdrawing an ounce of their allowance every day, try if we can bring them to subsist without aliment. I am confident that if they are carefully culled out of those families, who, upon searching the rent-roll of landlords, are found to pay the greatest sums per acre, they may be easily brought to live without any other nourishment, at least, than such as the bramble and the hawthorn may afford them: they are almost able to do it already: a little more practice would qualify them to live a pure spiritual life, above all dependency on matter. If this scheme were once set a foot, we might then have religion, which has hitherto been so intolerably expensive to us, taught, without costing us a farthing, and taught too in its utmost purity; for these holy men, so far removed above gross and carnal food, so exempted from the wants and weaknesses of other men, could never be tempted to mislead us out of worldly views. With what confidence might such men as these preach up abstinence and fasting, who could fast all their lives? With what a good grace could they inveigh against foppery, with all the pomps and vanities of the world, who could make a coat of their own skin, and go stark-naked? With what a becoming humility would religion appear in those open and undisguised pastors? They must be perfectly ingenuous and sincere, because they could have no inducement to inculcate what they did not believe themselves, no temptation to pluralities, no insatiable thirst after higher promotion to carry off their thoughts from their duty. The laity would always be in perfect good-humour with them, because church-lands and endowments, with all the exactions of ecclesiastical courts, would then be given up; tithes and small dues, about which such a coil is kept between parson and parishioner, would be no more.

The better to set forward this scheme, all the books that have ever been wrote on religious affairs since the closing of the scriptural canon, ought to be burnt. It is impossible to restore the purity of Divine revelation, without purging away all the dross of human invention, with which it is clogged and encumbered. By putting this in practice, we shall replace ourselves where John the evangelist left us,

that is, in the very midst of primitive purity and simplicity, without one controversy to distract us, or one commentary to mislead us. We shall have neither creeds to contract the Scriptures into a littleness proportionable to the puny faith of some, nor bodies of Divinity to swell them to the enormous bulk which human invention has given them, in order to suit religion to the faith of others who can swallow and digest any thing. We shall neither have articles, nor catechisms, nor canons, nor acts of councils to restrain the Scriptures to particular senses, and abridge our right of putting what sense on them we please. It has never been well with religion since it became a science, and could not possibly be learned without being taught. It has been commented and interpreted, till it is scarce possible to be understood. It has been explained till it is filled with mysteries so inexplicable, that we have lost sight of its plain and genuine meaning, another having been put between us and it that means little or nothing : your professors of divinity are rightly called Theologi, because they have reduced it to words and dead letters, and their works may well be called bodies of divinity. They have all the qualities of bodies void of souls, and matter inanimate. They have a perfect 'vis inertiæ,' which disposes them to lie for ever still, if they are not set in motion, and which will set the world in an eternal ferment, if they be once roused. They are so opaque that scarce one ray of the gospel can escape through them. Since the abolition of Christianity they may be looked upon as its corpse or carcass resigned to the worms. We cannot expect that the spirit of Christianity will ever return to animate such lumps as these. How is it possible? Which is the true body among the ten thousand? Or are they all the true bodies of divinity, by a kind of transubstantiation, as the Popish wafers are pretended to be of Christ? If it were not for such performances as these we might every one have the pleasure of a peculiar religion of his own, which might be deduced from Scripture by an unlimited licence of interpretation; or if convenience required, made up first in our own minds, and then reconciled to the Bible at leisure.

There is another kind of books which it will be as necessary to commit to the flames as the former, I mean your

systems of logic. Of all the authors in the world these are the most impudent, because they take upon them to teach us to reason; and of all the readers theirs are the most slavish, because they submit their reason to be taught, as if reasoning could be an art. I wonder we have never had professors to teach us how to see, and instruct us in the profound and mysterious science of beholding. Is not reason as necessary as sight, and oftener applied to? How can we suppose then that it is less perfect? There is no kind of impostors so pernicious, or so carefully to be guarded against, as these, because they have, from the very first to the last of them, conspired the perversion of our noblest faculty, even that by which we are distinguished from brutes. Thought, that was designed for the most boundless and towering flights, is limited to an arrow track, and tethered to a certain space, so that a man is no longer master of his own thoughts, nor capable of thinking as he pleases. All mankind truly must be obliged to one way of thinking; the most absurd and impossible attempt that could ever enter into the head of man, and the most directly against all liberty. And who is it that is to impose his own way of thinking on the rest of the world? Why, a dry methodical pedant, who has as just a title to impose his will, and be universal monarch, as his reason, in order to become universal tutor to mankind. No two men ever thought the same way; no, not even two logicians; nor is it possible they should, till a method can be found out to manacle and shackle the mind, like the body, which it is to be hoped never will. Man is not a machine. He is a free agent. But I defy him to act freely, unless he think freely, and that is impossible, while his reason is directed by the reason of another. It is on this account that the Christian religion can never be received while these books are in being, because they would needs compel us all into the same way of reasoning, in order that we might all put the same interpretation on Scripture. This would end in a total extinction of all liberty; and who would care to give up his liberty? Who knows what restraints might be laid on our passions and our pleasures by this method of restraining our reason to particular interpretations of Scripture? Why ought we not to have the same freedom of understanding in the use

and application of a religion that is allowed in the choice? Though Christianity, apprehended syllogistically, may possibly please a few, yet we may venture to say, that it must disgust the generality of mankind, particularly all the polite and gay, and such as are governed by any tolerable taste of things.

One good consequence that attended the abolishing of Christianity is, that since that, the several sects and churches have treated each other with less spleen, and the spirit of schism is observed to abate every day. Our zeal for the Christian religion degenerated at last into an unnatural warmth for party opinions and denominations which cannot be destroyed till the natural or radical heat is extinguished. Schism is like an incurable inflammation in the Christian body, which no lenitives can cool or heal till death puts an end to its malignancy, by quenching the natural fermentation of life, that supported it against itself. The little stir that is still kept about ceremonies and such like matters, like the fermentation and tumour observable in the corpses of such as have died suddenly, will soon cease; so that the vital flame of Christianity may return without being infected with those calentures that have already proved mortal.

This is therefore a happy conjecture for the legislature to make all convenient dispositions for the revival of Christianity; not that I would have our lawgivers or governors pretend to establish or impose it by regal and parliamentary authority; but they ought to set the nation in a proper way to receive it, for as matters are at present, it can never be admitted. Perhaps I shall be better understood when I propose the alterations that are necessary to be made.

First, then, his majesty must be most humbly addressed to abdicate the crown, and renounce all right and title thereunto in him and his heirs for ever. Christianity is inconsistent with a government that is in any sense monarchical. A king, like another man, must put his own interpretation on Scripture: now how can each member of the society be free to explain the Scripture in his own way and for his own purpose, when there is one at the head whose interpretation is backed by royal power? And who will choose a religion which he is not at liberty to understand in such a

sense as he thinks proper? This is perhaps one reason why the Dutch are the most religious of the Europeans, and we the next, as approaching the nearest to a republic of any nation that is not entirely such. The members of the present established church, together with the Papists, are so weak as to imagine it possible for Christianity to be received and supported under any form of government; so they can take no umbrage at a new revolution, on a religious account. But the church of Scotland has always rightly judged that the religion of the Bible can never thrive under the influence of a kingly administration; and therefore, since there is one entire church against monarchy, and the other two indifferent, perhaps his majesty will be graciously pleased to make way for the revival of Christianity, by demolishing that regal power, which may in time be converted into a tyranny over the opinions of a free people.

As soon as Magna Charta is burnt, and the present constitution dissolved, it will be then proper to think of modelling our civil affairs, in such a manner as may best suit with the restoration of Christianity. I know there are some who will insist strongly on the danger of admitting any form of government, and the happiness of living quite out of the fear of having individual liberty in religious matters abridged by public authority; but anarchy is allowed by all politicians to be an impossible state. Mankind must fall into some kind of government. Wherefore to prevent our running into a worse, the best way will be to throw ourselves into a democracy immediately. In that form we may have religion under as great variety of forms as we please. Every one upon the abrogation of kingly power may commence a little king in himself, and regulate his religious principles and opinions as arbitrarily as his desires and his will may require.

Perhaps it may be objected, that even in a democratical state there must be magistrates, and that the supreme magistrate, for the time being, may be possessed with a spirit of proselytism, and employ his power to advance his own religion, and oppress those of other people. The only safe way to remedy this, is to have magistrates of no religion. It is not to be expected that there will be men found so candid as to let others continue unmolested in the profession of

their several religions, provided they have any themselves, and be able to disturb them. Every magistrate therefore, from a generalissimo down to a petty constable, must, before he enters upon his office, publicly renounce all religion, and profess himself, in the strictest sense of the word, an Atheist. If afterward, during the term of his administration, he shall be seen at any public place of worship, or heard to maintain any religious opinion, or known to countenance one profession or discourage another, as soon as he can be conveniently convicted of his crime, he must be put to death. But the better to prevent all danger of committing the state to persons of any religion, the people must be careful to elect only such for their governors as, by their lives and conversations, have given sufficient proof of their being entirely free from all religion.

The greater part of the mischiefs, that have fallen out in civil society, has been owing to the mistake of establishing some religion, and mixing government and that together. A more inconsistent compound was never jumbled into one. The ingredients are so heterogeneous and incompatible, that they ought by all means to be kept asunder. The government ought never to meddle with, or lend its assistance in religious affairs, because in those all order and government must be absurd and prejudicial. The professors of religion ought never to interfere with the government, because in that there must be no religion. The two ought to be kept entirely clear and independent of each other, because ambition in the religious is contrary to Christianity, and regard to religion in the government will render it partial, to the prejudice of true religion. To attempt uniting them is to mix and confound things sacred and profane.

As establishing any religion has always been found to be attended with the worst consequences, particularly in suppressing the religion so established, I would by no means advise the legislature to establish the Christian, even supposing they were Christians themselves. It is humbly submitted to their wisdom, whether, if we must have an established church, it would not be advisable to establish Mahometism. It would in all likelihood produce two very good effects. First, it would go fair to ruin the credit Mahometism has already obtained among us, because if taxes

or tithes were laid on our people for the support of the mufti, it would raise up a thousand objections against their religion among so ingenious a laity, and be more likely to detect the imposture of their doctrines than any other expedient that can be thought of. Then again Christianity would probably have the benefit of being persecuted by the established clergy, by which we may be sure both the number and zeal of its professors would in a little time increase prodigiously.

But if it be thought too far to go all the way to Turkey for a state religion, the legislature may make use of the Popish to as good effect both ways; and besides, it is a stately religion, and fitter by far than any other for the magnificence and parade of a highday or a public appearance. I am fully persuaded that, if our laity were to suffer the exactions of the Popish clergy but for two or three years, there would not be a man of them that would not be able to refute a Jesuit, and fully expose the impudent pretensions of the pope. It is as probable likewise that if that church were established among us, and Christianity came to be introduced afterward, it would meet with such opposition and persecution from the inquisition as could not but produce a glorious harvest of martyrs, and wonderfully set forward the conversion of a people who have always distinguished themselves from all other nations by a brave and undaunted spirit of opposition.

When the constitution is once put on the aforesaid footing, several laws may be made to favour and assist the revival of Christianity; such as, that nobody be suffered to harangue the populace in defence of it, because it has been found that such declaimers as have been hitherto licensed to speak publicly in its defence, have often put off their own notions instead of scriptural doctrines, and employed a world of false eloquence to insinuate false principles.

Another law may be made to prohibit disputations on religious subjects, by which means religious zeal having no vent at the tongue, may be turned through its proper channel into a virtuous life and conversation. Virtue has for this age or two been deprived of its due nourishment from religion by a violent flux of disputation, that has carried off the wholesome food, and left nothing but crudities behind.

My authors furnish me likewise with three other schemes, which, though not so promising as the former, do nevertheless deserve to be remembered on account of their singularity, if they had nothing else to recommend them.

The first is, to prohibit all religions whatever under pain of death. Upon the first view of this scheme one would not be apt to imagine it could answer the end proposed, because Christianity must be made a capital crime among the rest. But upon more mature consideration it does not seem altogether so absurd. If all religions were forbid on pain of death, Christianity might nevertheless force its way among us, because it can inspire a contempt of death, and then all others must by that means be effectually kept out. This project would certainly prevent all hypocritical profession of Christianity; and what would be admirable is, that we should have as many martyrs as Christians.

The second is to burn the Bible. This seems even more extraordinary than the former, because its author insists on the destruction of all other books wrote on the Christian religion; so that one would imagine it might by this means be reduced to the necessity of either depending entirely on the broken chain of oral tradition, or else being utterly banished out of the world. But my author maintains that Christianity is as old as the creation of the world, and that the kind of Christianity introduced by Christ is novel and imperfect. Nay, he farther insists, that the Christianity of Christ is destructive of the right old Christianity, and that before the one can be restored to its ancient and universal purity, the other which perverts and corrupts it, must be destroyed. Whether this is so or not, I am not historian enough to determine. For my own part I never heard of such a religion, and universally received too in the world, before the coming of Christ. However, the matter is humbly submitted to the learned reader, who must work it out by himself, the best way he can, because I can neither furnish him with any helps from my author nor myself. I can only advise him to consult the Egyptian and Chinese records which I have never seen; it is possible he may there find Christianity introduced and universally received forty or fifty thousand years ago. If he does I hope he will com-

municate his discovery to the public. If it is asked what book or scripture we are to apply to in order to be informed of the old Christian principles, my author answers to our own understandings and hearts. If this be so, the old Christianity must certainly differ very much from the new, which requires a good deal of pains, especially among the illiterate, before it can be thoroughly learned. Several paradoxes necessarily follow from our author's doctrine, such as, that in order to be good Christians we must deny Christ; that if we would believe in the Christian religion, we must first believe Christ to be an impostor; that the doctrines of Christ were planted in the world long before he was born; and that he came into the world only to confound and destroy his own religion. My author, who in King James's time was a Papist, took the hint of this scheme from the church of Rome, that forbids to read the Bible.

The last scheme, which I find supported by more votes and better reason, is to establish all religions. The practice of the old Romans is a strong argument in favour of this scheme, so far as it relates to the good of the state. They no sooner conquered a nation, than they took care to cultivate an interest with its gods, by making them free of the city. The gods of any distinction had temples built for them, and those of inferior note were admitted into the temples of their betters. My memory furnishes me with but one exception to this. There was a constant persecution of onions and garlic, those celebrated Egyptian deities, kept up among the Roman soldiery and populace. If it is asked how this can possibly tend to the advancement of Christianity, I answer, that as by this means all religions will be likely to have a fair hearing, all that can possibly be said for each will soon be known, and disputations will be kept constantly on foot, so that the false continually clashing must at last perish through their unsoundness, and the true one or the Christian survive alone. Besides, where there are many religions publicly authorized, it usually happens that none of them is followed with much zeal. Now this state of indifference is the fittest disposition in the world for the examination of truth. There are few, however, that can be persuaded that a person almost indifferent to all religions may be easier converted to Christianity, than one already preju-

diced in favour of some other religion, as if it were harder to excite a religious zeal than convince the understanding by dint of reason.

It is not improbable that these proposals may at first shock some of your prejudiced persons who have been bred up in the slavery of old errors, and a narrow way of thinking; however, I shall not think my pains ill bestowed, if my short sketches be approved of by those clear heads and free spirits, that have so often admired them in the great originals, from whence I have only copied them in miniature. The times seem to be pretty forward, though perhaps not quite ripe for the execution of such great designs; I must therefore expect to be treated as all public spirited projectors usually are, with envy and detraction. But I may comfort myself with this reflection, that I should never have undertaken to propose expedients for the reformation of the times, had I not thought them at the lowest ebb of virtue; and from such, who would hope for either candour or gratitude?

The vulgar may perhaps imagine, that the authors I have borrowed these proposals from, were enemies to Christianity, because they have laid designs to revive it, that are above the comprehension of plain and illiterate people. But I assure them, no canonized saint of the church could give higher encomiums of the truth and excellence of the Christian religion. Now to suspect them after this of a design to subvert Christianity would be most cruel and unchristian.

Our legislators, who have more discernment, it is hoped, will distinguish themselves from the populace, by entertaining none of their bigoted and superstitious apprehensions, and by judging with more freedom and refinement.

However, if none of the foregoing proposals should happen to be approved of, we hope our lawgivers will think of some other expedient more effectual for the revival of Christianity in these countries. There are several very good political reasons for it. First, as religion, which, in the divine poet Herbert's time,

> Stood a tip-toes on our land,
> Ready to fly to the American strand.

is now flown, so that those who have any regard to it will

be obliged to fly after it; our lawgivers would do well to use their utmost endeavours to have it revived among ourselves, to prevent the decrease of our people, and the wasting our estates. Would it not be absurd that our parliament, while they are with so much diligence concerting measures for raising sufficient quantities of hops, wheat, &c. by the cultivation of our own lands, in order to prevent the sending out our money to procure those commodities from abroad, should in the mean time take no care to revive and cultivate Christianity, which, if revived among us, might keep the inhabitants in the nation?

Christianity is of incomparable efficacy in rendering its professors regardless of riches, and the other good things of this world; nor does it less powerfully inspire patience under oppression and tribulation. A true Christian can resign himself to any kind of treatment, without murmuring; he can bear contempt and poverty without the smallest resentment at him who squeezes or plunders him. Now I humbly submit it, whether it is not extremely the interest of all who have estates, that such a religion be embraced by the lower kind of people.

A

DISSERTATION

ON

THE CONSTITUTION AND EFFECTS

OF

A PETTY JURY.

Mos erat antiquus, niveis atrisque lapillis,
His damnare reos, illis absolvere culpæ.—Ovid. Metam.

There is a sort of an ecclesiastical saying in every body's mouth; 'The nearer the church, the farther from God.' Perhaps if this civil one were introduced, it would not be amiss; 'The nearer the court, the farther from right.' It is a common observation, that there is no where more filching, and picking of pockets, than at the execution of a felon. For the truth of this we are to credit those who frequent such entertainments. But I can aver upon my own knowledge, that in no place more tricking and dishonesty is learned and practised, than in and near our courts of justice, as they are called; I do not mean that the jail, which generally makes a part of the court-house, is a seminary of thieves, and a kind of college where the arts of evading law, and escaping justice may be easily and cheaply learned by the dregs of the people. What I mean, is, that in the court itself, where the law is explained and causes tried, the wealthier kind of people are taught a more refined system of arts, by which property may be confounded in a creditable, and blood shed in an honourable way.

Having lived for these four or five years in an assize town, and having not only conversed a good deal with the people, but also attended at many trials of different kinds,

I have had frequent and flagrant opportunity of observing, that for one that obtains justice, a hundred are taught injustice at an assize. This I will not charge, as is generally done, on the periodical flight of powdered practitioners that circulate with our judges, and to make law the more necessary, endeavour to banish religion from among our country gentlemen, who, being obliged to take that matter upon authority, had rather trust to a lay-brother, than him that gets the tithes. Many of these people, it is true, who have learned to talk, do some hurt. They sap the only foundation of honesty, by undermining religion; and every body knows the less honesty the better for them.

The general decay of justice must be owing to some cause more powerful, and more nearly concerned in the administration of our laws. I am afraid the constitution of a petty jury is chiefly to be blamed for it. However, whether it is or not, will perhaps better appear upon examination.

A petty jury consists of twelve men, who are obliged, upon oath, well and truly to try, and true deliverance make, of such causes as are brought before them. Their trial and deliverance is to be the result of the evidence produced by either or both parties in the debate. As soon as they have heard the witnesses examined, they are shut up in a close room, and one set to keep the door, who is sworn to suffer neither meat, drink, fire, nor candle to be carried in to them, nor any of them to go out thence, till they are ready to give a verdict, in which they must be unanimous to a man, or it is not decisive. If there is but one who dissents from the opinion of the rest, they are all confined under the aforesaid difficulties till he agrees, nor can they be set at liberty, till the judge is out of the county.

Such is the constitution of a petty jury, which, were it shewn to some one, who had never heard of a jury before, would probably appear a very unpromising instrument of justice. The necessity that the whole number should be unanimous, is the first thing that would shock him. Some cases indeed are made so plain by the evidence, that all mankind must agree about them; but there are infinitely more cases where the evidence is neither so clear nor full,

but that of six who attend to it, one or two would differ from the rest, at least till they had conferred. And it should seem no less improbable that conferring should reconcile them. Every one who is in the least acquainted with human nature, knows, that to persuade or convince is a very difficult undertaking, and that the difficulty is still incomparably greater, when the reasons, the opinions, the prejudices, and perhaps interests of one man are to be beat down, and those of another erected in their place. We see that in mere speculative disputes, the shame of a defeat, and thirst of victory are alone sufficient to make them endless.

It may be objected here, that the oath of a petty juror, and the sense of his duty will probably take off those biasses from his mind, and leave him at liberty to hear reason and to form a fair and candid judgment. He that knows mankind, knows the case to be otherwise in general. In most men, passion and interest are superior to principle, and govern without disguise. In many, they conceal themselves under a shew of reason, and so impose upon conscience. But in those few that are swayed by conscience, if their oath rids them of prejudices and attachments, it substitutes in the room of them such a scrupulous and timorous exactness as will make it very hard for them to be determined either by their own or other people's reasonings; insomuch that if we could suppose a jury of such, the case must be extremely clear in which they could agree. A man of candour frequently finds it difficult to decide a doubtful case within himself. If in one mind there is so much room for debate and doubt, what must there be among twelve, whose ways of thinking are at least as peculiar and individual as their faces?

How rare a thing is it to see a company of four or five agree about such points as happen to be debated among them? It is well if they can bring their various sentiments under but two opposite opinions. I speak this of companies made up of people upon an equality with one another. Even when the fortune or reputed understanding of one makes him a dictator to the rest, his opinion is only complimented with a seeming concurrence. But when a man is sensible that the property or life of his neighbour,

and his own soul, are all risked upon the justice of his verdict, then if there is either sense or conscience in him, they will oblige him to examine with the greatest nicety, and judge with the utmost circumspection. And what will be the effect of all this? Why, in some cases, and in some minds it will be attended with such doubts and scruples as the man himself can never determine, though he call in all the assistance of other people. But in others, such a nice and severe disquisition will end in an opinion so riveted, that no arguments nor persuasions will be able to get the better of it. In either case there will be no determination; or if there is, it will be against the conscience of some in the number. In short, if a man is more concerned to examine with care, and judge for himself upon oath, than without it, it follows that opinions, formed at such a peril of his soul, will be less accommodated to the opinions of others, and yield with infinitely more reluctance to persuasion, than such as he is accountable for only to his understanding, which, nevertheless, few men know how to surrender.

It is plain that the Gothic compilers of this constitution have taken all the above-mentioned difficulties for granted, by the means they have used to procure verdicts notwithstanding. The twelve men are to be kept close in the most uncomfortable confinement till they can agree. They are to have neither meat, drink, fire, candle, nor easement, unless their porter is so charitable as to damn his soul for their relief, till they can all think one way. The contrivers of this expedient being sensible that there is a very strict connexion between the mind and body of man, and not knowing how to strike immediately at the mind, played their engine against the body, by distressing of which they proposed to reduce reason and conscience to a proper pliancy. It is manifest, that in this they took more care to have a verdict, than that justice should be done, though the latter was the only end to be obtained, and the jury itself but the means.

I believe there cannot be an instance given of a more barbarous attack upon reason, or greater violence done to the conscience. The body is to be starved, and the life put in imminent danger in order to bring over the under-

standing, while its real determination is supposed to be withheld by conviction, and its outward assent by an oath. Is it not as monstrous to consult justice by forcing a unanimity in this manner, as to force uniformity by persecution, in order to the advancement of religion? By thus laying a weight upon the body, the external assent is brought over, while conviction and conscience stare it full in the face. I fancy it must be entertaining enough to observe the sentiments of a jury that differed widely at its first going out, drawing nearer and nearer to each other as the reasons, offered by the appetite and stomach grow stronger and stronger, till all their differences being devoured, as it were by hunger, are digested and done away, and the opinion of him or them who are least dependant upon meat and drink, is returned as the unanimous opinion of them all. What are reason and principle in the way of hunger, that breaks through stone walls?

Such would be the objections of one, who never heard of a jury before, to the form of our petty jury, from the mere nature of the thing itself. It may be asked then, how such an unreasonable scheme for the administration of our laws came to take place among us, and what induced the nation to submit the bulk of all its business, the properties, liberties, and lives of the subject, to a contrivance so misshapen and so ill-concerted? It is not unlikely that the same causes which usually produce unjust laws, or partial schemes of government had their share in the production of this. If it is very liable to interest, and can be easily made to serve the occasions of the leading man or party in a country, as I shall shew presently, this might have helped it into practice at first, and supported it afterward. It is certain, however, that it is of Gothic original, and that it was invented, and at first practised by a rude and barbarous people, little skilled in the art of government. Besides, at its first invention it might have had a more tolerable form; taken altogether, it seems to have been the inconsistent work of different ages, if not of different interests. It is probable that at first, it was only a court of twelve men, who were to be unanimous, or there could be no verdict; but without an oath, without confinement, &c. which seem to have been added afterward, in order to force a

verdict, and yet provide for an honest one, as well as possible. It was brought into Great Britain by the Anglo-Saxons, to whose government and laws it might have been better adapted than to ours; it certainly was to their religion. They were heathens, among whom the obligation of an oath could neither have been so sacred nor so binding as among Christians, truly such. When they became Christians they were too tenacious of their old customs and privileges, to lay this form aside, though the necessary unanimity on the one hand, and the dreadful obligation of an oath on the other, rendered it then so inconvenient. The sufferings of the English under the Norman kings, among which we may reckon as chief, the abolition of their ancient laws, which had been lately reduced to a body by Edward the Confessor, were so great, that they thought themselves happy in the restitution of them by the charter of Henry the First. At such a juncture, had there been greater defects than this we are complaining of (and greater are scarce possible) they would have made no scruple of embracing them, accompanied with their ancient liberties and laws.

Thus the petty jury, as we now have it, being introduced piece by piece, came down to us as a part of our constitution; and as it was always supposed to be the chief foundation of the people's privileges, it was not to be expected that the people should desire to see any alterations made in it. Though if it can be shewn that its form is such as exposes the bulk of the people to the iniquity and oppression of their petty tyrants, more than it guards them against the power of the crown, they will have but little reason to glory in it as the basis and bulwark of their privileges.

To effect this, it will be sufficient to prove by experience, and from its own nature, that it has the strongest tendency to render perjury and partiality familiar to the commons in general, and to exclude those from sitting as jurors, whose consciences are not to be corrupted by any means. For wherever this is the case, wherever oaths are made light of, and common honesty despised, wherever good and honest men, whose consciences are governed by religion, are shut out from the administration of the laws, and the administration left only to such as have nothing to consider but how to

serve themselves, or those who can serve them again, there privileges, and liberties, and rights are a mere jest. The great man, or the ruling party disposes of every thing at discretion.

But to the first point, viz. That a petty jury tends strongly to render perjury and partiality familiar to the commons in general, or the people. It is a constant practice, when any one dissents from the opinion of his brother jurors, first to endeavour to reduce him by the strongest arguments they can offer; if those do not take effect, the next expedient is teizing; if conviction and conscience still hold out (and in reason and charity those ought to be supposed as the principles of an opposition so very inconvenient and prejudicial to himself), then he is to be represented to the world as a wretch of the most perverse and crooked disposition, as stiffened by a bribe, or partial to the wrong side against justice and his oath; in short, as a man with whom business cannot be done, nor measures taken. This character is fixed on him as a brand by which other sheriffs are warned to avoid him, and his countrymen so frightened, that no body cares to be on the same jury with him again. Besides, as he can serve nobody, nobody will serve him. As he has opposed the reigning interest, it will not fail to oppose him, whenever it is his misfortune to have any business of his come before a jury. All these considerations, added to hunger, cold, confinement, and darkness, beat strongly against his conscience. He must be a little hero to bear up and combat such a frightful muster of almost every thing that can hurt him in this life. There is nothing more rare than such a spirit. Notwithstanding all the difficulties in the way of unanimity, arising from diversity of opinion, and the solemnities of an oath, we see the difficulties and terrors just now mentioned, on the other side, prevail so over them, as to bring the jury (unless it be once in a thousand times that they stay out a little while for decency's sake) to a ready and cheerful agreement. Business is dispatched, and right settled, with almost as much expedition, as if the determination were lodged in the breast of one single man; and we are agreeably surprised to see causes of the most doubtful and difficult nature, decided in a few minutes by twelve men, any two of whom could find

matter of many hours dispute in any ordinary controverted point, where neither their discernment is awakened by an oath, nor their caution by a sense of justice. That the desire of doing justice should make one less scrupulous, and an oath less conscientious, is surprising; or that where there are more scruples, there should be fewer doubts; where more conscience, less debate and disquisition, is what from a knowledge of mankind, one would not expect. Nor indeed are those causes of nicety and dispute in all other cases, the causes of agreement in this; no, in this they are no causes at all; they do not interfere; they are superseded by the fear of being outlawed, in the manner mentioned above, or by a willingness to court the reigning interest. These principles are to be thanked for all that harmony with which our differences are decided by petty juries. The ends these aim at are well known and easily agreed upon.

As soon as any one has once or twice made a sacrifice of his conscience to the aforesaid considerations, he is then qualified for business, he neither thinks perjury nor partiality such odious or such terrible crimes as he took them for at a distance; he is prepared to use them on other occasions as well as on a jury, whensoever his own interest or the service of his friends, which to him (generous man!) are the same thing, shall require it. His conscience, a little refractory at first, being now backed and bitted by his interest, trudges on quietly through thick and thin, and is so very tame, that it will, without wincing in the least, suffer him now and then to take up a friend behind him in a dirty road. This gentleman thus qualified, and with this happy turn to business shews a particular zeal for the service of his country. He is never wanting to the sheriff nor his friends. You see him bustling and squeezing forward into the eye of the court, ready to answer aloud to his name, and catching at the book, when he comes to be sworn, with an eagerness that shews he has the business of the county at heart.

Now as almost all our squires and freeholders take their turns to sit on the public business as petty jurors, so they have all an opportunity of qualifying themselves as aforesaid. I submit it now to all the candid and observing,

whether a petty jury may not be looked on as the nursery and school of all our country law-jobbers, and county politicians, as the source of almost all that shameless partiality, impious perjury, and cruel oppression, under which the country groans; and of all those monstrous verdicts especially, with which the petty juries of one county have surprised and shocked even those of another.

Again, this same constitution of the petty jury, while it, as it were with one hand scatters the contempt of justice and an oath among the people, with the other drives away the honest and the conscientious from the administration of our laws and the service of their country. It must be great resolution indeed, and such as few men are masters of, that can encourage an honest man to make one on a petty jury, when he knows, that if he should dissent from the interest that is to govern the rest, he is to be made the public mark of calumny, that his reputation, and his fortune, if it is liable, are to be worried by the den of lions, whose teeth are spears and arrows, and whose tongue is a sharp sword. Few men would care to run into the miserable dilemma, either to act against their consciences, or to bring on themselves the persecution of the county in which they live. For this reason it is that honest and scrupulous men absent themselves from the public business, and choose to be fined rather than incur a much greater evil, which they have so just reason to fear, the clashing of their consciences, and the constitution of the petty jury will bring upon them. By this means the fine, that was intended for the public good, becomes a tax upon conscience and common honesty, commodities so rare that I believe the duty on them brings but little into the treasury of any county. An honest man who keeps a shop, or deals in any kind of retail, whose business and trade depends upon the number of his customers, is more especially concerned to shun an assizes, if there be any cause to be brought on above the trial of a pickpocket; because he is more dependent on his character, and on the good or ill-will of his neighbours, than people in any other kind of business. Nor is the loss of this class of men to justice a small one, because, of all kinds of men, capable of being on a petty jury, from the country squire to the five pound farmer, there

are none, generally speaking, so rational or conscientious as the merchants, none on whom the welfare of the nation does so much, or so immediately depend, none therefore who are both so well qualified for, or so justly entitled to, the administration of law and justice.

Can any country be more unhappy than one in such a situation as this, with meddlers, and time-servers, and party-men, to say no worse, and worse need not be said, to execute its laws, and distribute justice? And can any thing be plainer than that the form and constitution of a petty jury is principally in fault? Let every one judge now whether, in a place, where self-interest, avarice, and corruption prevail, the rich, and the cunning must not have the management of every thing. It is not possible that there should be common privileges or a public good where honesty is wanting, because conscience being thrust out of play, and interest, the only principle, the only spring and motive of all that passes, power must be bought and sold, must inevitably fall into the hands of a few, who are able to purchase it. By this means that share of power, which by our constitution is vested in the commonalty, is as effectually taken out of their hands as if there were but one will in the nation. In some counties the government, which ought of right diffusively to belong to the whole body of the people, is collected and shared by two or three, who associate to dispose of it, as seems best to themselves, without being diverted from their schemes, or maiming their measures by weak scruples about justice. Among these, however, justice is sometimes done, and the people admitted to some share in affairs by the mutual jealousies, and the frequent contentions among their leaders. When the great ones fight for the power, the people, under their feet, sometimes catch up such parcels of it as fall in the scramble. There are but two sides of a question, so that when those in power are divided, the stronger party must take one side, and sometimes it happens luckily to be the right one. In other counties the administration is purely monarchical. There is one person who can carry any thing. Whoever has a point to gain must have his assistance, and in lieu of it engages his whole interest, and his most vigorous services to that person. And as this either was, is, or may be the

case with every one within the county, so the little tyrant has every body at his devotion. Who now is so blind as not to see, that this could never happen, had oaths and the love of justice the weight among us that they ought to have? And who does not see by what means we are taught the scandalous contempt of oaths and justice that reigns among us; and how it comes to pass, that a people made free by the present constitution of the kingdom, are shamefully and miserably enslaved by their corruption and want of conscience?

I know nothing more ridiculous than to hear our people, as they often do, calling a petty jury the foundation and security of all their liberties and privileges, and idly congratulating themselves upon that influence and weight which it gives them in their country. They think themselves very happy that they and their differences are to be judged by their peers.

But if there can be no liberty nor privilege where there is no conscience, as it is plain there cannot; and if it is true, as it certainly is, that the bulk of the people make no conscience of deciding as the ruling party directs, I cannot see where those boasted privileges are to be found. Shall any man glory that he is to be the instrument of another's will, that he has leave to repeat another man's words, that he is employed to carry on the designs of another, though to his own eternal shame, and perhaps at the expense of his soul? And yet this is all these mighty judges and governors are trusted with. Nor have they more reason to rejoice in their right to be judged by their peers, as they call it. To be judged by one's equals is, no doubt, a high and inestimable privilege, but are our commonalty judged in this manner? No, though they see some of their own rank on their juries, yet they see one or more at the head of them in all matters of moment, as far removed above them in wealth and power as many barons are. And when this is not the case, those twelve men are not going, as the people imagine, to examine and judge of the affair before them, but only to go through the legal forms, and at the conclusion to bring in the verdict dictated to them by the leading man or men of the county, who are no more their peers or equals, though they are called so, to distinguish

them from the nobility, than the nobles themselves. To be judged by one's peers, in any sense that can be called a privilege, is to be judged by such equals, as from living in a condition nearly the same with our own, may have humility enough to consider our case with attention, fellow-feeling sufficient to temper the rigour of justice, and what is more than all, by being upon an equality with the parties in the dispute, may fear to injure either by an injust verdict. But does he that rules a county fear the displeasure or complaints of a poor farmer or tradesman? Does he feel the anguish of an unhappy prisoner, or a miserable family distressed by robbery or oppression? Will he condescend to discuss with exactness the differences of mean people, which, though they are to them affairs of the last consequence, are nevertheless contemptible trifles to him? If he will, why, then it is no happiness to be judged by our equals, since our superiors can do it as well, and we are very idle to boast of a privilege, which we neither have, nor can see reason to desire.

Upon the whole, the observation of every one may satisfy him, that a petty jury, in teaching perjury and dishonesty, takes away the liberties of the people, and brings them into the most abject state of slavery that can be imagined. It is the peculiar and the glorious privilege of honesty and integrity that they cannot be enslaved, and that nothing else can be free. It is the reproach and misery of dishonesty, that by its own nature it unavoidably brings on itself tyranny and oppression. If a man is to be sold, there is one always ready to buy him. If selfishness and avarice, helped out by baseness and dishonesty, can set consciences to sale, ambition will never fail to find purchasers. And those who buy other people's consciences, cannot but have mercenary ones of their own. The petty tyrant of a county always exercises his power in the same manner that he got it; only, as it fares in all kinds of traffic, he will not give it, unless for more than it cost him. This impudent and saucy encroachment from which few, if any counties, are free, is the cause of all that perversion of justice, which scarce any honest man has not one time or other suffered by, nor scarce any rogue that has not rejoiced in. This gives away right, persecutes

innocence, protects crimes of all kinds, among which murders, especially of the most barbarous and horrid nature are brought off, not only with impunity, but triumph. There is no need to assign instances. There is not a county in the nation that has not over and over again imbrued itself in innocent blood, within these twenty years past, by acquitting murderers, proved guilty with such evidence, as the laws of God and man have made sufficient.

To say, that the Judge of all the earth will exact public vengeance for the groans of the oppressed, and the cries of innocent blood, is to expose one's self to the ridicule of an infidel and abandoned age; an age taught by perjuries on petty juries, to fear God and divine justice no more than it fears the laws or justice of men. However, a remedy must be applied to these enormities. If the nation has not the virtue to redress this terrible grievance, nor natural medicine of its own to cure so miserable a malady, no doubt divine Providence will, as usual, put it under such a discipline as may at once atone for past grievances, and be likely to suppress them for the future. But as Providence seldom redresses general grievances, unless by general calamities, would it not be better to avert the necessity of so dreadful a remedy by an easy and rational method of human contrivance? Taking it for granted that it would, I shall propose such a one as may probably answer the end, without making any other apology for my so doing, than this, that the scheme I intend to offer is not my own, and that it has already been practised with excellent effect by the wisest and best governed nations in the world.

I believe every one will allow, that a scheme, by which the sanctity of oaths would be preserved, justice duly executed, and the people judged by their peers, without any alteration in our national constitution, or any material change in our laws, would be a very useful and desirable one; and I hope that which I shall propose will seem the most likely to answer all those great ends.

The first thing to be done in order to this scheme, is to appoint a jury or certain number of men for all trials.

Let twenty-three be the number, and let the choice be made as it is at present, by the return of the sheriff, and the right to object. In criminal cases, let the prisoner at

the bar be permitted to object peremptorily to no more than five persons; but let him have a right to throw out every man of the whole return, provided he can assign a sufficient reason. In cases of property, let the choice be made as it is at present; but let the number be twenty-three. Let the twenty-three men, when fixed, be sworn in a most solemn manner, well and truly to try, and true deliverance make in the case to be brought before them. Then let them proceed to trial. As soon as all the witnesses are examined, and the judge has summed up the evidence, let two spherical pieces of marble, one white and the other black, of half an inch in diameter, be delivered to each of the jurors. After this, let the jury continue in its box for ten minutes; and if any one of them speaks to another, or if any one, not on the jury, speaks to one or more of the jurors, let him be fined fifty pounds, or imprisoned for a year. Let them then, in the order in which they were sworn, return, each man his own verdict, in the following manner. Let there be placed before the judge of assize two brazen urns, each four feet high. Let the mouth of each urn be wide enough to receive the largest hand. Let the mouth grow narrower towards the bottom, till it forms a neck only two-thirds of an inch in diameter within. Let it open again to a foot in width, and at two feet distance below the narrowest part of the neck; let a thin slider of brass cut off the lower space of the urn horizontally. Let this slider have a handle on the outside by which it may be pulled out or thrust in. Let one of these urns be set to the right hand of the juror, and the other to the left. Let that on the right be the urn of verdict. If the juror would acquit the prisoner, or find for the defendant, let him put his right hand into the mouth of the right hand urn, and drop his white stone into it; if he would condemn the prisoner or find for the plaintiff, let him drop his black stone into it. Let him with his left hand drop his other stone into the urn on his left hand. As soon as the stone drops on the horizontal plate of brass, let the judge pull out the plate, upon which the stone will fall into the lower part of the urn. If the stone, when it falls on the horizontal plate, does not render one clear and audible sound, let the party on either side, that suspects, appoint a man, who, before

the judge pulls out the horizontal plate, shall put his hand, having first shewn that he has nothing in it, into the belly of the urn, at a door made so high in the side of the urn, that the stone cannot be seen through it; and having felt whether there is more or less than one stone on the plate, he shall withdraw his hand, shewing that he has nothing in it. Upon this the door shall be shut by the judge. If he who was appointed to feel the inside of the urn, says there is but one stone in it, the judge shall then pull out the brazen plate. But if he says there is none, then the juror shall be fined fifty pounds, and be obliged to drop in his stone in pain of five hundred pounds or three years imprisonment. If the tryer says there is more than one stone, then the judge shall take them out, and obliging the juror to drop a single stone, shall fine him the sum of fifty pounds. When the whole twenty-three men have thus deposited their votes, the judge, in the sight of both parties and all the people, shall open the bottom of the urn of verdicts, at a door made for the purpose beneath the horizontal plate of brass, and taking out only one stone at a time, shall shew it to the parties and the people, till he has taken out twelve of one colour, upon which he shall shut the urn and draw out no more. If there are twelve white stones, the prisoner is acquitted or the defendant found for. If there are twelve black stones, the prisoner is condemned or the plaintiff found for.

As this scheme will at first sight seem a little odd, it will not be amiss to assign the reasons of each particular in it.

And first, as to the number twenty-three. By the present constitution of a petty jury, there must be an agreement of twelve men to make a verdict. If the reasons for that number are good, they will be as good for the number in this proposal, because the least majority in twenty-three being twelve, and the verdict being the opinion of the majority, there will always be an agreement of twelve at least. If it be objected here, that when there is an agreement of only twelve against eleven, as it will sometimes happen, the verdict will in that case, be really the verdict of one only; and that it would be hard that the property of any one should be determined by a single man, and harder still that a life should depend upon one vote; I answer, that an

agreement of twelve men obtained with a due regard to their oaths and to justice, even when opposed by eleven, is a more equitable verdict, than one obtained in the present way, by which oaths and justice are brought into such contempt. When a jury of twenty-three men are so divided, it shews the case is very doubtful, and that the evidence and arguments on both sides are nearly equal. Such they would appear to a jury of the present kind, and so perhaps as to divide it equally; and if they did, an argument brought about by disputing, teazing, solicitation, fear, or favour, inducements that have nothing to do with the merits of the cause, would be neither an evidence of, nor a security to, justice. One fair and candid voice, if there were no more, is certainly better than six, brought off in a jury room from a judgment formed upon hearing the evidence. And if it be said, that as the judgment of the eleven is as honestly and candidly formed, as that of the twelve, so it ought to weigh, in the scales of justice, nearly as heavy, whereas by my proposal it is allowed no weight at all; I must beg leave to insist that this is unavoidable, where the case is very doubtful, and that an agreement of twelve men in the present way cannot alter the nature, though it may the appearance, of the case, to the great detriment perhaps of the one party, but in such cases must be founded on mere partiality and perjury. There is not a doubtful case, in which, if the twelve men on a petty jury of the present form are agreed on one side, you might not find twelve more, at least as honest, that would agree on the other side. Now twelve against twelve leaves the matter as it was. If it be objected that when the case is so doubtful, there ought to be no decision, I leave this to be answered by the advocates of our present jury, in the constitution of which there is so much care taken to force a decision by methods quite foreign to the merits. In the proposal now before us the decision is brought about by a candid inquiry into the evidence, and supported by an oath, and that oath guarded against all temptations by secrecy and safety.

As for a criminal in particular, if he have a right to throw out five peremptorily, and as many more, as he can shew good reason for, from the sheriff's return, he is rather

better secured, than justice will allow, considering that mercy generally leans a little too strongly to his side. The right, which the present regulation affords the prisoner at the bar to throw out twenty by peremptory objection, seems to be unreasonable. The chief, if not the only argument for allowing of peremptory objections at all, is this:

A poor prisoner may have good reasons for objecting to several persons returned for his jury, which, in his circumstances, it would be dangerous for him to assign. But then it is scarce at all to be supposed, that twenty instances of this kind will happen to any one man. There are seldom more than two or three gentlemen of the first rank returned on such juries; and it is altogether in relation to them that the peremptory objection is useful. They are not really the prisoner's peers. They may have it in their power to injure him at, or after, his trial. It is necessary therefore, that he should have a right to remove them from his jury, if he thinks them prejudiced against him, in a way the least disobliging. But on the other hand, if too great a liberty be allowed the prisoner, he may by that means throw out all such persons on the return, as he thinks too strictly just to acquit him; and indeed this happens every day. An indulgence of such a nature ought to be but sparingly allowed. As no one ought to be upon a jury against reason, so no one ought to be thrown off, without a reason; and of this reason the court ought in almost all cases to judge.

It is evident from experience, that a mistaken pity, which the juror has no right to shew, the prisoner not being at all the object of his mercy, is strictly to be guarded against, especially in trials of murder. There is scarce any body so monstrously wicked and cruel, as to put his fellow-creature to death, even though he may have had a quarrel with him, against justice and his oath. But there are prodigious numbers afraid to condemn, though they judge the prisoner guilty. And yet the allowances given to criminals are so great, that those who gave them, must have done it on a supposition, that the generality of men would condemn a man to the gallows, though innocent; and few acquit him, if guilty.

The next thing to be considered in the scheme, is the manner proposed for the jurors to vote in. It will, I be-

lieve, be readily granted, that those, who are to administer the law in any capacity whatsoever, ought to be exposed as little as possible to temptations to partiality. It has been already shewn, that the present form of a petty jury does extremely expose jurors to such temptations, and how. This is what the scheme under consideration proposes chiefly to remedy, first by taking away the hunger, cold, darkness, and confinement, which have hitherto been most absurdly applied to prove the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty, and to support the plea of either the plaintiff or defendant; and in the next place, by enabling the juror to return his real judgment according to his oath, without the least fear of suffering any way for his impartiality. This latter is effected two ways. First, the jury after hearing all the evidences sworn, and the substance of what they delivered, summed up by the judge, are to sit for ten minutes in the box, that no body may tamper with them; and silent, that they may not tamper with each other, nor discover each other's sentiments. During this time each juror may settle his own judgment upon the matter with greater clearness, competency, and impartiality, than he could, were he to dispute every particular point with his fellow-jurors. The judgment of a juror ought to be formed from, and founded on, the evidence only. For once the opinion or persuasion of another sets him right, it misleads him a hundred times. If one juror founds his judgment on that of another, those two are in effect but one.

Why is not a written, or orally reported evidence received before a petty jury? Is it not because such an evidence might receive some addition, or diminution, some turn or bias from the hand by which it must be sent, if the witness were not to be examined personally? But this inconvenience might be partly incurred, if any juror were to receive the evidence through the conception of his fellow-juror, as he must, if he gives up his own sentiment for his, after a debate. By the method now proposed a juror may have leave to form his judgment from the testimony brought before him, and at the same time conceal it from his fellow-jurors. So far impartiality in regard to the cause, and safety as to himself, are provided for by one and the same expedient.

Nor are those two necessary points less effectually secured by the method proposed for collecting the votes of the jurors. Each can render his vote, without discovering his judgment to any body; he can conceal the stone, by which he intends to vote, within his hand, till he puts his hand within the mouth of the urn, which will effectually hide the colour of his vote, till it has got out of all danger of being seen. He can put the other stone into the other urn with the same secrecy; and secrecy is necessary in that as well as the other stone, because if the colour of that were known, it would discover the colour of the other. As soon as the judge shall have drawn twelve stones of one colour, he is to cease, because there is then a verdict, and because should the stones be all of one colour he must discover the judgment of every man on the jury, by exposing the stones to view. After the verdict is published, the judge may (the urns having been so contrived for the purpose) mix all the stones together in one urn, by which means the votes will be for ever a secret, unless any juror has a mind to discover his own. As all the perversion of justice, the partiality and perjury, of which our petty juries have been guilty, was chiefly, if not wholly, occasioned by the knowledge that every one must necessarily have of the judgment of every man on the jury, so it is hoped, that by thus effectually preventing that knowledge, the injustice occasioned by it might be also prevented. If we would have justice done, we should not suffer the doing of it to be attended with any sort of inconvenience. If it is possible, he that is to do it, should have his person, his character, his fortune, his peace, so securely guarded, that no consequences of his impartiality might ever affect him in any quarter. The law ought to leave those who are to administer it, as well as those who are to obey it, as little exposed as possible to temptations to mal-administration, or disobedience, either from their own weaknesses, or from the practices of others.

It may be here objected, that this very secrecy, to secure which there is so much pains taken in this proposal, would be more prejudicial to justice, than the contrary, inasmuch as a dishonest juror would little care how unjustly he voted, if he were sure to conceal his vote. This

objection is built upon a supposition, that shame and regard to character are the chief or only motives to the doing of justice. But we see that if people can have the conscience to do an unjust thing, they will easily find impudence to face it out. Twelve men can keep each other in countenance, supported by the ruling party in the county, and the general vogue into which dishonesty of that kind is brought, by being often repeated. The objection supposes too, that injustice and perjury are treated with due abhorrence, that the person who has been guilty of them, is shunned and despised by mankind: which is not true. Respect waits upon rank and fortune, and contempt only upon poverty. If justice is to be built upon the sandy foundation of regard for credit and a good name, it must soon tumble to the ground. Impartiality is never justly esteemed, nor the contrary truly despised, but where religion and conscience have laid a general foundation for indignation in the one case, and veneration in the other. If then there is so just a spirit of censure among us, why should we not rather ground the execution of our laws, on that sense of religion, which it necessarily supposes. But this objection takes the thing in question for granted (viz.), that the more the sentiment of any juror is known, the less apt he will be to make a partial return. This would be true if we could suppose him never tampered with. If I have not sufficiently proved the contrary of that which this objection maintains, in the first part of this dissertation, let universal experience prove it for me.

But the scheme does not only provide for a just verdict, by making it safe for the jury to return such a one; it also guards against any frauds that might be committed, for or against, in collecting the votes. The stone is to be only half an inch in diameter, that it may be the better concealed in the hand. The neck of the urn is to be only two thirds of an inch in width, that two stones may not be dropped through it at once; and if they are dropped, the one after the other, they must detect the cheat by rendering each a distinct sound on the horizontal plate of brass. The sound will be sufficiently loud, because the stones falling from two feet in height, will strike with force enough to be heard at a good distance. The parties on both sides, upon any cause

of suspicion, will have a right to search the urns, not only before the poll begins, to try whether the urns are made according to law, or whether there be any stones of the same kind with those, by which the jurors are to vote, left in them, but also during the poll, if foul play be in the least surmised.

It is most humbly submitted to the candid and judicious part of the nation, whether this scheme is not better fitted to answer the ends proposed by a petty jury than the present practice. In the latter every juror's vote is published, and that publication bringing with it I know not how many considerations to bias the mind, occasions infinite perjuries; in the former, if a juror has the smallest mite of conscience, he will vote according to it, since by concealing his vote, he effectually secures himself against the malice and revenge of the party whose cause he condemns. In the latter justice is left exposed to fear and favour; in the former it is as well defended against both, as is possible in human affairs. In the latter, the rights of the people to judge and be judged by their peers is quite taken away, and engrossed by a few of their superiors; whereas in the former those rights are restored to the people according to the constitution of our country, and the true intention of a petty jury. The proposal makes no change in the national constitution, neither contracts the power of the crown, nor extends the liberties of the people; it only defends those liberties against the artifice and oppression practised by a few upon the body of the people, upon conscience and common honesty. The laws in being will quadrate as well with a verdict obtained by this scheme as by the old one? or if any alteration would be necessary it would be so small, that both it and the proposal might be brought within the compass of an act of parliament.

I hope the reader will not think it too much to expect an act of parliament for the purpose, since the cause of conscience and justice, since the good of the public is so interested in it; and like the parliament, always studious of our welfare, has already shewn its sentiments of a petty jury by the ballotting act, the intention of which is to prevent partiality in the choice of a petty jury. Now the necessity of this prevention, every one knows, is in proportion to the opportunities of, or rather temptations to injus-

tice, thrown in a juryman's way by the constitution of a petty jury. But why a remedy in cases of property, and not as well in criminal cases? Are our lives less valuable than our possessions? Or why a remedy in part, when the cause of grievance might be as easily cut out of our constitution root and branch?

But some will object that changes in the law are dangerous. It is true they are, when they bring with them any considerable alteration in the constitution; but the change now proposed can effect no sort of constitutional innovation. The several parts of the political building, are just where they were, only in a little better repair. If mere changes in the law are so dangerous, how comes it to pass that we are not long ago ruined by the frequent acts of parliament to amend or repeal old laws, and to establish new ones? Changes for the better are as useful in the law as in other things. That the change now proposed would be for the better, I hope will appear to every body who considers, that as the matter now stands, a party can carry the most unjust cause, or a single person, through ignorance, prejudice, or obstinacy, hinder the most equitable from taking place; that, after much time and trouble, to say no worse, a trial may be drawn, like a game at Polish, to the irreparable detriment of both parties, especially that which is in the right; and that on the other hand, not only these grievances are likely to be redressed by the proposal, but a world of perjury and corruption prevented.

The same objector will perhaps say, that though the proposal looks plausibly, yet it would not be safe to throw the course of law and justice, out of the old channel, into one new and untried. But perhaps it would, provided the old channel is manifestly rendered indirect by turning to avoid this height, and winding through that hollow; provided too that the new one is apparently direct and regular. However, allowing this objection to be true, it does not in the least affect the proposal, the nature and substance of which is so far from being new, that it has been much better tried than our petty jury. It is essentially the same with the Athenian and Roman practice; and therefore as an ample experiment has been made of its usefulness and excellence by two commonwealths so famous for wisdom, good government, and liberty, those who cannot see its usefulness,

or dare not trust it, because they have not actually tried it, ought to approve of it, upon the authority of Athens and Rome, rather than of a petty jury, on the recommendation of the Goths and Saxons, from whom we have it. That we have notmade any trial of the proposal ourselves, is true. But in answer to that, it will be sufficient to observe, that the trial we have made of a petty jury gives it no manner of advantage; but on the contrary, gives every friend to reason and justice occasion to wish for any other expedient.

The Athenians sometimes voted with white and black stones, in much the same manner with the scheme. They had two urns, each of them so narrow at the neck that one stone only could be put in at a time. They put all the white into one urn, and all the black into the other. They shewed the ball openly, and presented it with their thumb, fore-finger and middle. In this way of voting, the judgment of every one was known; so to remedy this great defect they afterward made use of little balls, or pellets of brass, one half of which being perforated by a small hole were damnatory, the other that were not perforated, acquitted. When they presented these, they could cover the two apertures of the hole with their thumb and finger, by which means at the same time that they shewed openly the single ball by which they voted, they concealed the nature of the vote. They did not confer between the examination of witnesses, and voting their verdict. The decision was found by the majority, and the poll taken by an officer appointed for the purpose, who with a rod kept the different kinds of balls asunder, as they were told out. In capital cases they went through two polls; in the first they determined whether the person should be condemned or acquitted; in the second (if the person was condemned in the first) they determined the quality of his crime and punishment.

The Romans for many years gave their votes *viva voce*, by which method many of the lower people, through fear of their superiors voted against their consciences. To remedy this evil, Gabinius procured a law, that the people in their elections might not vote openly, but by certain tablets. Afterward Cassius preferred a law that this way of voting by

tablets should be used by the judges in their judgments, and the people in their *comitia tributa,* in which they treated of mulcts and amercements. Cælius the tribune extended this privilege of voting by the tablet to cases of treason, and Papirius to the proposal of their laws. The manner in which they voted was this. Every judge received from the prætor three tablets; on one there was an *A.* for *absolvo;* on another *C.* for *condemno;* and on the third *N. L.* for *non liquet.* These the judges, who answered to the jurors among us, conveyed privately into urns set for the purpose, and their determination was found by the majority. I do not find that the judges conferred between trial and determination, but that immediately upon receiving their tablets they disposed of them into the several urns according to their sentiments.

Thus we see both the Athenians and Romans, after having felt the ill effects of a method, in substance the same with ours, laid it aside, and betook themselves to that which I have been proposing. So we have their example, not only for the thing itself, but likewise for the expediency and prudence of the change. They concealed their votes, which they could never have done had they conferred upon the merits, and they were determined by a majority; they were in some measure forced into this contrivance by the growth of artifice and ambition among them. If this seemed a sufficient cause for such a change to them, why shall it not when aggravated by the propagation of perjury under a religious dispensation so much more binding on the conscience than theirs, seem also sufficient to us? And if their legislature had the virtue and the concern for the public welfare, to make an alteration by which their private interests were more affected, than in such a case the interests of any peer or commoner among us can be, why may we not expect it from ours, who are prompted by the same love for their country, and the influence of a better religion? What blessings will that parliament merit from the people, and meet with from Divine Providence, whose zeal for justice, for liberty, and the veneration due to the name of God, shall bestow on their country a law so necessary and of such extensive benefit! Those worthy members of either house, who shall appear the foremost to set

on foot some effectual scheme for this great purpose, and bring it to effect, shall be esteemed the fathers of their country for the present, and be remembered by succeeding generations as public benefactors of the first rank. And as the righteous shall shine in a better life than this, as the stars in heaven, so I wish it were no offence to the mistaken delicacy of these libertine times, to say that such friends to justice and the sanctity of oaths, shall shine as stars of the first magnitude and lustre, or as the sun in his strength. Surely our poor country is not quite destitute of such patriots, nor truth, justice, and liberty of such assertors.

On the other hand, there can be no contempt too great, no reproach too infamous for such, as shall subscribe and abet the many grievances under which their religion and country labour by opposing the only visible remedy that can be applied to them. What notion ought we to entertain of a conscience capable of postponing so great and excellent a purpose to little base views of engrossing the interest of a county, of wresting the laws, and warping justice by such an instrument as perjury! Or what notion can we form of an understanding (if such a one there be) that is so wedded and enslaved to a usage, merely because it is old, that he dare not change it for a better, nay for an older! With what indignation ought an honest heart to rise at a wretch so impudently proud and selfish as to prefer the grandeur of being the ruling rogue of his county, to the cause of justice and his country's good! And with what scorn ought a man of sense to look down on a mind possessed with greater veneration for the mere rust and cobwebs of antiquity, than for conscience and liberty! Surely there cannot be many of these in our poor country: if there are, it is a poor and miserable country indeed.

Some people will say, perhaps, that this proposal is made by somebody, who has contracted a prejudice against petty juries in general, from some disappointment suffered by the verdict of a particular jury. But I solemnly protest that neither I, nor any near relation of mine that I know of, was ever engaged in a law-suit of any moment. Nor is there any more reason for my being prejudiced against a Gothic, than in favour of a Greek or Roman usage. It is tracing the source of this little Dissertation too far to suppose it the

effect of any thing, but that which it declares in every page, a concern for the sanctity of oaths, and the free and fair distribution of justice. If it is a fault to be grieved at the perversion of the one, or the violence done to the other, I am guilty. And if I have been mistaken in either the evil I complain of, or the remedy I have proposed for it, I stand corrected; but it is only by the censure of those, who have both understanding in such matters, and some zeal for conscience and common honesty. Those who have not, may be good critics in the laws of private cabals, and dark associations; but I hope they will never seem to be proper judges of their country's laws. They seldom look as far as their own real interest, never farther. They cannot extend their views to the public good, nor make a nation the object of their affection and concern. They cannot therefore judge of the public interest.

THE

CHEVALIER'S HOPES.

O navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus, O quid agis? Fortiter occupa
Portum. HOR.

AN affair of great importance is no sooner undertaken by any one, than all persons and parties, according as they are more or less concerned in the event, become in proportion solicitous to inquire what hopes he may have of success; some, because they affect his cause, others, because they hate it and fear him; and not a few who are little influenced by the justice of any cause, would however be glad to know the strength of his, that they might the better judge on which side to seek for their own safety or advancement.

There are, no doubt, many persons, who know much better than the writer of this pamphlet, what reasons that young man, who is now making war in North Britain on one of the most powerful monarchs in Europe, may have to expect success; but there is a far greater number equally concerned, yet totally ignorant of those reasons, who by means of that ignorance may be tampered with on this occasion by designing persons, and in the end undone. For their information, and with an honest view to their real welfare, the hopes of this bold adventurer, are as fairly and fully set forth in the following paper, as can be expected from one who is not of his privy council.

In the first place, as his majesty king George is engaged in a war with France and Spain, and his forces on the continent give no inconsiderable obstruction to the ambitious views of the house of Bourbon, while his arms at sea are daily cutting off from it the sinews of war, and ruining its trade. To rid itself of these obstructions, no method so promising presents itself, as to set us together by the ears, and find us work at home, and for this purpose no instru-

ment is judged so proper as that pretender to the crown of these kingdoms, whom France and Spain have so long despised and renounced in recognising his present majesty's, and his father's title to the aforesaid crown, not to mention that of queen Anne, king William, and queen Mary. The king of France thus reasons with himself. If I can, by means of the chevalier de St. George, raise a civil war in Great Britain, although that war should end in his ruin, yet in the mean time it will oblige my enemy to withdraw his forces from Flanders, and leave me the remainder of that country an easy conquest in the spring; it will also force him to recall his fleets to defend his own coasts, and once again open the seas to my merchants, that is, to my factors; and if for this purpose I employ the chevalier's son, perhaps as he is descended from a Polish family by the mother's side, the attempt in his favour may be made use of with the diet of Poland, to hinder that nation from espousing the Austrian interest next campaign. But in case the chevalier should by my assistance succeed, and mount the throne of Great Britain, I shall then have what terms from him I please, his Protestant subjects will render his possession so insecure, that without my support he will never be able to maintain it, he must therefore not only reimburse me all my expenses, and pay me for all my services in the most ample manner, but he must give me all the advantages in trade I shall ask; my wines must pass into all the British isles free from duty, their wool must be suffered to fall into the hands of my manufacturers at my own price, and in an unlimited abundance. They must not pretend to rival my subjects in the fishing trade, or that of the East Indies, or the Levant. Cape Breton must return to me gratis and of course. As the seeds of endless feuds and wars will by these means be sown in the kindly soil of Great Britain and Ireland, I can with little trouble keep them up and foment them, until those countries being ruined by their own animosities and my practices, shall like a horse broken and tamed by my rider the chevalier, take me on their backs, and instead of defeating all our schemes as they for many ages have done, shall trample down the liberties of Europe beneath me. It is true I have long treated the chevalier with neglect, but the prospect of a

crown, which he can never hope for but by my assistance, will make him a ready tool to my designs.

The queen of Spain, who wants a kingdom for another son, and finds that the English fleet renders her designs on Italy very precarious, is ready to lend any assistance in her power to an attempt that must embroil these kingdoms, that must either recall our fleet from the Mediterranean, or hinder its being properly supplied and reinforced, that must also make it infinitely more easy to bring home the treasures of the West Indies, without which France and she are undone, and unable to buy the assistance and neutrality of needy princes, of corrupt ministers, of states devoted to no other god but money, and to make war on their neighbours with due force and perseverance. Besides the chevalier is a good Catholic, our king and we are detestable heretics, and therefore all the assistance she can spare is at the service of the former.

The pretender knows all this full well, and as he is weary of being only a titular king, he is willing to become a viceroy of the house of Bourbon, rather than be any longer burdensome to his holiness, and support a mock majesty at Rome upon contributions; in some hopes however of at length being able to shake off by some means or other the yoke of France, than which nothing can be more airy nor vain, because the disturbances of Great Britain, should they continue for any time, will give France an opportunity, and she will not fail to lay hold of it, to put it out of the power of all her neighbours to give the least check to her designs.

His first hope therefore is founded on the assistance of France and Spain, which may prove as fallacious as those of the late emperor, to whom the friendship of the house of Bourbon was worse than open enmity, and in the sequel became fatal.

His next is in the pope; that holy father of the church is deeply concerned to see three kingdoms rent from the only church in which there is any chance for salvation, and exerting their strength not only in defence of their own heresies, but also in opposition to all his ghostly endeavours for the recovery of other nations, as much bewildered in errors, and alienated from God and him as themselves. He

sees (and we presume it is with some small regret) the vast tracts of land in these kingdoms, formerly enjoyed by monks, and nuns, and Romish bishops, together with the ample revenues, which before the Reformation flowed from hence into the exchequer of Rome, and were employed in most pious uses, now applied to the support of heresy, or at least enjoyed by heretics. To recover this wealth to himself, as well as the souls of those that now wickedly riot in it, to the church, may possibly be an object of his holiness's wishes. The pretender hath spent time enough at Rome to inform himself, whether the pope hath any hankerings after money or not, and whether he would be willing to make him his farmer here, in hopes by that means to put things on that old happy footing.

As to the assistance the pope may lend him in order to his ascending the throne of these nations, although at first sight it may seem but small, yet the pretender cannot but think it more powerful than even that of France and Spain; for in the first place as he is a sound Catholic, he cannot but know that the pope, being God's vicegerent, hath the only right to dispose of all earthly kingdoms, which he hath often insisted on, and being infallible could not be mistaken; besides he knows that the pope is himself, and in a more peculiar manner, king of England, ever since king John of pious memory resigned the crown to him; on these two accounts neither the pretender, nor any body else, could lawfully take any steps towards such an acquisition, without the pope's permission and deputation; and as the pretender can derive no right to the crown of these kingdoms but from the pope, so neither is it possible for him to succeed in his design, but by the exercise of the pope's spiritual weapons and power in their full plenitude: his holiness hath weapons for all purposes: but what are most wanted on such occasions as this, are dispensations and prayers.

As to dispensations, they are most absolutely necessary, for as the pretender cannot hope to succeed, without repeated and solemn declarations, without even oaths and vows to preserve and protect the Protestant religion, together with the constitution and laws of these kingdoms, and whereas if he were always to act in conformity to these vows, he would as little promote the interests of the pope,

as king George himself, it is absolutely necessary, that while he carries his own declarations in one pocket, he should also carry the pope's dispensation in the other. The pretender and his sons are men of great religion and devotion; it is therefore not to be expected of them, that they should merely to get these three kingdoms, which they attempt not with any view to their own interest, but purely out of love to the church and us, be put under the ugly necessity of making, and over and over again repeating, the most solemn vows, every one of which at the time of making them, they intend to break in every single article, without his holiness's ample dispensation from the guilt of such deliberate and wilful perjury. These dispensations would be also necessary to take away the guilt of treachery in other more particular instances, and in all those acts of murder, massacre, and cruelty, which the prosecution of such an affair might require, they would be necessary too, to set the hands of others at liberty, as well as those of the pretender and his sons; and therefore we may take it for granted the young chevalier did not part from Rome, till he was armed with weapons enough of this sort to cut the ties of nature, and dispense with all the laws of God and man.

As to prayer, the other spiritual weapon in the hands of the pope, and the only true church, the pretender, we may be sure, depends more on that, than even on his dispensations; the latter can only procure him the services of pious and scrupulous men, whereas the former is necessary to obtain the blessing and assistance of Divine Providence, to which that church alone hath access. Indeed it will require all her boasted interest with heaven to be heard in favour of such a cause, and such a scheme as the present disturber of our peace sets out upon. And nobody but he who can dispense with all the ties of conscience, who can turn wrong into right, and the most atrocious crimes, of perjury, treachery, rebellion, bloodshed, massacre, &c. into services meriting even in the sight of God, is fit to pray for the success of a scheme that can never prosper without the assistance of all these, which therefore he hath not only dispensed with, but authorized for that very purpose. As the pretender cannot possibly carry his design into full

execution without being guilty himself of perjury and treachery of the blackest nature, without prevailing on the leading men of these kingdoms, the commanders of fleets and armies, the officers of the crown, &c. to betray the trust reposed in them by a country extremely bountiful to them, and to trample on their honour, promises, and vows; without arming us against each other, and wading through an ocean of blood; without involving millions of innocent and harmless people, in the general desolation of three kingdoms; as, I say, he can never hope to arrive at the throne without this and a great deal more of the like nature, it cannot but seem strange to a Christian, that such a scheme of means in order to such an end, should be dictated and blessed by the universal father of the church. It is a mystery which transcends our comprehension, and is sufficient to try the utmost resignation of a Papist, that the pope, and all the Romish clergy, should be now on their knees, earnestly soliciting the infinitely good and gracious God to bless and prosper such a scheme; that they should be praying to Christ (who with his own mouth commands all his followers to bless and curse not) to curse their fellow-Christians; to Christ who bids us pray for those who persecute us, to intercede for a scheme of persecution; to Christ who by one of his apostles assures us, that the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God, to reclaim the Protestants by the sword, by fire and faggot; to Christ, who by another, condemns the doing of evil that good may come of it, to advance the cause of what they call the true religion, by perjury, treachery, murder, &c. Praying, in short, to a God of infinite truth, to bless and prosper falsehood and treachery of the grossest nature; to a God of infinite justice, to bless the darkest iniquity and the most outrageous violence; to a God of infinite goodness and mercy to bless a scene of bloodshed and cruelty, which neighbours, relations, brothers, are to act on one another. Happy is that church and great its privileges, that hath a right to solicit God for such favours, and to expect they should be granted! and wretched is the case of poor Protestants, who are excluded from the privilege of praying, or hoping for things in themselves reasonable and just.

To consult with the devil about a scheme, and in concert

with him, to pitch upon one of the most foul and infernal that author of evil can invent, and then gravely to apply to God to second and prosper that scheme, is a species of piety, which the popes and the church of Rome have claimed and enclosed to themselves; and I hope no Protestant church will ever think of breaking in upon that pale, or making so free with Almighty God.

Such are the assistances from abroad, on which the invader of our peace relies. He is not without hopes of mighty aids from within ourselves. As to those the Highlanders have lent him, they are not to be numbered among his hopes; they have already to the eternal shame of two regiments of dragoons, gained him a victory; it is however to be supposed, he expected to be joined by all the inhabitants of the Scottish mountains; but they are not all mad, some of them have behaved with uncommon bravery and fidelity to the government; and it is to be hoped that most of those, who for his sake have ungratefully forfeited their allegiance to a most indulgent king, will for their own sakes soon prove as untrue to their new master.

His next hopes are in the Papists of Great Britain and Ireland, especially the latter. It is natural to all men to advance the religion they have most at heart, and for that end to desire a king of their own persuasion. To attempt this by such means as the law of God, and a well-informed conscience will allow, is what no rational man can blame them for, because it is what he himself in the like circumstances would or ought to do; but for such as have already the free exercise of their religion, and are secure of it as long as they carry, as becomes good subjects; for such as have their lives, their properties, their liberties, ensured them by the same equal laws with their Protestant neighbours, for such as have all these blessings maintained to them in the most ample manner, after having so often with the blackest treachery and cruelty, endeavoured to ruin the constitution, and cut the throats of their indulgent protectors, for such men, so generously spared and indulged, to betake themselves again to night-risings, and bloody massacres, which are all the assistances they can at present lend the pretender, is to act with the foulest ingratitude, and the most detestable treachery; is, in short, to act against all

the ties of nature, and all the laws of God. Great as the influence of their clergy may have been in darker ages over the consciences of that people, I can hardly think they will be able at this time of day to bring them into such horrid measures. A thinking Roman Catholic cannot but be sensible, that the lowest privileges enjoyed in a free country, are infinitely preferable to the highest, under an absolute government. He who hath the least share of liberty among those who are free, is more his own master than the most dignified slave. The Papists of Ireland, as they share in the gentle discouragements the island in general lies under, have fewer privileges than those of Great Britain; and yet even they have more liberty, more means of enriching and making themselves happy, and of entailing that happiness on their posterity, than the subjects of France and Spain, where the poorer people, though Catholics, are under the melancholy impossibility of ever rising above canvas cloths, wooden shoes, and black bread; and the richer possess the fruits of their industry only at the discretion of that arbitrary power under which they groan; where those who are in best circumstances only manage their fortunes for the king, and those who have nothing but a life, will never be able to call it their own, till their kings and queens have as much of the world as they and their families can desire. Can the Irish, in the service of the house of Bourbon, forget the expedition to Oran, and the siege of Philipsburgh, at the latter of which places they served rather as fascines than soldiers, and suffered such hardships as forced them to fly from their French friends whom they had served at the expense of health, and the peril of their lives, to the English, whose laws they had violated by entering into foreign service, and whose relations they had massacred in 1641? So much safer is it to offend the government of England than to serve that of France. Have the Irish at home forgot that France so lately treated their countrymen in this manner, when she stood in the utmost need of their services? and do they expect better usage from her, should she come to lord it over them by her deputy the Chevalier? Are they insensible of the treatment their poor scholars get at Douay and St. Omers, where they are fed with scraps of bad food, and

worse learning; where they are never encouraged to hope for the least preferment, and from whence they are reimported with no other qualifications than such as are necessary to keep a poor unhappy people in ignorance, that they may be the perpetual tools of France and Rome, as long as the avarice of the one, and the ambition of the other, shall have occasion for them? If those who are tutored up to deceive them, were content to impose on their understandings a set of subtle errors, political and religious, it would be no wonder if they should not be able to see through them; but when nothing less will serve their turn, than persuading them to prefer slavery to liberty, to believe that bread is flesh, and wine blood, and that a God of truth and mercy will bestow heaven on them for betraying and murdering their benefactors; is it not astonishing that so gross an imposition can be passed upon them, especially as they live among neighbours more enlightened, and may here have leave to read the word of God? But it seems to be the severest part of the curse inflicted on them for the most unheard of barbarities and massacres, that they are given up to be deluded by the same spirit of infatuation, that produced those terrible effects in former times. The highest and most powerful subject in France hath nothing he can call his own, let his loyalty be what it will. The lowest and poorest subject in these nations is at the defiance of the king, as long as he conforms himself to the laws. The subjects of France can have liberty of conscience, although stipulated for by the most solemn treaties, only at the peril of their lives. The Papists here may outwardly profess, and publicly avow that religion, which so often shook the throne, and sheathed the swords and knives of its professors in the bowels of their benefactors. In France, Spain, &c. every body is forced to be of one religion; here those may choose a religion agreeable to their consciences, who think it any privilege to have a choice in matters of the highest consequence.

I hope the Roman Catholics of Ireland will rightly understand the above expressions, by which the author is far from intending to reflect on them, considered merely as a people. I know no nation under the sun more naturally humane and averse to blood, and, when left to themselves,

more grateful and faithful than the native Irish: what then must we think of their religion, which we see is capable of transforming them into the most outrageous savages, into the most treacherous and bloody assassins? Nay, what must their own good natured hearts teach them to think of it, were they allowed to think at all? Divines may attack the church of Rome with a thousand scholastic and technical arguments about transubstantiation, about supererogation, about the worship of saints and images, about praying in an unknown tongue, &c. but these surely are needless, since it is impossible that religion should come from God which inspires rebellion on principles, which lays it as a duty on the conscience to break faith, commit murder, or do any thing that God and nature abhors, or the devil can tempt us to. What need of farther arguments? Is it possible a rational creature should swallow such enormous lumps of error and wickedness for true religion? No, but the devotees of that church are first taught to renounce their senses and their reason, and then in that condition even such impositions as these are not too gross to go down.

There is this difference between the spirit of Popery and the Reformation, that where Papists have the power, they persecute and destroy, without the smallest provocation, all such as are forced by their consciences to dissent from them. Whereas, in countries where Protestants have the upper hand, they tolerate, nay, protect the Papists after the most grievous provocations, and knowing the dangerous tendency of their principles, which they still avow, treat them as if they thought them fit to be trusted. Let him who hath but the smallest share of sense and reason, judge which of the two follows the example of Christ, who would not call down fire from heaven to consume those who refused to receive him, who died healing and praying for his persecutors. But what avails it to plead the example of Christ, or to urge his precepts? Were Christ now to appear at Rome, he would not be deemed a Christian; he would be treated as a heretic, he would find a new sanhedrim in the inquisition, he would be excommunicated from his only true and Catholic church, and that not by a written form, not by a mere bull or anathema, but by a form, called fire and fagot. He would in short be not

only shut out of the church, but expelled the world, and sent again to his Father in the chariot of Elijah; and all this for speaking against the spirit, and acting against the power and credit of the Roman Catholics, that is, the particular universal church.

Should our Papists rise in favour of the pretender, let them remember that as the Protestants are great in their mercy and forbearance, so are they great also in their courage, and love of liberty; let them consider that the present Protestants are the offspring of those men whom their fathers armed, inured to war, and supported by greater heads and higher powers, never faced in 1641 nor 1688, but to their shame and ruin; let them consider that as in such a case their adversaries are to sell their all, they will infallibly sell it at the highest price; and let them also consider with terror, that should a noble spirit, exerted to the utmost for a glorious cause, make them once more victorious, how is it to be supposed they will treat a people, whom they have so often found perfidious and bloody? What terms are a conquered people to expect, whose religious principle it is to keep no terms nor measures with others? If this paper should be read by any of that deluded and unhappy people, let them seriously weigh what hath been said above, and take this timely caution from a real and most affectionate friend, whose heart trembles and bleeds for them on this critical occasion.

Let them not think their cause of rising more just on a national account, and because they had a prior right to this land we live in, and be by that means vainly induced to hope for the assistance of Almighty God; for it was God, who for wise ends mixes the nations of the world, sometimes by commerce, and sometimes by conquest, that sent the English into Ireland, as he did the Normans into England, and the Romans into Gaul, to civilize a barbarous nation, to quash their continual intestine wars, to introduce arts, sciences, and learning, and thereby prepare the way for sound religion and good laws; besides, upon their own principle, they themselves must quit the country, for they were neither the aborigines, nor first seizers of the land: but there is no country, now known to us, possessed by the race of its first inhabitants. God often sends the sword

to chastise barbarism and vice, and to introduce the pen; insomuch that it was happy for many nations, that they were conquered and forced to make room for others. Had not the Irish been persuaded by foreign priests and politicians, who practise on them for their own ends, to shut their eyes against the light that shines so clearly and diffusively over their country, they had not been so many hundred years behind the rest of Europe in improvement, they had been long since qualified for, and advanced to, the most honourable places their country hath to bestow; nay, had they even retained the whole of Popery, excepting such principles as tend to treason and rebellion, they had still been the makers of their own laws, they had still been at liberty to administer them to themselves. It is not the Reformation, nor the Constitution, nor the laws in being, that exclude them from places of trust and honour; it is their own false principles, that gave birth to the exclusive laws, and still continue to rivet them to the earth in ignorance and obscurity. If he who might have shone in parliament or the government, is now condemned to wield a spade or wait on sheep, let him thank his good friends in Italy and France for it, let him thank the untoward genius of his religion for it, nay, let him thank it for his exclusion from infinitely higher promotion in the kingdom of that God, who is truth and love itself, and of those benevolent beings who abhor the traitor and the murderer, whose robes, far from being dyed in the blood of their fellow creatures, have been whitened in the blood of the Lamb.

The present Papists of Ireland scruple not to say, they detest the perfidy and cruelty of their ancestors, and would rather represent the spirit that prompted them to it, as a national than an ecclesiastical spirit. But we know the good nature of the Irish, and the recorded cruelty of Popery too well, to be mistaken in this, although the spirit of Popery hath not for a century past, shone in bonfires made of Protestants bodies, it was only for want of power and opportunity. An unerring church cannot change her principles, nor must her sons pretend to dispute them or her commands; whoever does, though it were to save the throat of his Protestant father or wife, becomes by his heretical tenderness a Protestant and a heretic himself, and as

such must expect to be damned. Although the volcano hath made but two small eruptions, viz. at Thorne and Saltzburg, during the last hundred years, yet may we still see its smoke, and smell its brimstone, and concluding from thence it is by no means extinguished, expect from it another flood of fire and devastation.

If the Papists of Ireland would be thought to have laid aside the black infernal spirit, I have been speaking of, why do they not crowd to the magistrates and take the oath of allegiance? But methinks I hear them objecting, that such a conduct would gain them no credit with the government, inasmuch as it will still be supposed, they expect to be released from that oath by the pope's dispensation. Unhappy people! who as they cannot be tied like other men, so neither can they be believed or trusted. All they have left is to be quiet and loyal, that their conduct may vouch for them what they cannot effectually utter, either by oaths or declarations, and by that means come in time to merit indulgence.

The next hope of the chevalier is founded on the Presbyterians. He looks upon those of them in England and and Ireland to be so chagrined at the Test Act, and their brethren in Scotland so dissatisfied on their account, and because of the union, as to give him a good chance to be joined by the greater number of them, and to obtain a neutrality from the rest, in this he hath found himself almost wholly mistaken, having as yet got almost nothing from the church of Scotland, but its sweepings, consisting of a dissolute and desperate rabble, who ought never to be reckoned to any church. As their adherence to that church could give no credit to it, so neither ought their defection to reflect on it. The Presbyterians are firm Protestants, and loyal subjects, and fond of liberty. In all these different respects, they are incapable of promoting any scheme recommended from Rome, abetted by France and Spain, and calculated to extirpate all civil and religious liberty. They have their discontents, the merits of which I shall not here pretend to discuss; but they are only the discontents of brothers, which will never hinder them from arming against a common enemy, and following the example of their fathers in the late revolution, whose aversion to the

church of England was greater than that of their sons, and yet they drew their swords in her defence and their own, with such a heart and good will, that they were felt to the quick at every blow. Some hot-headed people among them, it is true, may perhaps speak like malcontents, but this is not to characterize the whole body, the sense of which we are to take from their loyal and affectionate addresses, and their importunate call for arms to defend the Protestant cause. The common enemies of us, and all that is dear to us, do all they can, to revive old grudges, and sow the seeds of new; but they will find that Protestants of all denominations have too much sense to be caught with such chaff, and understand themselves and their adversaries too well, to let the enemies of the Reformation gloss the sentiments of the reformed churches to one another. It is not a Papist, nor a rebel, that will be permitted to tell the church of England, what her sister of Scotland thinks of her, nor to carry back the answer. All our unhappy divisions have hitherto taken their rise from artifices of this nature, or drawn their poison from them: but God be thanked they are now seen through, and become so stale, that hardly a child is to be ensnared by them: the dissenters of England and Ireland are not to be told the difference between their condition and that of their brethren in France; they have sense enough to see a less glaring disparity; and while they behold the Hugonots flying every day from Popery and tyranny into these happy countries of liberty and reformation, it will be hard to persuade them to fly quite the contrary way, to Popery and arbitrary power; from the arms of a limited and Protestant government. As to their causes of discontent, than which nothing among us is more to be lamented, there are those who if our common enemy were once removed, would lay a scheme before the legislature, which may possibly satisfy all parties. This hope of the pretender is so ill grounded, that it needs not a farther refutation; it ought indeed to be treated only with scorn and silence.

The next hope of his which I shall take a short notice of, will, I trust in God, prove as airy and idle as the former. He hopes to be assisted by many of our nobility and gentry, and of those who preside over our fleets and armies. As to

the first, I need only say, that men who live in ease and opulence are not apt to wish for changes, much less are they likely to be the active promoters of revolutions, in which their fortunes are to be staked at a very uncertain game with those who have none: however, there are bubbles in this sort of game as well as that of hazard; and I will by no means promise for all our estated gentlemen, that they will have sense enough to consider the difference between a certain and a very precarious fortune, which latter is, all they can hope for upon the promises of the pretender, in case a revolution should take place.

As to the commanders and officers of the fleet and army, they too have all they can desire, and more a great deal than they could expect by a change, though it were of their own making. Should they take money for treason, what could they do with it in a ruined country and under an arbitrary power? Is it to be supposed they will listen to promises of promotion from one, who comes out of the very mint of dispensations, or that they can hope to be trusted by a person to whom they have betrayed their former bountiful master?

As to both the gentry and the officers, they have long eaten the bread of a delightful country, and enjoyed in it a series of golden days; is it to be supposed they have no gratitude, no love for such a country, no desire to continue in so happy a condition? or is it to be supposed they have no regard to their honour, or the solemnity of their oaths? The pretender, in expecting any assistance from them, makes them the compliment aloud to tell them, they are the most despicable of all fools, and the most low and detestable of all knaves. But I hope he shall find in every single man of them the great soul and the heroic spirit of colonel Gardiner, who like a good man, and in that I comprehend a wise one, chose to fall in the cause of God and his country, rather than to protract a wretched life, made infamous by the character of a coward and a traitor, till some fever or worse disorder should put an end to it with the agonies of a month or a year.

But if through the extreme decay of religion in all sorts and orders of men, honour alone, as it usually happens, should prove too slender a tie to keep the conduct of such men within the bounds of duty, it affords a melancholy sa-

tisfaction to foresee, that they themselves must reap the first-fruits of their own perfidy.

Again, the pretender reckons to his party, and not without reason, the bulk of those who are dissatisfied with the present administration. There are in all communities, though ever so well governed, numbers of people, who are not so near the head of affairs as they could wish, nor promoted according to their own opinion of their abilities: others who are well enough pleased to see our trade enlarged and protected, and our enemies humbled, are nevertheless not so well pleased to share in the necessary expenses previous to the doing this, as in the profits arising from it; and therefore not only grumble at all sorts of taxes, but have a thousand objections to the application of the funds arising from thence; they would have a great deal done, but they would have it done for nothing.

These economists, in the reign of queen Anne, made a prodigious outcry about the expenses of that glorious war she carried on with France, and at length prevailed so far by their representations, as to procure us a separate peace, which saved indeed the expenses of another campaign, but left us to pay ourselves about sixty millions, and an ocean of blood expended on that war, which France must have paid us, had we gone on but another summer, and given us a much better peace into the bargain.

As all men are politicians, every one passes his censure on what is a doing by those at the helm; and without understanding in the least, either the posture of our domestic and foreign affairs, or the springs and motives of the public conduct, are seldom satisfied, unless things go to their own minds. It is true, continual prosperity and success are all they desire from their governors; but they do not consider how much their own meddling humours and clamours contribute to frustrate their expectations; how often accidents, which there was no foreseeing, and the contrary pursuits of our allies, whom on some occasions there is no reducing either to our interest or their own, make the wisest measures, the very worst that could have been employed. These sort of political maggots, are always engendered in the greatest numbers, where the sunshine of freedom is warmest. No country ever swarmed

more with them than our own, in which there are crowds of hireling writers, who scribble in the pay of France, and feed them with pamphlets and weekly scraps of disaffection, which they purchase for more by the year than they pay in taxes, as suicides buy poison from the apothecary for their own use. They may be justly compared to men in a fever, who ascribe that uneasiness which arises from within themselves, to the bed or the posture they are in, and therefore can never be a moment quiet, but are always turning from side to side, and always find themselves less at ease in every new situation. If these men, by the assistance they are disposed to lend the pretender, should enable him to new model our affairs, they will find themselves, to their unspeakable disappointment, in the same condition with those, who in the days of Cromwell, being unable to endure the government of a good king, plotted and fought till they had given themselves a tyrant; after whose death, having an opportunity of trying their own skill in the art of governing, they soon became more impatient of their own tyranny, than they had been of his, and were forced to call home the king.

As to the nonjurors, who sacrifice all to conscience, although on political considerations, they may think themselves obliged to stand on the pretender's side, yet when they consider that this cannot be done, without helping to introduce Popery, if they have not totally divested themselves of all regard for the Reformation, they will hardly desire to set so rigid a Papist on the throne; but if their consciences are only political, and so little regulated by Scripture as not to obey the powers that be, that are ordained of God, they will join the party of the pretender, to which, however, for our comfort they will add but little weight or influence, for they are few, they are poor, they are but parsons.

'Tis no small cause of satisfaction to all, who regard either our country or our religion, that no man can be of the pretender's party, without at the same time declaring against common sense or common honesty. It is to be the sink of other disappointed pretenders to places, which no one but themselves ever thought them fit for; of villains who could not get leave to rob the nation under the shelter

of its constitution; of bankrupts who have no other way to pay their debts but by revolutions; of thieves and vagabonds, who hope under him to rise from picking of pockets to plundering of houses and cities; of felons spewed out of their country by transportation, and returning like evil spirits to haunt the house out of which they have been exorcised by the law; of murderers who were forced to fly for blood, which having tasted, their infernal minds are athirst for more; of Deists, and Atheists, and rakehells, who having made a wild waste of conscience, character, and fortune, fly to Popery to salve the first, and to rebellion, to repair the other two; of the tools in short of France, of Rome, of tyranny and superstition, who have no views nor interests to push at, but such as they share in with the author of all evil. Such is the goodly muster about the standard of the pretender, from whom an honest man would be ashamed to accept of even a kingdom, if they had it to give: but I hope this rebellion will prove only a purge to our body politic, and work out the noxious, but latent humours, which the law was not able to throw off.

Would to God I could say, that the next and last hope of the pretender, which I shall take notice of, were as ill founded as those I have already considered! Although he hath no reason to hope for success from the merits of either his title or his party, which summed up all together, amount to nothing; yet from our demerits, from our corruption both in principle and practice, he hath but too great cause of hope. We have, it is true, a form of godliness, a reformation of religion, established among us by law; but (I tremble when I utter it) that form and that reformation are hardly to be found, but in books, and on paper. Look into men, and you will find it either, generally speaking, contemned or hated. It is a lamp in a deserted path, where few or none care for walking. It is a treasure of coin no longer current, for the image and superscription it bears, is now esteemed of little or no value, and the metal is regarded as base or counterfeit. In the name of common sense, what do they mean who talk as if they feared the encroachments of Popery, and the abolition of our religion, although they are, or may be sensible they have no religion to lose, nor any inlet for another? I see much said

in general terms by the present occasional writers, about our sins against God, and the necessity of a speedy repentance; but no man ventures to point particularly to those sins, and to our national vices. This is a deadly symptom, and looks as if we were so sore and tender in all parts, as not to bear a touch, nor to be able to state the case of our own disorders, or hear them traced to their true causes.

The great ones, to whom God hath given a sabbath every day, while he asks but one in seven for himself, have refused him that, and deserted his house and table; so that unless it is to qualify for some place of profit, he seldom receives the honour of a visit from them: but this is not all, their conversation and their lives in general, speak an utter contempt for all religion; these are followed by the lower ranks of men; so that irreligion is now extending itself down to its own natural station among the poor and ignorant. For a long time the apostles for libertinism and Deism, sowed their tares with great caution and art, as it were in the night, and even those who saw their art, being glad to be deceived, sucked in with greediness their delicious poison: at length their principles having taken sufficient root, they openly ventured to inculcate the consequences, and have published invectives against Christ and virtue, which have been honoured with many editions, and the author's pictures have found a place in the closets of the great.

Infidelity hath also had its full share of encouragement and promotion. I believe it would be a strange thing when any considerable place is filled in the state, the army, or the church itself, to hear it asked by the promoters, whether this or that candidate be a sound Christian or not: this is not inquired after as a necessary qualification even in a divine, by which means many have got into high places in the church, who have made no other use of their situation, but to propagate loose principles, and lay by great fortunes for their families; a mere market hath been made of holy orders, and all the emoluments to which orders can be made a stepstone: our creed, articles, and rubric have been openly attacked by those who subscribed them, and solemnly engaged at the altar of God to defend them; while others who disapproved of this conduct, have pru-

dently winked at it, and like dumb dogs stood silently looking on; the Lord that bought us, is openly denied by great numbers, who are yet impudent enough to call themselves Christians. While Christ's honour is idolatrously given by the Papists to saints and angels, and those who are no gods; it is profanely denied to himself by Arians and Socinians! While all this is a doing, there are no convocations to check the growth of infidelity, nor do these nations render God one public testimony, by any single act of their care for the purity of his religion. Our conduct is such, as if we gave up the whole Christian cause at once. If the interest of trade, or the management of the revenue were thus wholly neglected by the public, what would become of the nation? And is the religion of the country no national concern? No country under heaven ever thought so but our own, or if any did, it soon paid a dear price for its neglect.

I have here in a few words, touched on the general cause of those enormous impieties and vices that reign over these degenerate countries, and insult the Majesty of heaven. We have within these few years seen one company of gentlemen interrupting divine service on Sunday, and in the open church, with a game of cards, and another consecrating a mock sacrament, and administering it to twelve dogs, with a triumphant impunity! Many blasphemies here and in England, where they are not satisfied with toasting the glorious memory of Oliver Cromwell, but proceed to drink the devil's health, have sounded the hideous prelude to Atheism, to something worse than Atheism. These things are shamefully overlooked as matters of little import; but I must take the liberty to say that those who have power to restrain such practices for the present, and prevent them for the future, but neglect to do it, are as much the enemies of God, as those who openly bid defiance to him; and do but blaspheme him with the impious tongues of other men: perhaps since men have given up the honour of God, the time is drawing on, when he will judge it proper to assert it himself, and be his own avenger.

Comets, some philosophers hold, are sent to reinvigorate the springs of nature, and rekindle the decreasing heat of planets, by certain preternatural effusions: who knows

but the wise God, whose ways are past finding out, observing the genuine warmth of religion almost extinguished among us, and Christian zeal frozen to an icicle, is sending the comet of Popery to visit these kingdoms, in order either to give new life and fire to the zeal of Protestants, or to consume a people, who cannot be warmed by a milder or more genial degree of heat.

Bad principles never fail to beget suitable practices. Thorns do not produce grapes, nor thistles figs; but bad principles, assisted by the most shocking examples in those who lead the world, have given an assured countenance, and full range, to all sorts of vices in their most enormous excesses. The price of an oath is as well known as that of any other commodity: justice is every where most grievously perverted. The public is on many interesting occasions sold and betrayed. No man knows whom to trust; and no wonder, for every one being conscious of the infidelity of his own heart, suspects those of his neighbours to be as false and faithless.

There are but a few left, who lament the sad and dangerous condition, to which we are reduced; and those few are despised as enthusiasts, or hated as pretended reformers: their lives and conversations are a standing rebuke to the abominable age they live in, and therefore there is a general cry against them: it might be said of this or the other age that it was wicked: but the peculiar characteristic of our age is, that it is wicked upon principle, that is, avowedly wicked.

Many others there are, who because liberty and property are interwoven with the Christian religion in our establishment, shew in conversation some seeming regard, and cold concern for that religion: but it is too evident they wish its prosperity only for its brethren and companions' sake, because they do nothing for it; nay, they sacrifice it on all occasions to what is falsely dignified with the name of prudence, and to worldly interest; they kiss it, and sell it, as the first of their class did its blessed author. They call out for repentance, but lend not a finger to that necessary work themselves, though if they look inward they cannot but see how mainly their own conduct hath swelled the sins of the nation.

At such a church and nation as this, thus tottering with its own unsoundness, thus self-subverted or inviting a subverter, the pretender is now pushing with a power, that would be despicable if opposed to a body less infirm: but as it is a miserable situation to be at sea in a rotten vessel, while most of the sailors are drunk and the winds a little too boisterous, so he hath some reason to be afraid, whose all depends on the fate of a country, made up of people so slenderly tied to that country, and to one another; for I must insist on it, that no tie but the tie of conscience can afford sufficient security in times of such temptation to treachery, and of so great and general danger as the present. Religion is the great band of society, and when that hath lost its hold of most people, particularly of those whose fidelity is of the greatest importance to their country, the honesty of the religious few is not sufficient to cement the rest; and therefore, there is hardly any other community left than that of living near one another, which nothing but necessity could make any man prefer to absolute solitude. If we consult the nature of things, we shall find that civil dissolution and ruin must follow, as the unavoidable consequence of a general departure from the principles of honesty and integrity, which are no other than those of religion, for no man is honest but he who is religious. And if we consult ourselves, whether we have generally fallen away from these principles or not, I am much afraid we shall find ourselves too far gone, to have more than a very precarious dependence on one another. We are a wealthy, we are a numerous, and have hitherto been esteemed a brave people; what will our wealth and numbers now avail us, if we are capable of being turned into traitors, and enemies to one another? Our own weight will only serve to throw us down, and dash us to pieces in the fall.

If we have little reason to trust in ourselves, I am afraid we have as little to hope for an extraordinary interposition of Providence in our favour. How many and how signal have been the deliverances wrought for us by the immediate and visible arm of God, when nothing but that arm, could have saved us! not to recur to the providential disappointments of our enemies' schemes in former times, which are now forgotten, or only remembered as obsolete

blessings, I shall just take notice of one, which, although it happened as it were but the other day, is however already cancelled by its own antiquity: All things were ready about this time last year at Dunkirk for a dangerous invasion on England, which would have thrown these three kingdoms into convulsions. Our fleets were not prepared to guard us against the blow, we had no force at home sufficient to repel it, and the French fleet put to sea; but before they could make the short passage intended, a most outragious storm fell upon them from the west, blew them back upon their own shores, and those of Flanders, and for that time defeated their design. Was it the boasted power of England that parried this dangerous thrust? No, we ascribed it to chance and the winds, and so went on in our wickedness: whereas nothing could be more manifest, than that it was a new and gracious act of divine goodness, scattering our enemies, and wooing us to gratitude and repentance.

How can we tell now after so long a contest between gross and shameful ingratitude on our part, and mercy on the part of God, in which it is hard to say whether his love or our unworthiness was most amazing, how can we tell, whether his compassion for us is not at an end? If we are to draw our conjectures either from the present disposition of our own minds towards God, which are far enough from affording any hopes of a hearty return to him, or from the unexpected and signal defeat of our army in the first engagement with the present invader, we have little reason to conclude that God is any longer on our side: we are not, it seems, to be overcome by goodness: what then is to be expected? We must feel the rod, for he who governs the world will never suffer us to continue as we are. Such a permission would be as inconsistent with his mercy, as it is with his wisdom and justice; for we should only increase in impiety and wickedness, and entail both on a wretched posterity.

On this consideration the pretender founds, or ought to found his chief hopes, that though his cause should not be approved of by God, and much less the means made use of to support it, yet as the measure of our sins seems to be filled up, he hopes God will desert us, and give us over into his hands.

How then are we to render this hope of his vain, and our own fears needless? There is but one way, to repent and return to God with all our hearts, and with all our strength, to renounce our infidelity and coldness towards our infinite benefactor, to put away from before his all-seeing eyes, the manifold and monstrous provocations, which our bad principles have tempted us to insult him with, to throw ourselves with unfeigned sorrow and deep humility before him, and in the anguish of souls more concerned for their sins than their temporal dangers, to cry mightily to him for pity and pardon; 'for who can tell, if God will turn and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger that we perish not:' although the present disturber of our peace, should be only sent to correct and to try us a little, and when that is done, should be driven out, yet, have we nothing afterward to fear? Is there no other instrument in the hand of divine vengeance to chastise a hardened people, whom neither corrections can awaken, nor mercies win? Yes, even we can be our own destroyers; and I know no judgment more severe, than to leave such a people to themselves.

If we would not have that liberty taken from us, which we have miserably abused, and turned into a shameless licentiousness; if we would not have our candlestick removed, and the light of the gospel, which hath shone so long and so gloriously among us, extinguished; if we would not have those riches, in which we have wantoned at so wild a rate, rent away by a band of robbers and cut-throats; if we would not have that peace and security, in which we have corrupted ourselves, and settled upon the lees of national and habitual vices, totally subverted by a lasting war, and the most miserable confusion, and put under an impossibility of being ever restored, but by absolute slavery, let us, in the name of God, repent, and let our king, our nobility, our bishops, our gentry and clergy lead the way. Their example will work powerfully on the lower ranks of men, provided it shines with due lustre in their conversations, in their actions, in the church, and at the altar. So shall we once again become such a people, as God may delight to bless and dwell with. Then shall the Lord of hosts, and the God of battles go out with

our armies, and give us new Cressys, Agincourts, and Blenheims. Then shall the winds and the storms make new alliances with our fleets, to ruin those of our invaders. No enemy shall be able to disturb us at home, nor resist us abroad; and the many blessings we have long enjoyed, and had almost forfeited by our ingratitude, shall be entailed on us and our posterity, until we cease to ensure them to ourselves, by our piety and virtue.

I know there are few people who care to be troubled with such thoughts as these; and of those few who will bear with me thus far, some will be offended and others will make a jest of what I have said; but I speak in the cause of God and my country, and as I know every good man must think and speak as I have done, so I shall little regard either the scoffs of atheistical fools, or the rage of overweening and malicious men.

THE NECESSITY

OF

TILLAGE AND GRANARIES:

IN

A LETTER

TO

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

LIVING IN THE COUNTY OF ——

In qua terra culturam agri docuerunt pastores progeniem suam, qui condiderunt urbem: ibi contra progenies eorum, propter avaritiam, contra leges, ex segetibus fecit prata, ignorantes non idem esse agriculturam et pastionem.

Varro de Re Rustica. lib. 2.

SIR,

YOUR entreaties are no longer to be resisted. I will now send you, in writing, the substance of what past between us some years ago on the subject of tillage. This I shall do the more willingly, because the distress of two dear years, added to those I then argued from, will probably procure what I shall say a favourable hearing. Besides, I have reason to think, that as the nation is now become more sensible of the necessity of tillage, and as a bill, I hear, is preparing in favour of it, you and your friends, may, by the help of such reasonings, as I shall lay before you, be induced to second a design, on which I hope to shew, that both the increase of your own private fortune, and the welfare of your country depend. On the first of those points I shall speak to you as the professor of a large estate in land; and on the second, as a representative and guardian of your country.

I believe your estate including both your rents, and the

profits of such grounds, as you hold in your own hands, yields you about 2000*l.* yearly. The whole, excepting some very inconsiderable patches, is grazed by black cattle, mostly barren, and sheep.

If I can shew you, sir, that the same estate, under tillage, might produce you, and your tenants at the rate of three and a half to one, more than it does at present under pasturage, I hope what I shall say, will neither seem tedious nor disagreeable to you. Though people are generally prejudiced in favour of such methods as they have grown up, and prospered tolerably in, yet if other methods can be shewn to be attended with a much greater profit, no prejudice is strong enough to hinder a rational man from quitting his old ones and going over to the new.

Let us, if you please, sir, suppose thirty-six acres of your rich and strong ground to be employed in grazing for five years, and let us see what would be the neat profit, which would arise out of the said ground during the time mentioned.

There are three kinds of grazing usually practised in this kingdom, that of milch cattle, that of dry cows and bullocks, and that of sheep.

As to the first; twenty-seven acres Irish measure will graze twenty-one cows, and the remaining nine acres will furnish them with hay. These twenty-one cows will produce twenty-one calves in the year, value . . 12 12 0

They will likewise produce besides suckling their calves, twenty-one hundred of butter which at 1*l.* 2*s.* per hundred come to 23 2 0

The buttermilk of the twenty-one cows, will be worth in the year 19 16 0

55 10 0

As some of the cows may happen to cast their calves, others miss bulling, and be liable to several other accidents that may occasion a diminution of the milk, we may allow in lieu thereof the winter's milk.

The profits of one year being 55*l.* 10*s.* the profits of the five years will be 277 10 0

Out of the above sum of 277*l.* 10*s.* we must deduct for the maintenance of a family to manage the dairy

19*l.* 12*s.* 5*d.* yearly, which in five years come to 98*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.* The remaining neat profits will be 179*l.* 7*s.* 11*d.*

The second kind of grazing, namely of dry cows and bullocks.

Thirty-six cows bought at May, and sold at All Saints for 1*l.* per cow profit	36	0	0
Out of which, if we deduct for buying, selling, and herding, the sum of	1	12	6
The remainder will be	34	7	6
The clear profits for five years will be . .	171	17	6

The expenses and profits in respect to bullocks, need not be computed, being nearly the same with those in the case of dry cows, only as the profits arising from bullocks are generally thought to be a small matter less than from dry cows, I have therefore chosen to rest in the latter.

It will here be observed that I have allowed nothing for the winter's grass. In this I have acted by the opinion of the most experienced drovers, who think they rather gain than lose by not trampling those pastures in the wet seasons, nor grazing them in the spring, on which they intend to fatten cattle the following summer. If we should allow a fifth penny of the rent for the winter's grass; in this case, the grounds being grazed and trodden in the winter, will not be able to fatten at the rate of a cow per acre the next summer; and so twice as much will be lost in summer, as gained in the winter.

As to the last kind of grazing, to wit, of sheep, it is very difficult to form a regular computation of the profits arising from thence. After having consulted with many persons skilled in that kind of cattle, and finding they differed widely in their sentiments, as to the removal of them from one kind of ground to another, as to the cost occasioned by disorders, as to the haying and wintering them, and as to the uncertainty of the price which wool bears in different years, I resolved to put the matter upon another footing. You know the profits of sheep as well as most men. I have therefore the less occasion to be particular in this letter on that article. I shall take a shorter and a surer way.

Strong and rank grounds are not quite so fit for sheep-walks, as those that are a degree lighter, and produce finer

grass. Now it is for the tillage of strong grounds, chiefly, that I contend. And as to wet grounds, which usually throw up a harsh and sour sort of herbage, they are very unfit for sheep. But were they drained and cultivated, they would often produce the richest crops of any kind of soil. Sheep and tillage ought not therefore greatly to interfere.

But supposing the ground to be equally fit for tillage, and grazing of all kinds; the profits arising from sheep could not be much higher than those from black cattle; because were they considerably higher, every one would stock his grounds with sheep, provided they were in the least fit for the purpose. A great advantage, were there such, would soon be perceived and generally pursued. But as on different parcels of the same ground, we frequently see droves of black cattle and flocks of sheep, and those too often belonging to persons equally well skilled in both, and sometimes to the same man, we may be sure the profits on both sides are nearly upon a par.

In the county of Louth, and great part of the county of Meath, those grounds, which were formerly stocked with sheep are now converted to tillage. This the inhabitants of those counties learned from their neighbours in the North. They know by this time, whether they have reason to repent or rejoice in what they have done. But this every one knows, that they go on ploughing, and producing such crops as hinder them from ever thinking of returning to pasturage. The counties of Dublin and Kildare are taking the useful hint from Louth and Meath. I hope it will go farther.

But though from the above way of reasoning, in which we can scarcely be mistaken, it follows that the profits of black cattle and sheep are nearly equal, yet to cut matters short I will allow those of sheep to exceed so much, that the thirty-six acres above-mentioned shall produce yearly 2*l.* more under sheep than they can under black cattle. Now the highest profit in black cattle being 179*l.* 7*s.* 11*d.* the highest in sheep will be 189*l.* 7*s.* 11*d.* This allowance I make to prevent all objections, and cavils, which I am sure it will do among the candid and skilful.

The whole profits then of thirty-six acres, Irish measure, of good and strong ground under sheep for five years will be 189*l.* 7*s.* 11*d.*

Having done more than justice to pasturage, I come now in like manner to lay before you the expenses and profits of the same thirty-six acres of strong and rich ground under tillage for five years.

Your lands would very well bear to be ploughed at the rate of once in two years. In the county of Down, where the soil is generally but shallow and poor, the farmer usually ploughs two thirds of his land. Surely then such land as yours may very well bear to be ploughed at the rate of one half. But supposing one third only to be kept always under tillage, and the course of tillage to run for five years, the cultivated third will produce as follows.

Expenses for five years in the tillage of twelve acres Irish measure of good and rich ground in the North.

First year for a crop of wheat.	£.	s.	d.
For three ploughings and two harrowings, at 15*s.* per acre 9*l.* Or if a fourth ploughing is necessary 3*l.* more to be added. For seed wheat twelve barrels at 15*s.* per barrel 9*l.* For reaping 3*l.* In all	24	0	0
Third year for a crop of oats.			
For ploughing and harrowing 4*l.* 16*s.* For seed oats twenty-seven barrels at 4*s.* 8*d.* per barrel 6*l.* 6*s.* For reaping 2*l.* 8*s.* In all . . .	13	10	0
Fourth year for ditto	13	10	0
Fifth year for a crop of flax.			
For two ploughings and harrowing 7*l.* 4*s.* For flax-seed twelve barrels at 1*l.* 8*s.* per barrel 16*l.* 16*s.* In all	24	4	0
Total of expenses	75	4	0

Profits arising from the above twelve acres in five years under tillage.

Second year a crop of wheat.			
For ninety-six barrels of wheat at 15*s.* per barrel	72	0	0
Third year a crop of oats.			
For two hundred and fifty-two barrels at 4*s.* 8*d.* per barrel	58	16	0
Fourth year ditto	58	16	0

Fifth year a crop of flax.	£.	s.	d.
For flax sold on the foot at 7*l.* 10*s.* per acre .	90	0	0
Total of profits	279	12	0
Out of which if we deduct the expenses amounting to	75	4	0
The remaining profits of tillage will be. . .	204	8	0
Farther if the tithe of the grain be deducted, *viz.*	18	19	2
The neat profit will be	185	8	10

Thus it appears, sir, that the twelve acres in tillage will yield within 3*l.* 19*s.* 1*d.* as much as the whole thirty-six acres under pasturage, so that all the profits arising out of the twenty-four acres under pasturage is clear gains to the husbandman over and above what the drover could possibly make out of the whole thirty-six acres.

You are to note here, sir, that I suppose all the labour of men and horses, required in the above scheme of tillage, to be hired in, and have charged it against the husbandman's profits accordingly.

It is usually objected to those who argue for tillage, by the gentlemenwhose estates are grazed, that though a much greater produce may be raised out of the ground by tillage than by grazing, yet as the tillage of even a small farm cannot be carried on without a family, the maintenance of such family will run away with the overplus profit, and so the landlord will be never the richer.

In answer to this I will now shew, sir, that the maintenance of the family is not taken out of the produce in tillage, but is obtained another way.

The maintenance of a farmer's family consisting of six persons, four of whom are able to work during one year. And first for their food.

To forty bushels of shelling, each bushel of which will yield forty-five pounds in clean meal, and equal to five pounds in seeds for flummery, which altogether would bake into sixty pounds of bread. This at 3*s.* per bushel amounts to .	6	0	0
To fifty-two bushels of potatoes at 1*s.* per bushel	2	12	0

	£.	s.	d.
To six quarts a-day of buttermilk or skim-milk at a penny each day	1	10	5
To one hundred of skim-milk cheese	0	8	4
To one hundred of butter and do. of salt . .	1	4	8
To an ordinary carcass of beef	1	0	0
To firing and hearth-money	1	10	0
To two roods of ground, digging, sowing, planting, weeding, and seeds, for a garden	0	12	0
	14	17	5

Note here, that good part of the above is yearly saved by pottage made of whey, by lenten pottage, by slink, or unthriving calves, by sheep likely to rot, by fowl and pigs fed with whey and scattered corn.

Their clothing is as follows.

To seventeen half yards of country cloth or frize at 1*s.* per yard, which will make suits for two men, to trimming and making . .	1	10	0
To eight pair of brogues, and four pair of stockings for two men by the year	0	13	0
To thirteen yards of linen at 8*d.* per yard for four shirts, and to making, and to two hats for the two men in the year	0	12	0
As an ordinary gown and petticoat is cheaper than a man's suit, and lasts much longer, and as farmers' wives seldom wear any shoes or stockings at home, and as the clothes of the children are usually made up of old things, we may allow for the clothing of the women and children the same as for that of the men	2	15	0
Total for food and clothing	20	7	5

People in high life may think the above diet too poor or scanty; yet to such people as I have been speaking of it is a sort of luxury. That it is however sufficient appears by this, that every where in the north the journeymen weavers are dieted at 18, 20, or 21 pence per week, as is well known; and those who diet them would not do it unless they gained by it.

To make it farther appear how sufficient the above al-

lowance in diet is, let it be considered that a farmer, who has eight cows gains at the calving of every cow eight milkings of beestings, which boiled will make near a month's food in the year for the family. This with eggs, the produce of the garden, &c. will make up a plenty which such people seldom allow themselves.

And as to the allowance for clothes, it will likewise appear sufficient from this, that servants are clothed decently on seven or eight shillings wages per quarter, and often save so much as to keep themselves some months out of service.

On the other side, let us now see how the farmer can enjoy such a plenty without living on the crop or at the landlord's expense.

	£.	s.	d.
It is known that flax of our own produce sells at about a groat a pound, and foreign flax at about sixpence. A woman will spin about a dozen of three dozen yarn in the day. The two women then will spin two dozens in the day, which will sell for 11 pence, out of which if we take 3 pence for the flax, the remaining 8 pence make 4 shillings per week which in the year is	10	8	0
We may allow the two men, who are able to work, that sum which we allowed for ploughing and harrowing for the first year of tillage	9	0	0
This labour will be finished in about four months.			
As these men have their victuals from home, let them be allowed to labour abroad during the other eight months at $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ per day, which is $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ per day less than is allowed for labour in the former account; or if they can't find labour, let them turn their hands to some manufacture, that will bring them in so much, which will amount to	11	5	4
Total profit arising from the work of the family	30	13	4
Out of which sum if we deduct the expenses of maintaining such a family	20	7	5
The family will then, besides maintaining themselves, have earned the clear sum of . . .	10	5	11

Which will be sufficient for buying a plough, and plough-tackle, little household furniture, and paying for the feeding of the horses during the four months they are employed in the labour of the farm. As to their feeding during the rest of the year, if they are hired out they will earn more than will feed them the whole year round.

It may be here objected, that both the men and women, will of necessity, be sometimes called off to other work, such as child-bearing, nursing, milking, churning, pulling and handling flax, and that the men's work, as mentioned above, does not continue through the whole year.

As to child-bearing and nursing, it is allowed some loss of time must be suffered on those accounts; yet this will not be considerable. Such women are so inured to cold and labour, that in lying in they won't lose near a fortnight, especially as their work is mostly within doors. A new born child sleeps most of the first three months, and it is the practice of their mothers to hold the child on the right knee, while they spin with their left hand. This such women would not do for a mistress; but the industrious always do it for themselves. But if the women go to other kinds of work, their labour must be as gainful as spinning, otherwise they would not quit the wheel for it. For instance, if they go to foot or win turf, their firing then, instead of standing them in 1*l.* 10*s.* costs them no more than bog-rent. If they pull and handle flax, and the men plough and harrow the ground for it, then the flax stands them only in the ground-rent and seed. So that what yarn soever is by these works left unspun, more than an equal value is gained in the turf, flax, and other work. As to the men's wanting work in winter, and as to their hiring in work in harvest-time, though they are not ploughing nor reaping, yet they have their corn to thresh out, they may have marl to raise, sand and dung to draw, drains to cut, and ditches to make. Now these things will keep them pretty busy, and will increase the produce of the ground greatly above the value of their labour. For instance, if by laying on of marl, sand, or dung, that field is made to produce a crop of barley, which otherwise would have produced only oats, will not the difference of the crop more than double pay for their labour? Or should ditches be made, will they not save herding,

drain the ground, make shelter for the corn and cattle, and raise timber trees for the benefit of the landlord, as well as for the ornament of his estate? Or if more hands than the two men are wanting to cut down the corn, they will rarely need to hire others, because their own women will do as well, and will then change their spinning at 4*d.* per day for reaping at 7*d.* It is true the farmer will probably take his shelling, butter, potatoes, milk, &c. out of his own farm; but if he does, will not his labour and his wife's and daughter's yarn raise as much money for the landlord, as if those things were sold to another, and the money laid out for necessaries? Either way it is alike to the landlord. Should the family be fewer than six, more labour must be hired from abroad, but the family will live upon proportionably less. If the family be more than six, their labour will produce more than their maintenance; it certainly will; how otherwise could farmers in the north sit down upon thirty or forty acres of middling land at nine or ten shillings an acre, pay their rent well, make public roads, and perhaps cut and draw their landlords' corn and turf, and after all afford to live much better than the above allowance, wear decent and comfortable clothes, make feasts now and then, and give little portions to their children of 5, 10, 15, or 20 pounds each?

It may likewise be objected, that I have here made no allowance for the ground taken up by a farm house and offices, the open space round such houses, and the ditches, nor for carrying home the grain, threshing, winnowing, and carrying to market. As to the spaces of ground lost by the ditches, &c. they will go near to pay for themselves.

The timber they will produce, the shelter they will afford to the corn against winds, and to the cattle in bad weather, will make up to the husbandman what he loses by them in the measure of his ground. But the garden if tolerably managed, will fully pay for all the ground taken up by the houses and ditches. And as to the above expenses in threshing, &c. they are very small. The after-grass, and the straw, which he may afford to sell, after thatching his houses, will trebly pay such expenses. Besides, though I have allowed the tithes, and all other demands, on account against the husbandman, I have charged the dealers

in cattle with nothing for milches, for the tenth fleece, nor in short for any ecclesiastical demand or modus.

You may observe, sir, that in the above calculation, I have given all imaginable advantages to the dealers in cattle; whereas, in respect to tillage I have supposed the farm to be possessed and managed by a poor family, who, though in a year or two they may grow rich, and afford to live much better than by the foregoing allowance, and to give their ground more labour, and manure, yet at first they can do little more, than manage in the manner mentioned. I have therefore supposed them to proceed as the poor, ignorant Irish farmers do in the north, by a cheap and unskilful scheme of tillage to a low and moderate profit. Yet low as it is, twelve acres of ground under such a sort of tillage produce a neat and clear profit equal to that of thirty-six acres of the same ground under the most profitable kind of pasturage, managed with the greatest skill. It is a pleasure to me to be supported in this by the calculation, which the ingenious Arthur Dobbs, Esq. published some years ago, and in which he makes the profits of tillage to those of pasturage as three to one.

But I will now proceed to shew you, sir, that if we suppose a skilful and substantial farmer, to possess the above thirty-six acres of good ground, he will be able by better management, and even with less expense and labour, to raise a much greater produce in tillage.

The expenses and profits of thirty-six acres, Irish measure, of rich and strong ground, twelve of which are always under tillage.

The expenses.

First year for a crop of flax.

To ploughing and harrowing one acre 8*s.* 6*d.* to seed for the same six bushels at 7*s.* per bushel 2*l.* 2*s.* twenty women for pulling the flax, 10*s.* for beating out the seed, 6*s.* for watering and spreading on the grass 2*s.* for breaking and buffing 4*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* in all for one acre 8*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.* for twelve acres 97 2 0

First year for a crop of wheat.

For fallowing the twelves acres by three ploughings and two harrowings 9*l.* for seed

	£.	s.	d.
twelve barrels at 15*s.* per barrel, 9*l.* for reaping 3*l.* in all	24	0	0

Third year for a crop of potatoes.

The expense at 6*d.* per perch in the old way for dung, seed and labour would amount to 1*l.* 12*s.* But I will suppose the potatoes set with the plough as follows.

To the first two ploughings of one acre 10*s.* to the harrowing 1*s.* 6*d.* to ten men and two horses for the setting and third ploughing 6*s.* to three other ploughings 6*s.* to seed twelve bushels 12*s.* to dung 1*l.* 10*s.* for carrying out the dung 4*s.* in all for one acre 3*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* for the whole twelve acres	41	14	0

Fourth year for a crop of barley.

To ploughing and harrowing 3*l.* 12*s.* twelve barrels of seed at 6*s.* per barrel 3*l.* 12*s.* to reaping 2*l.* 8*s.* in all	9	12	0

Fifth year for a crop of oats.

To ploughing and harrowing 4*l.* 16*s.* seed twenty-seven barrels at 4*s.* 8*d.* per barrel 6*l.* 6*s.* to reaping 2*l.* 8*s.* in all	13	10	0
Total of expenses.	185	18	0

The produce.

First year's flax sold in the market after breaking and buffing at seventy stone per acre, and at 5*s.* per stone, comes in all to	210	0	0
For twelve bushels of flax-seed at 5*s.* per bushel, 3*l.* per acre, in the whole 12*l.*	36	0	0
Total produce of flax	246	0	0

Second year.

For ninety-six barrels of wheat at 15*s.* per barrel.	72	0	0

Third year.

If the potatoes of the whole twelve acres, in the old way by digging, were sold at 1*s.* per perch, each perch being two yards in width; they would bring 224*l.* Now I will only charge them at the same rate, though potatoes set by

	£.	s.	d.
the plough are allowed to yield a fourth or fifth, more than by the spade	224	0	0
Fourth year.			
For two hundred and sixteen barrels of barley at 6*s.* per barrel	64	16	0
Fifth year.			
For two hundred and fifty-two barrels of oats at 4*s.* 8*d.* per barrel	58	16	0
Total profits	665	12	0
The flax paying only 6*d.* in lieu of tithe, and the tithe of potatoes being every where disputed, in few places recovered by law, and where they are recovered, so difficult to be secured, I have allowed nothing for the same; but have charged the full tenth of what the grain is sold for in the market, which is more than the person can demand at the time of sowing. . .	19	11	0
To this if we add the expenses of the tillage	185	18	0
The whole will be	205	9	0
Which being substracted from the above sum of 665*l.* 12*s.*			
there remains	460	3	0
As the whole thirty-six acres under a dairy produced the sum of 277*l.* 10*s.* in five years, we must here add two thirds of said sum to the profits arising from the tillage of the twelve acres.	185	0	0
The neat produce then of the whole thirty-six acres, twelve of which are always under tillage, and the other twenty-four grazed, will be	645	3	0
If we deduct the sum of 189*l.* 7*s.* 11*d.* . .	189	7	11
Which was the highest profit in pasturage from the 645*l.* 3*s.* the highest produce in tillage, the balance on the side of tillage will be . .	455	15	1

The produce now in tillage compared with that of grazing, is nearly as 21 to 6, which is 3½ to 1.

You may observe, sir, that I have made the profits of the twenty-four acres, which the husbandman may keep lay for the grazing his milk and plough cattle, to be equal to those of the same number grazed for a dairy: which they certainly will be, provided that along with the last crop, which is oats, he sows a sufficient quantity of common grass seed, and lays down his ground judiciously. The longer ground lies lay, the closer and stiffer it grows, the grass becomes finer and shorter, and in meadows particularly that have not been broken up of a long time, the grass is oppressed with moss. For this I know no other remedy but tillage, after which a most rank and luxurious crop of grass may be obtained even the first year, if to supply the want of grass-roots, grass-seed be timely sown. The fields of an unskilful husbandman appearing, after a course of tillage, almost quite uncovered with grass, it is imagined by many that the ground is so run out of heart that it cannot bear grass, but this is a most gross mistake. The ground is much fitter for the purpose, than before it was broken up, only the roots of the grass being all destroyed, it is impossible for it to produce that, of which it has neither root nor seed.

There are other courses of tillage, sir, besides the former, for the husbandman to change to, according as his ground, or the seasons may require; and those no less profitable. Besides, were the art of tillage a little better known among us, a still greater produce might be obtained from our fruitful grounds, than that which I have mentioned. In England they know so much more of this matter than we do, that they frequently raise as profitable a crop out of a shallow, as out of a deep soil: a stiff clay is compelled to yield as fruitful a produce as the finest mould: I had almost said that by their management a barren soil is as beneficial as a fruitful. They have proper instruments of tillage for all sorts of grounds, nor are they less careful to adapt the seed to the soil. By these means their work goes on much easier, and their crops come with greater certainty and plenty.

But I need not go quite so far for instances of this kind. In the county of Meath, and some parts of Louth, though through the uniformness of the soil they have little occasion for variety of methods in tillage, yet they manage so well,

that of the same parcel of ground, they have always one third under winter grain, another under spring grain, and the other third under fallows. They set apart a small parcel of their worst grounds for grazing their milch and plough cattle, and all the rest is, from year to year, without any intermission, treated in the above manner. No length of time exhausts the vigour of their ground. They pay generally speaking, twenty shillings an acre for it, good and bad, and therefore cannot afford to let it be idle, and take crops of grass from it, in lieu of wheat and barley.

You will be pleased to observe, sir, that all the labour of men and horses is, by the above calculation, supposed to be hired in at the dearest rates; whereas a husbandman, who can maintain servants and horses of his own, will save a good deal in that article. Besides, if the ploughing were performed with bullocks, the whole labour of horses would be clearly saved, because the bullocks, after ploughing for two or three years, will sell for more than their keeping came to.

Upon the whole, as the above calculation is the result of much considering and debating among persons extremely well skilled in both pasturage and tillage, whom I consulted with on this occasion, I am confident it is prepared to stand the severest examination, provided it be a candid one. However, I do not desire you should depend on me alone in this; lay my computation before skilful persons, and desire them candidly to give you their opinion of it. Such persons will not disdain to descend to the mean particulars, which I have been obliged to dwell on; because they know the merits of this, as well as of all other points, depend on, and must be traced to their first simple principles, which are no other than the expenses and gains of the farmer.

It is farther worth observing, that as vast quantities of the best ground in the kingdom, and a good deal of yours, pay no tithe of grain, and as in many places grass and hay are actually tithed, and if some old laws could be put in force, would be tithed every where, so the charge in my computation against the farmer for tithes, ought in many places to be relaxed in respect to him and his landlord, and those of the hay and grass, or at least, the moduses for

milches, hay, &c. ought to be charged against the grazier. Though this is a very material consideration in favour of tillage, yet I have left it, and many other such advantages, out of my comparison, partly because they could not be easily computed, and partly because I had advantages enough without them.

It is commonly objected to tillage that abundance of grain is lost, one year with another, by mildews, winds, lodging, the cutworm, vermin, &c. But more stress is laid on this objection than reason will allow of. Even in the north, where the weather is more severe, where they have more rain and wind, and where the harvest, coming in later, is thrown into a more uncertain season, the careful husbandman, who cultivates a good piece of ground, can *communibus annis* produce such crops as are mentioned above. In your country, sir, the middle grounds having more strength in them than the best in the north, will not only produce larger crops, but will give them a strength more sufficient to resist the injuries of the weather. Besides, as you lie two degrees nearer to the sun, and enjoy more early and certain seasons, there is far less reason in your case for stumbling at such objections. As, however, there is a loss sustained this way, which merits consideration, I am sure so does that which the dealer in cattle suffers by rots, murrains, and numberless other disorders incident to all kinds of cattle. In bad hay years (that is, generally once in four or five years) the expense of wintering cattle is greatly advanced. These losses may very well balance those of tillage.

Unless about considerable towns, your lands are set mostly under ten shillings an acre. Even in the Golden Vale, they did not set for so much, till of late. Yet as your grounds are near twice as good as those in Meath and Louth, so they ought to set for twice as much. Those in Meath setting for twenty, yours ought to set for forty, and yet, to your mortification, they set but for ten, that is, for little more than a fourth part of their value.

The lands in the north are no way comparable to those in Meath, and much less still to yours. Notwithstanding this they generally set higher than yours.

No doubt but the linen trade, and other manufactures

contribute greatly to this. But then tillage is the source of all; for manufactures follow tillage, have always done so, and can never take place effectually where bread corn is not provided at cheap and easy rates.

Forty acres of very indifferent ground, in the northern end of the kingdom, maintain a family in plenty, and pay the landlord fourteen, fifteen, or perhaps twenty pounds yearly in rent; whereas in the southern end of the kingdom, where the soil is infinitely better, the same extent of ground feeds not a human creature; and yields its owner scarcely one-third of its value. This, I think, sir, is a most shameful comparison.

But that which may be made between the lower inhabitants of the north and south, to whose different dispositions, the wide difference in the value of lands is owing, is I think, still more odious.

I have seen, in the north of Ireland, a sturdy fellow, of British descent, who wore good clothes, rode a good horse to church and market, dwelt in a warm stone house, maintained a wife and four or five children, or rather made them help to maintain him; and all out of a little farm of thirty or forty acres of sorry ground, at a very high rent. Nay, I have seen the same person portion off his children, and settle them, each in as good a way as himself. But then I own neither he nor his family eat the bread of idleness. They lived well, and they wrought for it. I have seen them burning lime or clay, drawing dung, marl, or sand, gathering the dirt off the highways, raking the slutch out of ditches, and carrying the soil up, from deep bottoms, to bare and shallow hills, from whence it had been washed, as if they intended to repair their little portion of the world, and restore the very decays of nature.

Turn your eyes now, sir, from these useful and worthy creatures, upon a poor cabin built of sods, sorely decayed in walls and roof, with half a dozen wretches within it, who are so far from being able to repair it, that if a single crown were sufficient to keep it from crushing them into the earth, they could not command it. They are clothed with rags, and half eaten up with vermin; and being too lazy and as often too proud to work, are nevertheless not ashamed to steal. Your bullocks indeed look well, but these slaves

and attendants of theirs wear the livery of such a service, and look as if they had brutes indeed for their masters.

Pray, now, whether would you rather receive three thousand pounds a year from the former, or take two thousand that came by the assistance of the latter? Whether would you choose, a third more from a country well peopled with such stout, and able-bodied men, who would enrich you in peace, and defend you in war, or a third less, from a sort of desert grazed by a race of sheep, bullocks, and beggars, the latter of whom would infallibly cut your throat, and burn your house, were they encouraged to it by the least disturbance in the country?

We hear it often objected that many persons have made considerable fortunes by grazing, but none by tillage; and that those gentlemen who have attempted tillage in very large farms, in hopes of enriching themselves that way, have been disappointed.

This whole objection, sir, I grant; but it concludes nothing against tillage in the way I have been recommending; nor has it any thing to do with gentlemen of estates, whose fortunes are already made.

Those who take large stock-farms from you, at a very moderate rent, and hold the like in other estates near you, may possibly find a more certain profit in grazing those grounds with dry cattle, which may be attended by two or three herds, than by setting them in very small parcels to idle and unskilful cotters, who will break in arrears, and leave the houses out of repair, and the land out of heart. In the latter case they are to share in the profits of a very bungling sort of tillage, with perhaps a hundred families, but in the former, though the profits be less, they have them all to themselves. By this means, I own, the lessees I am speaking of may grow rich; but be assured it is at the expense of their landlords, who might by tillage raise their rents a third, I might justly say, in many cases one half, and at the same time afford a comfortable support to crowds of human creatures, who are now lost to their country by idleness, banishment, or death. The profits of pasturage, though small, arising from a great extent of land, rated very low, may enrich a drover. But pray what is that to you, sir, who might have a great deal more for your land?

It is your business, as I take it, to consider how you may better your estate, not how this poor grazier, or that needy butcher may raise a fortune off your lands. As you are now about to set a large parcel of your lands, and have done me the honour to consult with me on the occasion, I would advise you to set them in such a manner, as to have industrious men, rather than unprofitable cattle, to occupy your ground, and to suffer no overgrown lessee to come between you and those who work that ground, and intercept the greater part of the profit. There is no greater enemy to the landed gentlemen, than your takers of great leases, who either huckster out those lands they hold at a low rent, to needy wretches who give them whatever they ask, or else graze them; and so in both cases, the ground being occupied by beggars or black cattle, is for ever unimproved. The landlord gets but a sorry rent, and his estate is a perfect desert. The extravagance of our gentlemen is the original cause of this. They want money; so they must either sell, or which is little better, fine down their lands to a perfect quit-rent. By this means their estates are almost lost to their families. Little more than the name is left; and their lands which, by another management, might have paid their debts, given them more in five or six years, than their fines came to, and been doubled to them and their heirs for ever, are swallowed up, either by drovers, who put cattle on them, or by retailers of land, who people them with thieves and beggars.

In a pamphlet published some years ago, in which there are many things on the subject of tillage, that deserve your consideration, there is one gross mistake, which you and every landed gentleman should beware of being misled by. We are there told that, in the respect to tillage and pasturage, the public interest of the nation, and the private interest are against each other, that though tillage be highly profitable to the public, pasturage is more so to private persons; and that therefore the legislature ought to add such advantages on the side of tillage, as might raise its profit above those of pasturage, to private persons. The calculations I have sent you, demonstrate the very reverse in respect to private gain. They shew that the landlord and the husbandman would have between them three and a

half to one more by tillage than by grazing. Who then reaps the private gain in pasturage? Are not the landlords and the husbandmen private persons? And is not their gain a private one? The gentleman can mean no other by private persons, than those who hold such leases as I spoke of above. But surely they are too thin a class to denominate the private interest in contradistinction to the public. If one should say that paying the legal duties of commodities, and dealing fairly is for the public interest; but that running of goods, and dealing in contraband wares is more gainful to private persons, would it not sound oddly? Are not the gains of fair dealers as much private gains, as those of the smuggling merchant? But his parliamentary remedy is as impossible, as the disorder he would apply it to is imaginary. If there be a considerable gain in pasturage more than in tillage, by what premiums or other expedients can the legislature ever make up an equivalent for it, or rather more than an equivalent; for people will not quit an old method for a new, till the new is made considerably more beneficial? If pasturage were but a tenth part more profitable than tillage, before the legislature could convert the nation from grazing to tillage, they must make the latter at least two or three tenths more gainful than the former. How could they find a fund sufficient to do this over the whole nation? Twice the whole revenues of the kingdom would not be equal to the design.

As to those gentlemen who attempted tillage in large farms, it is not to be wondered at that they were disappointed. For first, they had not that diligence and anxious attention to the business that is necessary to such affairs.* They hunted one day, drank another, visited on a third, and it may be on the fourth, spent some hours in attending the labour of their farms. This will never do, we may expect as little from labourers who have not their master to oversee them, as from soldiers who are to fight without a commander. Columella charges 'the miscarriages in farming, which the Romans complained of in his time, on their committing the business to the vilest and worst of servants, as if agriculture were a crime which they would

* See old Hesiod on the subject of diligence and idleness.

not stoop to punish themselves, but committed to the hangman.'*

Again, those gentlemen wanted skill in farming. They were so weak as to think any body might be a husbandman. Hence not knowing how to manage the business they were about, they both took wrong measures, and besides were imposed on by those whose advice and care they trusted to. These men might as well have, all at once, set up for physicians or lawyers. Did they consult Varro, he would tell them that agriculture is not only an art, but also a necessary and important art.† And if they would consult Columella, 'they would find that judicious husbandman expressing his astonishment, that while his countrymen employed a master or professor in every other art‡ or science, nay, even in music, dancing, cooking, pickling, and cutting hair, he nevertheless could hear of neither masters nor scholars in agriculture, an art next akin to wisdom, and without which human life cannot be supported.'

Again, our gentlemen, being buoyed up with hopes of vast gain, undertook farms too large for five or six diligent men to oversee. These large tracts of ground were indeed ploughed, harrowed, sowed, and reaped; and the corn was threshed out, cleaned and sold.

But how could the owner see that all this was done with diligence, skill, and honesty? The old Romans assigned to every one no more than seven acres of ground. Even a senator was liable to a prosecution at law, who held more than fifty. Now this was not so much that every one might have a share, because the case was the same, after the acquisition of whole nations by conquest, as that the ground might be managed to the greater advantage, and that its occupier might be forced to make the most of it.§

* Rem Rusticam pessimo cuique servorum, velut cornifici noxiæ dedimus. Colum. de re rust. lib. 1.

† Agricultura non modo est ars, sed etiam, necessaria et magna. Varro de re rust. lib. 1.

‡ Sola res rustica, quæ sine dubitatione, proxima, et consanguinea sapientiæ est, tam discentibus egeat, quam magistris. Adhuc enim scholas rhetorum, et, ut dixi, geometrarum, musicorumque, vel, quod magis mirandum est, contemptissimorum vitiorum officinas, gulosius condiendi cibos, et luxuriosius fercula struendi, capitumque et capillorum concinnatores non solum esse audivi, sed et ipse vidi. Agricolationis, neque doctores qui se profiterentur, neque discipulos cognovi, &c. Colum. de re rust. lib. 1.

§ For this see Varro and Columella de re rustica.

Columella quotes 'Laudato ingentia rura, exiguum colito,' as a good authority for a small farm; and to make that authority still the stronger, he says Virgil copied that sentence from an old Phenician or Carthaginian maxim; the farm ought to be weaker than the husbandman; because as the husbandman is to strive with his farm, if the latter is too strong for him, it will crush him. He says farther, that there is no doubt but a wide farm ill cultivated, yields a less crop than a narrow one well laboured.*

But if gentlemen find it so hard to make a considerable profit by tillage, the case would be worse in respect to pasturage, should they be obliged to take stock-farms at such a rent as husbandmen always give for their lands all over the tilling countries. I have heard many dealers in cattle say, that were they to take farms now at the present improvement of rents, they could never live by the business. Is not this the same as to say, they make their fortunes out of the landed gentlemen's pockets, and is it not giving up the point in question, whether the tiller or the grazier can afford to bid highest for your land?

It is, I know, objected by some, that if tillage be so much more gainful than grazing, how comes it to pass that the English, who know the difference very well, run much into grazing, though we may perceive by the low price at which our Irish wool and hides sell there, that the produce of pasturage is not very highly rated among them.

In answer to this I must deny the first point taken for granted. The English do not run much into grazing, I mean, they keep no great quantity of ground untilled for the sake of sheep and oxen. They take a wiser method, of which we might have the advantage as well as they. Their lands after tillage are so well laid down with grass-seed, clover-seed, &c. and they sow such prodigious fields of turnips, that their ground can feed more cattle of all sorts, than if it lay continually under pasture. Then their tillage being carried on mostly with oxen, which are fed with hay, grass, chopped straw, and weak corn, the production of beef and grain among them is obtained by the same method, at

* Imbeciliorem agrum quam Agricolam debere, quoniam quum sit colluctandum cum eo, si fundus prevaleat, allidi dominum. Nec dubium quin minus reddat laxus ager, non recte cultus, quam angustus eximie.

the same time, and on the same ground. The one is so far from hindering the other, that did they feed fewer oxen, they could not plough nor sow so much, and did they plough and sow less, they could not have so much grass, hay, straw, and corn to feed their cattle. How would Irish ignorance and slothfulness stare at such a paradox as this? Their sheep feed on turnips, and the grass of fields lately ploughed.

Some of their young cattle are fed on coarse grounds, others are driven from Scotland and Wales, and get the last fattening from grounds from which heavy crops of grain were reaped the very year before. Besides, they have advantages in grazing which we have not. Beef and mutton are sold in London for twice as much as in Dublin. This greatly helps to enhance the profits of pasturage in England. And as to our wool, hides, and tallow, selling at a low rate there, though it be true that they do, yet they are in fact a good deal dearer in England than here. This will best appear by an instance.

Suppose an Irish merchant to pay twenty crowns for twenty stone of wool in Ireland, and likewise to pay four crowns more for custom-house fees and freightage. If the English manufacturer buys the said wool at twenty-six crowns in England he pays no more for it, than for so much English wool: consequently the English wool sells in the country where it is produced, as high as ours after the expense of exportation is taken out of it. The same may be said of hides and tallow carried from hence to England. As to the merchant's profits, they arise by the advanced value of money in Ireland. It appears now that though flesh, wool, hides, tallow, butter, &c. are dearer in England than here, and the corn of all sorts is for the most part cheaper, yet the English generally prefer tillage, and use Ireland as a stock-farm to furnish beef and butter for their shipping. The English gain considerably more by cattle, and less by tillage than we, and yet such is the balance on the side of tillage even there, that they till almost all their grounds that are fit for tillage.

But though these reasonings carry with them a light, which common sense can hardly be blind to, yet a wretched slavery to old habits and prejudices hinders their good

effects. Many who have been all their days accustomed to the cringes of two or three herds, more fearful than their sheep, and more obsequious than their dogs, are afraid of a thriving yeomanry, who being able to pay their rent at the day, would expect to be treated upon a footing of freedom. But one who loves freedom in himself, should desire to cherish it in others. For my own part, I should be much better pleased to hear an honest rough fellow of this stamp, call me by my plain name, than have a supple knave of yours dignify me with your honour, and your majesty, and such other goodly titles, with which a herald in sheep is wont to soothe the vanity of some masters. But methinks a landlord should be well pleased to see his estate under such hands. Are they sturdy for any other reason, but because they are full of bread, and beholding to nothing on earth, but their own industrious hands, for what they enjoy, because in short they can hold their own with their landlord and the world? Is not all this roughness, howsoever awkward it may be in itself, entirely on the side of the landlord? He surely of all men, has no reason to complain, that his tenants do not fear him. Would not you, sir, be better pleased to have two or three hundred such as these, to stand up for you on all occasions, particularly to vote for you, or your son, at an election, than nurse up an overgrown drover, with lands at third part value, till he is able to carry the county, or your own borough against you. I beg, sir, you may think of this last hint, and think of it in time; you know well enough what I mean. I am told ——— keeps the estate of ——— unset since the expiration of the leases, with a design to plant it with farmers, and linen weavers from the north, and that he has an agent just now employed in that business. In four years, or thereabout, I believe almost the whole estate of ——— will be out of lease, and you know he has been declaring any time this ten years, that he will give effectual encouragement to tillage and the linen manufacture. I instance these gentlemen in particular, only because their interest and yours are likely to interfere. But you know the design of enclosing lands, building houses, and planting husbandmen, and tradesmen on their estates, is becoming general all over Munster and Conaught: so that those gentlemen, whose lands are already set to drovers

for long terms of years yet to come, or who through ignorance of their interest, or want of a small purse to prepare their lands for the execution of the same design, are forced to postpone it, will in some years have the mortification to see themselves sink into so many ciphers in their respective counties.

I hope, sir, no more need be said to prove to you that an estate divided into moderate farms, and possessed by good husbandmen, becomes thrice as valuable as the same estate grazed by any kind of cattle; that the grazier enjoys only the very surface of the ground; but that the husbandman like a miner, goes deeper, and turns up a much richer treasure. The conclusion from this is plain and necessary, namely, that if you could set your estate in moderate farms to skilful and laborious husbandmen from the north or Great Britain, you would make a new purchase in your own lands, you would have at least a third more to yourself, than you at present get out of it, and leave another third to your tenants, which in its uncultivated state, does not arise out of it at all.

This it is true cannot be effected without some expense to you, as I shall notice presently; but you would be willing to buy land at twenty years' purchase, and reversions at the usual rate in respect to the time that the purchase-money is to lie dead. Now as in this kind of purchase, the gain would very quickly accrue, so I can scarce call it a reversion. But supposing it to be such, and that the return will not be made you in less than five, ten, or fifteen years, yet that return will be so great, that you may very well reckon you have thrice the legal interest of your expenses, from the time of laying out your money.

You will be apt to ask now how such a tenantry can be obtained, and to recollect how often the encouraging colonies of husbandmen to settle in the southern and western parts of the kingdom has been attempted without success.

There were several causes of these miscarriages, which I hope in future attempts of the like nature may be prevented.

In the first place, the husbandmen were not duly encouraged. Farmers who have already good holdings, and live well in their own country and among their relations, will

not without greater encouragement than you can afford to give them, remove to a distant country.

For this reason you cannot hope to have such ; nor were such ever brought southward upon our present scheme. Those, who went to Munster and Conaught to take farms, were generally people in but low circumstances, and with so narrow stocks, that by the time they had enclosed their grounds, built, &c. they had nothing left to carry on the intended tillage. By these means they soon broke, to the great discouragement of others, who were disposed to follow them, and so the gentlemen, who invited them, having their lands wasted and thrown upon their hands with the loss of some arrears, grew as sick of the business, as those poor men who were undone by it.

But to execute the design effectually, the farm-houses ought to be built, and the ground enclosed at the expense of the landlords, which the advance in their rents would soon repay them. Were this done I myself know hundreds, who would in half a year's time, sit down on your estate, and in the course of a few years, would turn it into a perfect garden.

Another great discouragement to these tilling and trading colonies, arises from the ill treatment such people, who are mostly Protestants, have usually received among the Popish inhabitants of your country. Their cattle have been houghed and stolen, their stack-yards, and sometimes their very houses burnt, and a combination entered into by all their Popish neighbours to carry all points in business or law against them, and on all occasions to oppose and frighten them.

This difficulty might now be easily got over. Your country has already more Protestants in it than in the times we have been speaking of. The natives are more amenable to the laws, have less hope of assistance from abroad, or a revolution in their favour. Besides, many of them would, as they have done in the north, and in the counties of Louth and East-Meath, learn of their new neighbours to cultivate the ground, and choose by that means to enrich themselves, and become useful to their country, rather than tempt the resentment of the landed gentlemen, of the government, and of an armed force.

If some pains were taken with the native Irish, I believe they might be reclaimed from much of that mistaken rancour they shew on such occasions, as I have been just now speaking of. They might by reason and in a good-natured way be won to industry, which would produce wealth, and wealth contentment. The sight of Protestants, thriving among them by tillage and trade, would in time make them ashamed of their sloth and beggary.

But lest in some places they should happen to fall to their old foolish practices upon their neighbour's corn and cattle, it would not be amiss that the houses of the new farmers should stand pretty near each other, and form a sort of scattered villages, that they should be built of stone and lime, and if possible slated, that the master of the family should keep a gun and some other arms in his house, and that he should let loose a large and fierce mastiff to range about all night after having been chained all day. These expedients were practised in the north with very good effect, and were found necessary, till the country became thoroughly enclosed and civilized.

No design of this nature can be accomplished without some pains and perseverance. A plantation, like those I have been speaking of, must be nursed in its infancy by those who have sway and interest in the country. The gentlemen of estates in the north have executed the scheme I am recommending under much greater difficulties than you have to struggle with, by doing little more than setting their lands at moderate rents, for short terms ; at the expiration of which, they found so many people to bid for their farms, that the rent was every where doubled, and in some places, where they had encouraged towns to be built, they got three, four, or five times their first rent. Is it not a shame now that after this work has been begun, and carried on in the teeth of much greater obstacles, in the cold barren end of the kingdom, you cannot bring it forward to your own, where it would be so much easier to make it succeed. Do you think those crowds, who, for want of room in the north, go every year to America, would not rather stay in their own country and climate, and take a short journey by land, than a long and dangerous voyage by sea, did you provide a tolerable reception for them on your estate ?

You lose more by letting those people go out of the kingdom than is generally imagined. Lands are not riches; but good inhabitants, who bring the necessaries and comforts of life out of the ground, are real wealth. This appears beyond all contradiction from the state of Ulster immediately after the wars. Lands then set in the north for no more than three or four shillings an acre. And why? Because their value was not in proportion to any intrinsic worth of their own, but to the numbers that wanted them. Now they set from seven to nine in the country, and about towns from fifteen to twenty, or even as high as thirty in some places. In the towns themselves, that ground, which before the town, that now stands on it, was built, was thought dear of four shillings an acre, is now set for twenty, thirty, or forty pounds. In short the grounds at greatest distance from towns frequently pay more rent to the landlord, than the best husbandman in the world could possibly raise out of them. For this trade, the offspring of industry in general, but more especially of agriculture, is to be thanked.

This, sir, is the same with what I said to you on the subject of tillage some years ago. I now repeat it at your own request, and out of an unfeigned friendship to you, whose interest I wish it were in my power to promote by expedients fitting for me to propose, and you to execute. I shall now address myself to you as a member of the honourable house of commons, and guardian to your country, which as it is also mine, I am by duty and affection bound to consult its welfare to the uttermost of my little abilities.

I believe I need not take up much time to convince you, that your country is in a distressed, and almost desperate condition. The late famine and pestilence, that have lain so long and heavily on us, recur, no doubt to a mind like yours, too strongly to need a verbal representation of what exceeds all description. Plagues and wars are reckoned the most terrible calamities, because they destroy great numbers in one place and at the same time; but what we have suffered was every whit as destructive, and therefore to a considering person ought to seem as terrible. It is computed by some, and perhaps not without

reason, that as many people have died of want, and disorders occasioned by want, within these two years past, as fell by the sword in the massacre and rebellion of forty-one. Whole parishes have in some places been almost desolated; and the dead have been eaten in the fields by dogs, for want of people to bury them. Whole thousands in a barony have perished, some of hunger, and others of disorders occasioned by unnatural, unwholesome, and putrid diet. Now, sir, you know this is no new thing with us. We saw the same in twenty-eight, and twenty-nine, and since that have once or twice felt it in a lower degree. Had not the gentry, clergy, and corporate towns given liberally to the relief of the poor, at those calamitous seasons, those who perished must have been followed by as many more. But daubing and patching up evils of this kind with late, and ineffectual alms, is a poor, desperate, necessitous expedient. Are we never to think of preventing them? Are not the lives of so many people worth saving? Are they not our countrymen, our tenants, our flesh and blood? Shall we idly wish a remedy for such general calamities only while they continue to afflict or frighten us, but as soon as ever they abate, never once think of providing against them for the future?

You, gentlemen, who represent the nation, are the only persons, that can remedy this ruinous calamity. Though tillage brings a much greater premium with it, than the parliament can give; yet, so it is, that a small sum conferred as an honorary reward, and considered by the receiver as an advance in the price of his grain, would probably weigh more with a person, not yet satisfied about the great profits of tillage, than all that can be said to him by those who are experimentally acquainted with those profits. I submit it to your better judgment, whether it would not therefore be wisely done of the parliament, to increase the premium allowed to the exporter, and give it to the farmer, till convinced by the ample profits arising from tillage itself he begin to pursue it for its own sake, and to consider it as its own reward. After this, when we begin to produce more grain than the kingdom can consume, the same premium may be restored to the exporter, and continued to him till the sweets of exportation have been a little tasted

by him, and then they alone will be a sufficient encouragement.

But a very small premium to either the vender or the exporter, will leave the matter just where it found it; and a premium given when grain is sunk to such a price, that both that and the premium would not pay the expenses of tillage, is no premium at all. Such is the case in the premium act made in Queen Anne's reign.

You can likewise find out more effectual means than have been yet thought of, to oblige those who have not sense nor goodness enough to do it of themselves, to throw a large portion of their grounds into tillage. Five acres in the hundred will never relieve the necessities of the nation, much less will they afford any thing for exportation. Besides, the law to enforce even that, is so wholly contemned, that it has not even prevailed on our people to make an experiment in five acres, which had they been forced to make, their profits by this time would have led them to the tillage of the whole hundred. Laws made for a purpose so absolutely necessary as this, should be enforced by very severe penalties, and not such penalties as no body will care, or dare to inflict. If twenty acres in the hundred of all arable grounds were by law obliged to be ploughed, on pain of forfeiting to the landlord the sum of twenty shillings for every acre of said number that should be unploughed, such a law would have strength to execute itself.

There can be no hardship in compelling those who hold great parcels of land at low rents, to let off at the rate of sixty acres in the hundred, that twenty may be ploughed, to such improving tenants as their landlords can procure for them. These husbandmen working for themselves, and not as mere overseers to others, will soon convince the greater lessees that it is their interest to tenant all their leases in the same manner; and then they will do that in hopes of gain, which at first they were obliged to do for fear of punishment. As to those who hold small farms, they cannot afford to graze them; so no penalties need be inflicted on them.

It has been a long and just complaint, that the price of grain is ever rising and falling to extremes in this unhappy country. One year it is so low, that the farmer can get no-

thing for his crop, and is not able to pay his rent; the next year it is so excessively high, that the poor are starved, and die by thousands of disorders occasioned by famine. A plentiful harvest brings down the price of grain so far, that the farmer does not think it worth his while to follow the plough for the next year. By this means next year is a year of dearth and distress. Thus we go on without looking before us farther than to the next year, and so once or twice in seven years are visited with such mortalities, as other countries, not even the most barren, do not feel twice in a century. We have not much to spare in a good year; and a bad one brings us to the brink of ruin. When we have any grain to spare, which happens so seldom that we never think of carrying it abroad, a parcel of forestallers snap it up, and for the next year, have the whole country at their mercy, till the farther ends of the earth send us relief.

Our soil is good, and exceeds that of most countries in fertility, but rather than trust to it, we commit our necessary subsistence to the casualties of the sea. Instead of sowing our kindly grounds, and reaping a plentiful and certain crop, we choose to sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind.

Our condition is exactly the same with that of the Romans, in the reign of Claudius. 'As that emperor,' says Tacitus, 'was hearing causes in the forum, the people beset him with tumultuary clamours, and having driven him into the extreme part of the forum, were going to lay violent hands upon him, when his guards forced a passage for him through the crowd. At this time there were but fifteen days provisions in the city, and it was relieved in its extremity by the mere bounty of Providence, and the mildness of the winter. The historian remarks on this occasion, that in former times, provisions were carried from Italy to the remotest provinces of the empire, and yet though the soil of Italy was as fruitful as ever, his countrymen wisely chose to cultivate Africa and Egypt, and trust their lives to their ships and fortune.'*

* Quindecim dierum alimenta urbi, non amplius superfuisse constitit. Magnaque Deum benignitate, et modestia hyemis rebus extremis subventum. At hercule olim ex Italiæ regionibus longinquas in provincias commeatus portabant. Nec nunc in fecunditate laboratur, sed Africam potius et Ægyptum excercemus, navibusque et casibus vita populi Romani permissa est.—*Corn. Taciti Annalium*, lib. xii. cap. 43.

This is now most exactly our case. We neglect the tillage of our own lands, which would produce us a plentiful, and certain crop, and put our lives on the chance of the winds and seas; and so frequently die by thousands before victuals can be had from the American plantations, whose soil is perfectly barren, if compared to ours, or from the Dutch, who huckster to us what they purchased perhaps several years ago from more industrious countries.

After suffering so long, and so wofully, by our own folly and slothfulness, it is now high time, sir, to provide for ourselves by tillage and granaries of our own. If our rich grounds were brought under tillage, we should then always have enough for our own consumption, and vast quantities to send abroad. Our granaries in that case would help to keep our markets even. They would raise the price of corn in plentiful years, and when the demand from abroad did not happen to be brisk enough, by buying up great quantities of our grain. And they would lower it again in dear years, or when we should happen to oversell our last crop, by exposing it in the several market towns at a moderate price. By this means the farmer would always get a good price for his grain, and the poor would never be distressed.

If, however, tillage is even yet to be neglected, granaries then become still more absolutely necessary, and they must, for the most part, be supplied from abroad. It is dreadful to think of facing such another season as the last. If we be not so wise as to provide the grand necessary of life within ourselves, surely we cannot be so mad as to neglect bringing it in time, from other countries.

It is not enough, however, to establish granaries; it is also requisite they should be put on such a footing, as may promise a remedy of our present dangers and distresses, without involving us in other or greater mischiefs.

Such funds as are necessary for the building, filling, and keeping granaries in repair, are not to be hoped for, either out of the public revenues, or from private subscriptions. Besides, if such funds could be raised by either of those means, yet the whole benefit intended, would be jobbed away into private hands, and the poor or the public would be never the better for it. Granaries are therefore not to

be erected, but by those who hope to make a profit by them, and at the same time preserve their estates from desolation, and their fellow creatures from the last distress. As every mortal is now crying out for an increase of tillage, so great numbers of gentlemen are going fast into the scheme of granaries. No time can be so fit for filling them, as the present, when the nation is glutted by a great harvest, and by unusual quantities of imported grain. If incorporate towns would now retrench their various expenses, and apply such sums as they could raise off their lands, or otherwise; if monied men would venture a few hundreds, though it were only to try how the matter would succeed; and if others would unite into companies, and buy up during this winter, good quantities of sound grain, and store it on strong floors, where it might be kept dry, and often turned, I make no doubt but the profit, which would accrue to them, would be very considerable, and then they would have the pleasure of saving many thousands of their fellow-creatures from intolerable calamities, and death itself.

His grace the primate, who is always among the foremost of those who bring relief to the distressed, has promised to assist the corporation of Armagh in building a large market-house, the upper story of which is to be a granary. Arthur Dobbs, esq. has some thoughts, I am told, of converting the fine stables at Portmore, in the county of Antrim, into a granary. There is a small storehouse for corn intended at Ballycastle, near the colliery, in the same county. Another larger near Newry. The cities of Dublin and Kilkenny are also, as I am informed, inclinable to erect considerable granaries out of their funds.

I hope, sir, we shall soon see so wise and useful a design become more general, and gather spirit from both the public and private benefit that may be expected from it. However, as the proprietors of such granaries may in time turn the most oppressive forestallers, so care must be taken to keep their conduct within some bounds. This is the business of the parliament, who can easily settle by law the advance which shall be allowed in the price of corn during the dear seasons, by a proportion to its middle price between All Saints and Christmas. For this purpose

sworn returns may be made to the government from every county, and then the advanced price adjusted, and sent down to the granaries and market towns, by way of proclamation. The advance must be pretty high, or else no body will lay out his money for such a purpose. But may it not be very high, and yet greatly short of the price at which our forestallers sell their grain and meal in the dear seasons?

Here I must observe to you, sir, that no one need be afraid of engaging in granaries from an apprehension that their grain will lie long on their hands. We are not yet in any danger of being overstocked with corn. But if we should, are there not foreign markets open, nay gaping for what we shall spare? And may not our granaries have the same advantage in exportation that every common merchant may enjoy.

If tillage should take place in Munster and Connaught, it would employ all those idle hands in those counties, which now do little more than carry the fruits of other people's labours to their mouths. As for the women and children, they are wholly useless every where, excepting in the north. It is amazing that a kingdom can at all subsist, in which the few industrious people have such crowds of idlers to maintain, who hang like a dead weight upon all kinds of industry and trade. But were those countries tilled, as every one in a farmer's family would find something to do, instead of begging food from others they would earn it for themselves. Theft and beggary are the offsprings of want, and want, of idleness and pasturage. No nation ever so infamously swarmed with thieves and beggars as this wretched island.

But were the country well inhabited and enclosed, these idle fellows, who from shepherds and cowherds turn sheep-stealers and cow-stealers, would find it very difficult to drive cattle from one country to another, as they do at present?

But we shall never want thieves, while we have strolling beggars. The high road is the nursery and academy of thieves, who are but one degree worse than those who train them up. Of all nuisances and grievances incident to poor Ireland, strolling beggars are the worst. I have

heard some people compute, that we have always above fifty thousand of them rambling from place to place, and that what they consume in the year is equal to a sixth part of the national taxes.

But be that as it will, these wretches are at first set a going by real want of bread, in bad seasons, during which time, idleness, rambling, and impudence become so habitual to them, and they grow so expert in the art of begging, that they never think of returning to a settled place of abode, and to industry. But tillage and granaries would prevent those famines, that always break so many poor families, and turn them out to the road. Besides as this evil will make a law necessary to correct it, I do not know that a more effectual expedient could be found out by the legislature than to empower any body, who has farming work, flax dressing, or any such labour a doing, to seize on all young and lusty beggars, whom they shall find sauntering about their houses, and compel them with the horsewhip and cudgel to work for meat, without wages. If this were the case, the farmers and others would not fail to put a law in execution that gave them a sturdy labourer without wages, and so in a little time the strollers would fairly quit the trade, and the nation be relieved of a burden which it is not able to bear.

For want of tillage at home, that is, for want both of food and work, vast numbers of our labourers go every year to England; and as these are people who are willing to work, the loss of them is never enough to be regretted. The colonies to America, and those huge drains of useful hands to England, carry out the real wealth of the nation. Nor can I say it is at all their fault, but rather their misfortune, who are exiled from their native country, and their relations, and exposed to unheard of hardships, to make room for bullocks and sheep on those grounds, which they might, if employed, render so much more valuable to their infatuated owners.

I know it is objected to all schemes for tillage, that it would occasion a decay of the beef trade, by which we bring so much gold into the nation from Spain, Portugal, France, Holland, and America. But those who make this objection are not aware, that if our grounds were ploughed

with oxen, we should have no great decrease of beef. The coarse and mountainy grounds would feed prodigious numbers of dry cattle for the two or three first years, after which, if they were brought into the rich pastures of clover, &c. which would follow the last year of tillage, they might be made to overpay in labour, all that was given for them at first, and laid out in keeping them; so that their carcase, hide, tallow, &c. would be all clear gain to their owners. I am convinced, that by this sort of management, we might fatten as many bullocks, and export as much beef as we do at present, and that without costing us any thing. We should in short have all the bullock beef both for home consumption, and exportation for nothing. If the grass and hay, produced in the above way, would not be sufficient to feed as many bullocks and dry cows, as are fattened by our lands untilled, I am confident with the assistance of the straw, and weak corn, they would. It is thus beef is produced all over England. But supposing we should have somewhat less beef to export, would it not sell the higher? Those who get beef from us for victualling their ships, must have it, cost what it will, as they have scarcely any other market to go to; for as to the English, having a prodigious number of ships to victual, they cannot spare much to foreign nations. It appears then that as we should have the foreign beef markets in a good measure to ourselves, four tubs of beef might sell for as much as six do at present.

However, where is the great benefit of bringing in gold for our beef, if we are obliged to send it out again for bread corn, unless it be to increase the trouble and expense of perpetually carrying in and out for nothing? We every year send out of the kingdom above 100,000*l.* for grain of one sort or other, and flour, and more than a fourth of that sum, for malt liquors. Had we sufficient tillage of our own, all this might be saved, and five times as much gained by the exportation of our superfluous grain. Foreign countries want bread corn as well as beef, especially those that abound most with gold. Corn is the chief necessary of life, and can never fail of a market somewhere or other, can never fail to bring money into a country that can afford to export it. We see by the English trade in corn, what ours

might be. They always find a market and ready money for all they can spare. We might do the same, and should gain more by that trade than they; because our lands are set at lower rents than theirs, and in the southern parts incomparably more fertile. Our taxes too are nothing to theirs. The security of gaining greatly by a corn trade appears still more evident, from the trade which the Dutch drive in corn. All the world knows their country produces but little fit for foreign sale. What they send abroad they import from other countries, and store it up for times of scarcity in the neighbouring countries. Now they can gain considerably by dealing in this commodity, though they are at the expense of importing, storing, and exporting. What then should hinder us from gaining still more considerably, who are to be at no other expense, but that of exportation to countries, from whence our merchants may return with profitable cargoes of foreign goods? In a report made by the commissioners for putting in execution an act for stating the public accounts, Charles Davenant, LL. D. having first shewn what quantities of corn had been entered for exportation to Holland, proceeds, 'What part of this commodity is for their own consumption, and what part they re-export to other countries, does not appear to me; but so far is certain, when corn bears a high price in foreign markets, they send large cargoes of it to the places where it finds good vent; and it has been known, that in years of scarcity, they bring us back our own wheat, because of the premium we give upon exportation, and which they are enabled to do, by having large granaries almost in every town, wherein they store large quantities in cheap years to answer the demands of other countries.——As the case now stands, the Dutch have too great a share in a plentiful year of corn here. Whereas, if like them, we had public granaries, the superfluity of some years would sell better in foreign markets, and support our own poor in times of want. And to me it seems, that nothing would more contribute to put the general balance of trade always on the side of England, than by good economy in the public, to keep corn constantly at such a rate, as that the price of labour and manufacture may at no time be over high.'

Thus it appears, sir, that the English out of a worse soil,

and under much heavier taxes and rents than ours, gain prodigiously by tillage. It appears also, that the English, for want of granaries, have not the full profit of their own corn; and that the Dutch after buying it up at the English price, and defraying all the expenses of importing, storing, and exporting, come in for a great profit besides. What is it now that makes us blind to so glaring an interest? Surely there is not under the sun so unthinking a people as we are!

I cannot dismiss this point concerning the public interest in tillage, without putting you in mind, that all the expense in labour, which was deducted out of the private interest of the farmer in my calculation, is here to be added to the public gain of the nation in exporting grain. You know, sir, that it is the consumer who pays for all expenses on any commodity. Consequently the Spanish, Portuguese, or French, who shall buy our grain, must pay the hire of all our labourers, horses, and oxen employed in tillage. Now were all our arable grounds brought under the plough, the nation would gain by labour only, 32*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.* in every five years tillage of twelve acres Irish measure. This over the whole kingdom would amount to a prodigious sum, and as it would arise from men and oxen that are now almost wholly idle, would be so much clear gain to the public.

I think it may be laid down as a maxim, that whatsoever commodity brings in the greatest sum of money to the nation from whence it is exported, must be the most gainful to the public, let the private gains to particular dealers be ever so small, provided the hands are not taken off from a more profitable employment. Agreeably to this, if the lands in Munster and Connaught at present yield and export as much beef, tallow, butter, hides, wool, &c. as bring in 500,000*l.* per annum, and if one fifth part is to be deducted for the private expenses in buying, selling, herding, slaughtering, sheep-shearing, buttermaking, salting of beef and hides, the remaining private profit will be 400,000*l.* Yet if a quantity of grain to the value of 900,000*l.* were annually exported, or which amounts to the same thing, if 200,000*l.* worth of it were used at home, and the other 700,000*l.* worth exported, and if likewise the private ex-

pense and labour laid out in the production of this grain amounted to 600,000*l.* in this case though the private farmers or dealers would gain but 300,000*l.* which is a fourth less than the private gain in pasturage, yet the public would gain by tillage near twice as much as by pasturage, the public profits of tillage would be to those of pasturage as nine to five. But when the private as well as the public gain are both so greatly on the side of tillage, what can make both the public, and private persons so blind to their own interest?

Again, if tillage were properly encouraged, it would fill the kingdom with inhabitants, in which consists the true wealth and strength of a nation. It is a downright absurdity to consult a map for the greatness of a kingdom, which is to be numbered and not measured. The natives would, in time, fall into agriculture, and would acquire possessions in houses, lands, goods, and grain, which being permanent things, would be a security for their loyalty and good beha viour. But as the tillage would run chiefly through the hands of Protestants, the whole kingdom would, in a few years, be planted with such a sturdy yeomanry, as would effectually secure the estates of you landed gentlemen to your families. Men of that kind make the best soldiers in the world. What is the sword in a hand accustomed to wield the spade and the plough. Such men are hardy and patient of labour. A campaign would be only a relaxation to them. Besides, though of all men they are the fittest for war, yet as old Cato observes, they are at the same time the quietest, and farthest from a disposition to tumults and insurrections.* How quickly for want of such, were the Protestant gentlemen in Munster, Leinster, and Connaught, forced from their estates in the beginning of the late war? But in the north the brave husbandmen ran from the spade and plough, and valiantly defended their liberties and religion against a powerful invader, supported both by a foreign and domestic force. How would you wish, sir, to be surrounded with such neighbours at the beginning of an

* Ex agricolis, et viri fortissimi, et milites strenuissimi gignuntur, maximeque pius quæstus, stabilissimusque consequitur, minimeque invidiosus; minimeque male cogitantes sunt, qui in eo studio occupati sunt.—*M. Catonis Prisci, ad lib. de re rustica introductio.*

invasion or a civil war? and not by such as having nothing to lose, are ever intent on changes, and would look on all your possessions as lawful spoil.

Of all the many advantages arising from tillage, the introduction of manufactures is the greatest. In order to establish manufactures in any country, victuals must be provided at easy rates, or those manufactures must bear a very high price in foreign countries. For some time the latter may support a manufacture; but it will not be long ere other nations will perceive the advantage, and put in for a share of it. But that country, which can afford its manufactures at the lowest rates, is always sure of the trade. Now though being expert and ready at any article of manufacture, is a great help to lower its price, yet the cheapness of provisions contributes no less to the cheapness of the manafacture. If meal, for instance, which is the chief article of victualling, is brought from foreign countries, the expense of bringing, and the merchants' profits, must make it come so much the dearer to the consumer. The greater price the manufacturer pays for his necessaries, the higher he must hold his wares. For this reason, lest at any time, through a succession of bad harvests, or too great a drain by exportation, a scarcity should make it impossible for a tradesman to sell his wares at a price low enough for exportation, and at the same time victual his family, such stores should be provided in all considerable towns, as with prudent and honest management, might keep down the corn-markets.

It is true, a scarcity in this country has hitherto produced an increase of manufactures, and lowered the price of them. But that proceeds from the idle disposition of our people, who do not care to bestir themselves, till want and necessity forces them, at which times they are obliged to work at a lower gain, and double their diligence, in pain of starving. This however is such an evil, as, if it be not reformed, we can never hope to grow rich. Tillage, which affords an encouraging prospect of wealth, will be found to be the best remedy for it; because our idleness is in a great measure owing to despair of ever getting above the world, from whence proceeds a sort of contentment in poverty,

provided we have present necessaries, and an utter inattention to future provision.

But as without curing our people of this desperate sort of sloth, all hopes of public wealth are vain, I therefore argue upon a supposition of its being cured, and insist that if such manufactures, as are prepared for foreign markets, are not sold by those who make them, at low rates, no trade can be founded on them; because if the prime cost is a high one, before they can be brought to a foreign market, the expense of carrying, and the profit expected by the exporter, will raise them above the prices at which the same kind of goods are sold in the same market by other nations. Now, it is plain, sir, that if the manufacturer is obliged to pay a high price for his victuals, he must hold his wares the higher, or he cannot live; and it is as plain, that if his victuals come to him from Sicily or America, he must pay more for them, than if they were brought only from the next field. And for the same reason, as tradesmen usually crowd about towns for the benefit of buying their provisions near their shops, and to avoid running from their work to a distant market, to purchase victuals, so it would be of infinite use to them, to have public granaries in such towns, rather than the sacks of forestallers and extortioners, to resort to. Thus I think it is plain from this way of reasoning, that without tillage or granaries, manufacture cannot long or greatly thrive.

But tillage does not only prepare a reception for manufactures, but actually introduces them. A family, used to industry, knows not how to be idle. 'Once men,' as Sir William Temple observes, 'have through necessity, been inured to labour, they cannot leave it, being grown a custom necessary to their health, and to their very entertainment. Nor perhaps is the change harder, from ease to labour, than from constant labour to ease.'

Accordingly, the family of an industrious farmer, having finished their summer's work in the fields, having got in their harvest, and put their winter grain into the ground, fall to some kind of industry within doors, at which in some time, they become handy, and it grows to a kind of trade. The women especially, employ themselves in knitting, spinning

and the like, by the profits of which, whole families are often maintained. It was thus the linen trade crept into the north of Ireland. The inhabitants holding small farms, which did not furnish them with labour through the winter, nor with necessaries through the year, set their women to spin, and their young lads to weave, when they could be spared from other work. By these means, an ordinary sort of cloth began to be made; but it yielded a profit, and being farther improved by practice, and the example of the French settled at Lisburn, it became the support of the nation.

Thus the women, who in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, are scarce of any other use, than to bear beggar children, in the north, give birth to all the wealth of the kingdom, and besides, bear a race of brave and able bodied men, to defend that wealth from all invaders.

But again, tillage brings in manufactures another way. A husbandman, who took a farm, perhaps thirty years ago, consisting of seventy or eighty acres of land, has during that time supported himself very comfortably on it. Yet foreseeing that he must divide it among three or four children, and that each of them will not have ground enough to support a new, and it may be, a numerous family, he breeds one of his sons to one trade, and a second to another; and those men, with each of them, perhaps but a fourth part of their father's farm, and usually with the rent advanced upon them, become richer and live better than ever their father did. Many persons bred up this way, make great fortunes, employ crowds of people under them, and become a credit and support to their country.

Besides all this, the husbandman employs several trades in building and making utensils, such as masons, smiths, carpenters: and in making clothes for himself and family, such as weavers, taylors, tanners, curriers, shoemakers, &c. This now brings that chief article of wealth, I mean industrious people, into a country. But in yours, sir, it would turn the idlers, who are now burdensome to others, into laborious and useful men. If your natives saw a mixture of industrious tradesmen among them, though it were but here one, and there another, living comfortably, eating and drinking well, and wearing good clothes, it would certainly tempt them to quit their laziness, and learn trades,

in order to get rid of their rags and hunger. This would be an infinte advantage to the nation; because by this means great sums would be gained, instead of much greater that are now lost, in maintaining above a million and a half of free-booters, who consume the labours of others, and are without doubt, the chief reason, why our manufactures of all kinds, are not cheaper.

Besides the reasons already mentioned against pasturage, there are some others, arising from the peculiar circumstances of this kingdom, that deserve to be well considered. The English have for some ages, supplied their neighbours with woollen manufactures, out of which they have derived great profit. But upon the great increase of sheep in Ireland, the English became jealous of our hurting them in that main article of their trade, and this jealousy produced an act of parliament, to prohibit the exportation of woollen manufactures from this kingdom, and even of wool itself, and woollen yarn, excepting to England. Concerning the policy or justice of this act, it is not to my present purpose to inquire; but it is certainly the business of this nation, since they are cramped in that branch of trade, to turn their lands to some other sort of profit, on which no embargo has been laid. We depend, sir, on England, without whose protection, we should infallibly become the despicable vassals of a civil and religious tyranny. We should therefore consider every rival of the English trade, as our enemy. But the clandestine supplies of wool, by which we enable the Dutch and French to wrest the profits of that trade out of the hands of England, are little better, in effect, than impoverishing ourselves by a misapplication of our lands, in order to undermine the English, who are our friends, and enrich the French, who deserve scarcely any other name from us than that of our enemies. We know the English can ruin us if they please; but that instead of so doing, they give all possible encouragement to our linen trade, and in other things might be still kinder to us, did we not foolishly affect a separate interest from them, and endeavour to play away their trade, and our own lands, into the hands of our common enemies.

We are not quite so cramped in respect to the trade on the produce of black cattle. Yet by a piece of our own ill

management, a mischief arises, much resembling the effects of the law just now mentioned. As we have not leave to export our manufactured wool, so for want of bark, we cannot tan the hides of the cattle we slaughter, and so lose one of the chief profits arising from black cattle. Our prodigals have, every where, destroyed our woods; our drovers with their sheep and oxen, keep the country clear of ditches and consequently of timber. By these means, vast sums go every year out of the kingdom for bad fir from Norway, and worse oak from America, and we have no bark to make leather, even for own use. This is making the most of an evil, and contriving matters so cunningly, that the one folly plays into the hand of the other. If an enemy had schemed this system of folly for us, it could not have been more skilfully put together.

Now, sir, if tillage were duly encouraged, we should soon be crowded with inhabitants, manufactures would thrive apace; out of which, in a little time, great revenues would arise: and these revenues would help greatly to bear the expenses of the three nations, considered as making one body. Ireland would then be rich in itself, and become a military nursery to support the glory of the English arms, while all things would be kept quiet and safe at home.

But on the contrary, should grazing prevail, and spread itself into those parts where tillage is now practised, and manufactures begin to flourish, the island would become a desert; man must give way and make room for brutes. A few wretches, indeed, would stay to wait on the tails of cows and sheep, and so the whole kingdom would in a little while, become a pretty green spot, a grass farm for its neighbours. Now and then perhaps a collector, instead of a lord-lieutenant, might be sent over from France or England, according as the farm might happen to change its landlord, to take the tributary fleeces, in time of sheep-shearing. The neighbouring nations, in their histories, would say, that Ireland was one peopled; but it was with fools, for whom their cattle proving too politic and powerful, drove them out of the island.

I am afraid, sir, I have already trespassed too far upon your patience; and shall not therefore stay to be particular in telling you, what care the ancients took in all well-regu-

lated states, to have the lands tilled, and grain produced in abundance! how among the Assyrians and Persians, the governor of a well cultivated province, was rewarded, and that in which tillage was neglected, brought punishment and disgrace on its satrap; how the Indians set apart a whole tribe for tillage, that the art might be the more effectually improved; how the Greeks and Romans made many and wise laws to encourage and enforce agriculture, and appointed rewards and punishments for that purpose; neither shall I trouble you with the names of above fifty eminent Greek writers, who laboured in this important subject, and whom you may see reckoned up by Varro. Several of the most learned and judicious among the Romans, though a people so naturally turned to war, such as Cato, Varro, and Columella, handled it with great skill and accuracy. The greatest geniuses in poetry, such as Hesiod, Menecrates and Virgil, adorned it with the most excellent embellishments of their art. Even kings and princes, for instance, Hiero of Syracuse, Attalus of Pergamus, Archelaus of Cappadocia, and Mago the Carthaginian general, employed their pens on tillage, a subject of infinite consequence to their people. Some perhaps may think it strange, that men so highly dignified by genius or employment, should stoop to such a subject. But we should consider, that nothing so absolutely necessary to the lives of men, and the welfare of a country, can be mean, or below the care of a wise or a great man.

Besides, such men only can make improvements in any art. Uneducated people are ignorant and slow of thought. The husbandman, in particular, is always taken up with doing, rather than considering what ought to be done. Men of understanding and fortune are the only persons, who have sense, substance, and leisure to make experiments, and invent instruments for the improvement of husbandry. They should therefore set themselves diligently to the business, that they might become useful teachers to their tenants. They should read, travel, and make experiments for this purpose. If they set apart a portion of their demesnes for tillage, that piece of ground would answer the end of a little experimental academy, where agriculture might be learned, and the visible success would recommend

the theory. Out of such a spot of ground they would derive amusement and health, and would render husbandry fashionable among their tenants and neighbours.

The English have demonstrated a wise and close attention to agriculture, as may appear from the several laws made for its encouragement in the reigns of their wisest princes. The earth hath been grateful for their care; it has produced immense riches and men invincible in war.

But, to our shame be it spoken, we have little considered this matter, till of late, that some persons, somewhat more awake to our interest, than the rest, have began to rouse the nation to some concern about it.

The ingenious Arthur Dobbs, esq. employed great care, and a good understanding in this cause about fifteen years ago.

The Querist, whose understanding in the interest of the nation, and every thing else, is beyond all encomiums, among a great variety of useful hints, has furnished the public with some most judicious ones on the subject of tillage.

The author of the book entitled, Considerations and Resolutions, &c. has done prodigious service by that performance, not only to the design of ploughing our grounds, but to many other schemes for the public interest. But his premiums, proposed in his letter to the Dublin Society, to which he put his hand, as well as his pen, have given some motion and life to a spirit of husbandry, which before that was only wished for.

Several members of the Dublin Society, have touched very judiciously, and instructively on some branches of agriculture: in 1738, a very good pamphlet was published, entitled A Treatise on Tillage, and inscribed to the parliament. It is well worth your reading; but the computation concerning the comparative profits of tillage and grazing, happening to be defective, has led the author into the capital mistake, mentioned already, of allowing the private advantage to be on the side of pasturage, at the same time that he asserts the public interest lies in tillage.

A very useful paper was published this last summer, called, A proposal for lowering the price of bread-corn; in which the sense of the English, in former times, is shewn

by several well-chosen quotations, and a short but sensible account of the granaries in Switzerland is communicated to the public.

Some years ago an act was made to enforce the tillage of five acres in the hundred, which had it been regarded, even as a piece of good advice, not to say, revered as a law, the experiments, made here and there in consequence of it, would have quite determined the controversy about tillage before this time.

This affair was also recommended from the throne to the farther care of both houses of parliament, at the beginning, if I mistake not, of the last session.

And now again, at the opening of this session, his grace the lord-lieutenant has pressed it anew, and the honourable House of Commons have promised a warm and vigorous attention to it.

Tillage, in short, has been the constant cry, for a good many years past, of all the wise and compassionate part of the nation. But our late famines and mortalities, I hope, have now raised this cry to such a loudness, as no ear can be deaf to, and no heart insensible of.

It is high time, sir, to remove the infamous reproach of idleness, stupidity, and beggary, so justly thrown on us by all our neighbouring nations, to enjoy the fertility of our own lands, and to find a profitable employment for a poor unhappy people, hitherto useless, distressed and starved. We have great numbers of people, but they do nothing; and a most fruitful soil, but it bears only grass. Our people die by thousands for mere want of bread, on one of the richest soils in the world. This is a shameful paradox. Tell it not in England, publish it not in Holland.

Were an Hollander inquiring about our country, told that Ireland, lying in a temperate climate, has generally speaking, a most fertile soil, in many places navigable rivers, on all sides convenient harbours, a prodigious abundance of both fresh and salt water fish, firing for little or nothing, and many other articles of natural wealth, which most countries are destitute of; and besides all, has enjoyed an uninterrupted peace for upwards of fifty-three years, he would immediately conclude, that Ireland must

be one of the most populous and wealthy countries in the world.

But should he be told, that, instead of being populous, one half of it can hardly be said to be inhabited, and yet that its inhabitants have little or nothing to do, and are starving for want of bread; that it is oftener visited with famine, than any other country under heaven, and every famine attended as a natural and necessary consequence, with a pestilence that sweeps away its inhabitants in prodigious numbers, who also crowd out to America, and elsewhere, so fast, that it is in danger of being unpeopled in a little time; that as to its wealth, it is one of the poorest countries in the world; were he told all this, he would then ask, from whence proceeded a distress so unaccountable?

If we told him the infamous truth, that as to trade, excepting in the one branch of the linen manufacture, it is wholly neglected; that we set apart all our worst grounds, our northern and mountainous lands, for tillage, and keep our rich plains for grazing either bullocks, because we have not bark to tan our hides, or sheep, because we are forbid to export our wool manufactured; that we are satisfied to take claret, currants, raisins, olives, and French laces for our beef; that we think it nearer to go to England or even to America for corn, than to the ground we tread on; that our gentlemen of estates would rather set their lands to bullocks and sheep at 7*s*. per acre, than to men at fifteen, or twenty; that instead of spending their money at home, and endeavouring to improve their estates, where they might be almost adored, they lavish it away about the English court, where they are laughed at as a poor brainless sort of people, and treated with insufferable contempt; that in consequence of our idleness and want of provisions, the industrious few are forced to maintain, at least, four times their number of people, who do nothing at all, of whom about fifty thousand go constantly a begging, and are very careful to breed up their children to thievery; were he told all this, his wonder at our poverty would quickly cease, or rather would be changed into surprise that any people could possibly be so sottish, and so infatuated. He might probably ask, if a remedy for such evils was ever thought of: and if we should tell him that always

in time of scarcity and pestilence, every one cries out for tillage and granaries; but as soon as ever the winds, on which we depend for bread have brought relief, not a soul ever thinks of tillage or granaries again; if this were told him how would he be astonished!

Just as I was going to conclude this tedious letter, a friend, who is well acquainted with trade, both as it respects the private dealer and the nation, and from whom I had several very judicious hints, particularly the computation of the expenses and labour of a farmer's family, entered my room with a paper in his hand; which, upon perusal, I found contained a thought so extremely agreeable in itself, and so proper to illustrate and enforce all I have been saying, that I could not help inserting it.

I shall suppose, says my friend, that two landed gentlemen, one from the north, and the other from the south of Ireland, do discover somewhere to the west of this kingdom, two islands, and take possession as sovereigns and proprietors of said islands. The soil of both is the same, and they differ not in any other respect, save that the island, seized by the southern gentleman, contains three thousand acres, the other but two thousand. Each of these proprietors, to make the most of his island, sets it off to tenants, the southern gentleman, to three graziers, those being the most solvent sort of tenants in his native country, and the northern gentleman to forty husbandmen at fifty acres to a farm.

Now as graziers cannot make more than 20*s.* per acre out of middling ground, and as such tenants, as are able to stock one thousand acres of land, will not take land at so high a rent, as poorer men would, the southern proprietor is obliged to set his land to the three graziers at 10*s.* per acre, and for twenty years.

On the other hand, the northern proprietor, though he knows that such tenants as take small farms, in order to tillage, can be had in great numbers to cant for his land, and that an acre of ground in oats only, at 4*s.* 8*d.* per barrel will produce above 4*l.* yet being willing to give some encouragement to industrious people from the neighbouring countries, to come and settle in his island, he sets his small farms at 10*s.* by the acre, and for the term of twenty years.

Let us suppose that each of these proprietors reserves

to himself a spot of ground, lying convenient to some creek or bay, sufficient to build a little town on, where boats may come in with necessaries, and take off the superfluous commodities, subject to some custom or duty.

The island of pasture, yielding yearly the sum of 3000*l.* gives its proprietor 1500*l.* and each of the three graziers 500*l.* its whole produce, for twenty years, will amount to 60,000*l.*

If only one half of the corn island is tilled, and sowed with oats, its annual produce will be 4000*l.*; out of which the landlord receiving 1000*l.*, each of the forty farmers has 75*l.* for his own share. The whole produce of the cultivated half only, for twenty years, will amount to 80,000*l.*; the other half that is grazed by milch and plough cattle, producing only 1000*l.* a year, yields in twenty years 20,000*l.*, which being shared entirely among the forty tenants, will go near to defray all their expenses in living, so that each may save almost his whole 75*l.* yearly.

Thus it appears how graziers come to make so great fortunes, and at whose expense; and how farming comes to be despised, because nobody makes an overgrown fortune by it in a few years.

But let us return to our islands, says my friend, and let us see in what condition they are now, at the expiration of the twenty years.

The island of pasture is no worse.

But the island of corn is a great deal better. Many houses are built, ditches made, orchards, and hedge-rows planted, lands drained, coarse grounds reclaimed, and some artisans brought in, housewifery at the same time and manufactures are begun.

The island of pasture has better hunting, better fowling, and is less disturbed with noise and bustle, than the corn island. Its inhabitants are also double the number they were at first.

The food of the poor in the island of corn, is bread, beef, butter, milk, pottage, flummery, &c.

The food of the poor in the island of pasture, is buttermilk, curds, sorrel, nettles, watergrass, and by way of delicacy, in the bleeding and slaughtering seasons, boiled blood.

The one sort of people are free, and full of heart, the other are cowardly slaves. The posterity of the one is bred to labour, that of the other to idleness. These make useful members of society, those make thieves and beggars. These boldly defend their property, those have no property, and durst not defend it if they had.

But let us now suppose both islands to be set again.

The island of pasture, admitting of no improvement, is just as it was at first. The graziers' families however, being doubled, they must live more poorly than they did; and the families of their herds being also doubled, and consequently there being employment only for one half of them, the other half must either beg, steal, and starve at home, or else must go over to the corn island for work and victuals. As the graziers may have saved money, they will be under the less necessity of taking their land at an advanced rent. And as for their herds, as they could save nothing, so they have no stock, and consequently can propose for no land. The proprietor therefore must be satisfied with his old rent.

In the island of corn great improvements having been made, its land being better laboured by the increase of the inhabitants, and the accession of hands from the other island, and consequently its crops being much better, its farms having convenient houses, and other accommodations for tenants, its manufactures beginning to bring in to the farmers near as much as the produce of their ground, and merchants growing rich by the exportation of such grain and manufactures as can be spared, and trade having produced a town where tenements set for twenty times the rent of other lands, the proprietor can scarce fail of getting 20*s.* an acre, one with another, for his ground. Thus his rent will amount to 2000*l.* yearly, and the duties on exports, which foreigners always pay, will arise to a considerable sum besides. The timber also, which the ditches will produce, will now begin to bring him in some profit; so that we may fairly allow him to receive out of his little island, during the term of the second leases, the yearly sum of 2500*l.*

As to the inhabitants of his island, as they are now increased to eighty families of farmers, besides artisans, they

will certainly cant up his lands to a high value; so that he may be secure of such a rent as I have allowed him. And as to themselves, they will have great abundance of wealth, though divided among many hands. We cannot suppose all the hands of the island to be altogether, and always employed in labouring the land. One fifth part of them will be sufficient for that purpose, and the rest, as they came from the north of Ireland, and brought the knowledge of the linen trade with them, will certainly fall to the flaxen manufacture. In this kind of business every eight pounds of flax which at 6*d.* per lb. costs only 4*s.* will sell out again, in twenty yards of linen, for 1*l.*, 2*l.*, or 3*l.* Other manufactures for exportation will also be made, so that the wealth brought in by corn, will be but small in comparison of that which will accrue from wares, and merchandise of one kind or another. Thus, by the expiration of the second twenty years, the wealth of the two islands will bear no proportion to each other. The manufactures will produce twice the profits of the tillage, and the whole wealth arising out of, and acquired by, the inhabitants of the little island, besides paying the proprietor his rent and taxes, will in twenty years, from the commencement of the new leases, amount to between 2 and 300,000*l.*

All this time the island of pasture is at a stand. Its inhabitants, as they increased, removed to the little island, and are lost for ever to their native country. And its beef, wool, &c. have been carried out to foreign countries by the shipping of the little island, which by that means have run away with a large share of the profits arising out of those commodities, when carried to foreign markets.

In process of time the inhabitants of the little island having learned the art of war, as necessary for the defence of their possessions, and their sovereign growing ambitious, upon some dispute arising between him, and his neighbouring proprietor of the large island, he will make war upon him, and with great ease take his island from him.

See here, sir, in this just and fair parallel drawn up by my friend, the different effects of grazing and tillage, so demonstrably proving, and so agreeably illustrating the whole tenor of this letter.

Having heartily tired you, sir, and myself on this very important topic, I shall now take leave of it, wishing that I could either put you into a method of improving your fortune, or defending your country from the terrible calamities of famine and pestilence, and assuring you that I am, sir, with all imaginable respect,

Your most obedient humble servant,

TRIPTOLEMUS.

A DREAM,

IN THE YEAR 1770.

After having tired mankind with my waking thoughts in several large volumes, let them take a sample of my dreams. It is the saying of a very old philosopher, that while we are awake we all live in one common world, but when we go to sleep every one retires to a world of his own. The natural philosophers have always, whether awake or asleep, been great world-makers, and the moral as remarkable for world-mending.

For my own part, I never attempted to make a world, but take this as I find it, for better, for worse, and leave the sun and stars to stand still or go round, just as He pleases who made them. If I can breathe the air, guide myself by the light, and subsistest on the fruits of the earth, it is of little moment with me, whether our atmosphere is five or fifty miles high; whether the light is instantaneous or progressive; and whether my food is digested by attrition, by animal heat, by the salival menstruum, or by fermentation. In the day time I think of these things as every peasant does, and at night, dream only of what employed my thoughts when my senses and affections were engaged in the scenes around me. My imagination indeed takes upon her to build up, pull down, and transpose as she thinks fit. If any thing very new or surprising hath lately struck me, she seldom fails when reason is asleep, to give it a rehearsal and to model it in a way of her own. I have not been in town for a long time. If therefore I appear like a creature of another world, the present inhabitants of this city seem no less strange to me. I fancy myself transported to some distant part of the solar system, if not into a region far beyond its utmost bounds. Like a new arrived traveller, I beheld hardly any thing I ever saw before. With difficulty

I find out some faces formerly known to me, but soon perceive they do not belong to the persons I was acquainted with. Filled with these reflections at a late assembly, where curiosity had engaged me, I went home, and to bed at my usual hour of rising.

I was but a few minutes at rest when I found myself landing from a vessel at the mouth of a river, and on the shore of a country wholly unknown to me. I should have been at a loss where to go or what to do, had I not just then luckily met with an old woman, with whom I had been formerly a little acquainted. Her aspect though deeply furrowed by the plough of time, had in it somewhat venerable, rather than forbidding, with an eye that penetrated the soul of him she looked at. Her air was rather masculine than delicate. Her garments, simple as they appeared to be, and really were, had in them that which was most convenient and graceful in the dress of every nation through which I had travelled. She held in her hand a staff, not so much for support, as for some extraordinary virtues, which, I afterward perceived, were enclosed in it. You have seen me sometimes, said she. Yes, I replied with a blush; your name is, Experience. It is, answered she, and as I have always, though too often unsuccessfully, endeavoured to direct your steps, I now again offer my service in a place where you may have other guides, it is true, but few so safely to be trusted. Having received her overture with a sort of submission approaching to fear more than thankfulness, I put myself under her direction, and began with asking her the name of the river which lay before us. That river, said she, is the most remarkable river in the world for its fountain, which after the search of all mankind is yet discovered by few or none; for the length of its course, which also is yet undiscovered by geographers; for the extraordinary property of its waters sought after but found out by as few, by none indeed, but an old man and woman, who were instructed in their nature by myself; and for the extensive countries it divides. Its name is Competency. I have often heard its name, said I, but never saw it before. In vain have I asked for directions to it, though every body pretended to know where and what it was. The guess

which seemed to come nearest the matter, was that of a poor countryman, who defined it to be a little more than one has. In so saying, replied my guide, he intended rather to ridicule the folly of mankind, than to clear up the nature of the thing. This river, continued she, arises from the purest of all fountains, called Wisdom, which I myself could not find till I was above a thousand years old, when I arrived at it, after having examined every other spot of the globe, and discovered its situation among certain mountains, almost inaccessible, and as high as the heavens, from whence immediately and not from this turbid air we breathe, they receive the waters of the river before you, in etherial dews. As to the course of this river, I can only say, that it extends to all the inhabited parts of the globe; or at least may be derived in drills to every habitation on earth, yet is scarcely found at any, the generality of mankind preferring to it the troubled waters they draw from fountains of their own digging, or such as they purchase from watermen who supply them from the next pool. The qualities nevertheless wherewith the waters of this river are impregnated, ought to give it a preference to all others. There is no liquor so wholesome, so pleasant, or so refreshing as this; could you take but one good draught of it, you need hardly ever after suffer the uneasy sensation of thirst. Could! interrupted I, could! why, I will drink, till I can hold no more. I will drink at it, I will swim and swill in it. Hold, said she; the quantity is not the thing. Many who drink large draughts of this water, find themselves but the more thirsty; and some who drink sparingly are satisfied. Besides, you cannot so much as obtain a taste of it, unless you approach it on the right. You see how flat the bank is on that side; how steep and rocky on the other.

But let us take a walk through the countries, between which it runs. Then she led me from the shore, and said, This is the land of Nature. Here you see a fine country, but thinly inhabited, and only so far cultivated as mere necessity requires. Those rocks, you see, seem ready to fall on your head. The rivers pour down in cataracts, rather than cascades; and the plains are overgrown with thorns and brambles, rather than trees. The people are alike ignorant of civility and luxury. Here are no merchants, no

divines, no lawyers, or physicians. You will nowhere find so high instances of kindness or cruelty, as here. You see how that man fights till he faints, at the door of his hut, to defend his guest who is within; and you see how slowly and how barbarously that other tortures his prisoner to death, and enjoys his agonies. They are the most hospitable of all the human race; yet are ever engaged in bloody wars among themselves about that you will call trifles; but to them they are necessaries. They have hardly any principles, but of common honesty and common humanity, which do not hinder them from acting, on many occasions, with a degree of treachery and cruelty, the most horrible that can be conceived. You see they go almost naked, but with a modesty and chastity, unknown in other nations, pampered by luxury. They never eat but when they are hungry; nor drink, but when they are thirsty. They sleep only by night, and lie no longer than while they are asleep. I am an utter stranger to them, though often among them, for they have no letters, no records of past transactions; and indeed no memory but of two things, a benefit and an injury, which they will requite in kind, sometimes to the third generation. They never drink the waters of the river, though so safely approached on their side, because, although thirst arises to an endemic disease among them, they are satisfied with the momentary refreshment afforded by other waters, and never once think of assuaging this troublesome appetite, for more than the present hour or day. Were you, sir, to reside here for years, you could learn no more of the naturalists than you have already gathered from my words, and your own observation.

Having said this, she lifted up her staff, and pointing towards the river, added, You see that island in the midst of the stream. It is called the island of Contentment, not so much because all its inhabitants are satisfied with their condition, as because they may be if they please. Having said this, a single motion of her staff brought a boat to the bank, which took us in, and while we were passing, I expressed my wonder, that the vessel could float on water so shallow; and was still more astonished at her answer; This water where least in depth, is sufficient to float a first rate, if I am on board, and where deepest, if I am absent, will

strand a cock-boat. That instant we landed on themost delicious spot my eyes had ever beheld. This, said the guide, is my favourite piece of ground, and by some is called the garden of Experience. Here you see not an inch, that is not improved to the uttermost. Here is nothing wanting, nothing superfluous. Though I have laid out nothing here merely for ornament, yet the useful is here rendered simply ornamental. Observe the architecture and disposition of those houses, how neat, how conveniently situated in regard to the adjacent grounds, where the fields for corn and pasturage strike the eye with a landscape, far superior in beauty to the gardens of Versailles. Behold the fruit-trees in blossom, intermixed with others, already bending under the weight of their golden load. Step in hither; see how conveniently this house, which I shew you but as a sample of the rest, is contrived. Can any thing be prettier than its furniture? yet its whole furniture, you may perceive, consists of utensils so finished and so disposed, as to affect the eye with more pleasure, than the superb and costly ornaments of any palace you have seen. I assented, and she went on. You see nobody idle here; every one is employed, and (you see by their looks) delighted with their employment. They want no cards, nor dice to parry a tedious hour. At their assemblies which are once a week, and sometimes oftener, they enjoy the sweets of society in perfection. Love reigns universally among them, and conversation turns on the genius of the river, on the mountains from whence it runs; on the fruits of their industry; on the best methods of improving every thing; on acts of kindness, exhibited upon affecting occasions; on observations made in the heavens with telescopes, and among the minuter works of creation, with microscopes; on the history of past times, with all its striking characters, and interesting transactions. It would delight you more than you can conceive, to hear with what force of judgment and with what a delicate vein of wit, they entertain one another, on these and the like subjects. There is a just mixture of solidity and gaiety, which, at once dignifies and brightens their whole intercourse. In their dress, which is plain, there is, you see, somewhat so well fancied, and so nearly approaching to elegant, as exposes to contempt, on

the comparison, the frippery and foppery of those nations, who style themselves the most refined. At their tables there is cleanliness and plenty, but no more. They eat and drink only to live, and therefore live more agreeably, and to a much greater age, than other nations. Observe that youth, what agility there is in his motions, what comeliness in his countenance, what fire in his eye. Take my word for it, he was born a hundred years ago. That he is now so young when he is old, is owing to his having been old when he was young, that is, to his having been peculiarly my pupil. Take particular notice of that cottage on the very brink of the river. There live the old man and woman, whom I mentioned to you before. The inhabitants of that village, next to their house, send them every day as much victuals as they want, and every year the clothing requisite, until the next revolution of the sun hath been finished. They are happier than all the rest of the islanders, for they drink every day of the river, and never once so much as wish for more than that which is allowed them. How can that be, said I, since they subsist on charity, and are dependent? You speak like a young man, she replied. There is no man independent. All depend on others, and on the great Provider. The old people know, these resources cannot fail them, and therefore are in no sort of pain about to-morrow. The rest of the islanders, who mix the waters of the river in too small quantities with their other drink, are but half contented with their condition, as you may perceive by their continual industry to better it. There is not one of them who could imitate the old couple in that which I saw them do yesterday. As they were walking hand in hand on the bank, they found a large bag of gold, coin, and jewels. Ha! said the old man, these are the toys which the people in the land of Fashion are so fond of, and with that he jerked them all away, one after another, on the surface of the river, for the amusement of his wife, who laughed at the sport with a sneer of contempt for the fools who set a value on such gewgaws. When the people of the island go into the land of Nature, they are considered as fops; when they make an excursion into the land of Fashion, which sometimes they do, they pass for clowns, as you did an hour ago, at the assembly.

With this she waved her staff, and the boat attended. We were no sooner seated, than she shewed me by a plumb-line, that the water was, on this side towards the land of Fashion, of a prodigious depth. Unfathomable as the stream is here, said she, it never strikes the Fashionists above the ankles. The truth is, they rarely descend to the brink of this river, hindered by those immense rocks, which run all along on the hither bank. They are formidably high, said I, and seem impassable. These, said the guide, are the rocks of vanity, which consist not of solid stone, but of clouds. So saying, she moved her staff, and a large gap was made in the ridge, through which, after landing opposite to it, we passed as on level ground. Behold, said my guide, that palace on the top of the rock. Did you ever see a building so magnificent? Yet you see no gardens, no fields near it. All is barren rock. The owner placed it in that situation, purely for the benefit of a most extended view, and hath called it, Prospect, after his own name. Here he comes, and you shall see to how poor a thing I can reduce his boasted fabric. Is that your house, Lord Prospect? said she. My house! answered he. My palace, if you please, madam. Did you ever see any thing of the kind half so superb? It was finished but two months ago by the greatest architect of the age. How! what have you done? By that motion of your magical staff you have turned it into a pitiful cottage. Yes, said she, but I have left you all your prospects. And, alas! those alone, replied his lordship, for I had expended my whole estate on the work.

From hence we passed forward into the country, which presented a scene wholly different from that in the land of Nature, so wild and uncultivated; whereas here every thing is artificial. The fields are all square. The rivers run in right lines. Not only the hedges, but the trees, are clipped into a thousand fantastical figures. I discovered an elm in the shape of a cock, and an oak in that of a dog. The horses are all taught to pace, the dogs to leap over a stick, and the birds to sing by note.

Extremely disgusted with the awkwardness of every thing I observed, what a force, said I, is put on nature here! What sort of people are the inhabitants of this country?

You shall see, said my guide, and so led me forward towards the capital, and the palace of queen Fashion. Observing a woman just before me in very high dress, is not that her majesty? said I. Her majesty, replied my guide! no, that is only one of her kitchen wenches. With this she waved her staff, and the whole palace became transparent like glass. High on a gorgeous throne sat the queen, at first look resembling a girl of fifteen, but, on a more careful inspection, discovering ten thousand wrinkles, and every impair of time. There is no describing her dress, which varied every moment, from colour to colour, and from figure to figure. Her deportment was no less fantastical. New airs, new grimaces, new distortions, turned her in less than an hour, into ten thousand different monsters. Every change in her dress and manner was instantly conformed with by the whole court, next by the city, and, as soon as possible, by all her subjects, to the most distant part of her empire. Observe, said my guide, the queen's prime minister, standing at her right hand; his name is Art, and at her left, his son, Artifice. The father invents all the new dresses, and the son of all the airs, looks and gestures. See how they shave away the men's beards, and turn the youths into old women! See how they cut off the finest heads of hair, and replace them with tufts, taken perhaps from the head of a distempered harlot! See how, at one time, the largest man is not allowed enough to touch his neck, nor to cover a fifth part of his head! And how, at another, the least man is so loaded with hair, that you can scarcely discover his face in the bush which surrounds it! See, how sometimes those tufts of hair are frizzled on the cheeks of the wearer, like that of the *manticora!* How they are sometimes plaistered on the crown with powder and pomatum! and how they are often twisted behind into tails like those of rats! See how suddenly all the rest of their dress is altered, without the least regard to their natural make! How their pockets are now placed almost immediately under their arms, and now again as low as their knees! How their shoes are now exalted into buskins, and then depressed into slippers! Observe what new cocks of the hat, what new bows, what new cringes, are brought continually into vogue. Do but take notice of those two coxcombs, sent into the field by her

majesty, to butcher each other for the omission of a ceremony in point of behaviour, but a few days ago published by her prime minister. There is no fashion she hath longer kept up, than this genteel species of murder; and none which proves her power so absolute, as you may perceive by the miserable paleness and terrors of the combatants, which they labour in vain to mitigate and conceal under an awkward sort of swagger, the sure indication of extreme timidity. The drams they have taken are not sufficient to alleviate their dread of death; but they are still more afraid of the queen, and therefore are going to offer up to her, as their supreme goddess, the costly victims not only of two human bodies, but of two immortal souls.

The women suffer rather more by this tyranny than even the men. Their beauty, whereon they lay the stress of all their hopes and joys, is wholly destroyed by it. Those things you see for faces, are but pictures, unskilfully daubed. The queen, at her discretion, lengthens or shortens the waists of all the ladies, as if a rib, or a joint in the backbone were added or substracted in order to a conformity with the fashion. When long waists are in, you will frequently see a little damsel splintered so far down upon her hips, that she cannot make a step of more than three inches. When nakedness is prescribed from above, you may see the splinters lowered at the chest, and the petticoats, so shortened, as to excite an apprehension that the whole dress will be reduced to a mere girdle, or nothing. But still you are to take all this for fashion only, and consider it as perfectly consistent with modesty. In this state of the mode it is diverting enough to see the broad exposure of a mahogany complexion in the brunettes, and of wrinkles in the aged. See how their hair is concealed, as a deformity under a cap, of no analogy to the shape of either face or head; or frizzed up, like the tresses of a fury, to so great an elevation, as brings the countenance of a low woman very near to the bottom of her bust. Mandeville saw a whole nation of these, who had their faces in their breasts. It is not long since the younger women, had their waists drawn in to the thickness of their arms, the cause of many frightful disorders, and their hips enlarged to a circumference of five or six yards. The body of her majesty is extremely warped

and its apparent straightness is owing solely to a parcel of splinters, taken from the mouth of a whale, wherewith she is so tightly braced, that she can hardly breathe. In imitation of her majesty, all the other women, as if broken backed, are splintered too, and cased like lobsters to a hardness on the outside, which comports but little with the internal tenderness of the sex. It is, you see, a fundamental article of faith and practice among this people, that the author of nature knew not at all how to give the human body either a right colour or figure.

It is a fixed principle with them also, that he knew as little how to feed it. Their food is entirely artificial. It is a sort of a crime to eat or drink any thing, which hath not been brought, at a great expense, from some very distant country. Food easily had, and produced at home, sinks the feeder to a despicable vulgarity. To keep up this refinement, an immense trade is carried on throughout all the provinces of this extensive empire, and pushed from thence to the most distant corners of the world. Articles of luxury are perpetually brought in, and new fashions carried out. This enables a fashionist to set a hundred different dishes on his table at one entertainment; and herein consists the pomp of life, and his superiority over him who can have but ninety. Things the most disagreeable to nature, such as garlic and assafœtida, are introduced as sauces and seasonings. It is just now under consideration to give a vogue to ram mutton, and to set it above ortolans and venison. It requires a species of profound learning to dress their dinners and suppers, and almost as much to carve and eat them. Hence spleen, gravel, gout, palsies, apoplexies, and an innumerable train of other horrible disorders, all aggravated by their inaction, for you see hardly any of them, who hath not lost the use of his limbs, and is not therefore carried by beasts or men, from one place of rendezvous to another. These people have no laws; all is governed by precedents, which are taken wholly from the will of the queen, and the practice of the court. To know how to demean yourself in this country, you must be perpetually in company, where nothing is talked of but these precedents, and nothing done but in conformity to them. Here you may learn how you are to carry to all sorts of persons, and on

all occasions; how you are to receive, and how to be received. Besides, there are professors here, who undertake to instruct you in the deep mysteries of standing, walking, sitting, eating and drinking, according to form. In this nation all religions are tolerated, for the queen, the court, and the grandees, are of none. The lower classes of people, having no precedents prescribed them in this particular, choose for themselves, but still rather by vogue and fashion than by reason, for, generally speaking, they follow after a multitude. They are all bigots, though to a thousand different species of superstition. Some worship a stick, some a stone, some a dog, some a cat, and no dog or cat can snarl, spit fire, bark, bite or scratch, more furiously with one another, than their devotees do for them. But as often as one sort of superstition grows stale, and cools on the minds of its professors, the prime minister invents and propagates a new one. This, like fire among gunpowder, sets all in a flame, which however does not deflagrate for many years, perhaps for some ages. In these religious or rather irreligious wars, force is not all that is employed. The prime minister's son hath a great stroke in the management of such bickerings, and generally turns the scale of victory which way he pleases. Such a master of canting, grimace, hypocrisy, insinuation, persecution, and scurrility, can work the minds of a giddy multitude to every extravagance, under the mask of piety and devotion. You see those bales before him. They contain nothing but new fashions. See, he hath just opened one, wherein you may observe an endless variety of particulars, new poisons and stilettos for the Italians, the pattern of a new pocket flap for the French, and a sketch of a new religion for the English.

The fashionists are so trained by their queen, that they faint at the stink of roses, lavender, and jessamin, in the country; but breathe in raptures the fume of sinks and dunghills in town. Air at second hand, though from a perspiring porter, or a poisoned strumpet, or a corpulent alderman in the rage of a fever, is the element the finest ladies rejoice to pant in. A love speech is nothing if not whispered in this sort of air. In the capital cities of several provinces, all the people of rank, as well the one sex as the other, dose themselves largely with garlic, as preparative for every

public assembly, possibly as requisite to master a set of more disagreeable scents, so that they no sooner begin to dance, than the room is filled with the stench of this plant, made still more nauseous and horrible by its digestion in the human body, and its excrementious emission through every pore, great and small.

As she finished these words, I said, Pray be so good as to tell me, who, or what that figure is, which I see bustling in the crowd with so much eagerness to approach the throne. Her head and breast are set off in the highest pink of the mode, and surely, at a vast expense in lace, in jewels, &c. but, downward, her clothes look mean and tarnished, her stockings are coarse and worn to pieces, and her feet are bare. Never did beauty (for I confess she is extremely pretty) make so grotesque a figure. Her name, said my guide, is, Ireland. Did you never see her before? Yes, I replied, I now recollect I was once a little acquainted with her, but never saw her look so very like a mixture of fool and pageant.

My curiosity was but half allayed on this subject, when I cast my eyes on a sort of country dance, wherein I observed none but persons of the first figure were engaged. A parson acted as dancing-master, married the partners, divorced, and married them anew to the partners of others, as they changed hands in dancing down. What, madam, is this? cried I, in the deepest amazement. This, she answered, is the newest dance, lately invented at court, and soon to be practised throughout the empire, down to the lowest ranks of people. It is called the dance of duchesses. As it is directly contrary to all the religions of the country, the great ones have been forced to give it a sanction by some special acts of the national council.

Life here, continued she, is nothing but a masquerade, conducted by the prime minister's son. All is disguise, you see no real person, no real face; nor do you hear one syllable of truth. Here is infinite civility, but no sincerity; much profession, but no performance.

It is my opinion, said I, that these people are far from being happy. You are not mistaken, she replied. They aim, as all do, at happiness, but a course, so wide of nature and reason, can never lead to it, can only end in its

reverse. The reigning maxim of every individual fashionist is to figure as high, and to be as much a man of pleasure, as he who depends on a larger fortune. Pomp therefore and poverty, go here hand in hand, and pleasure soon loses itself in distress, made more keen by the remembrance of past enjoyments. There are not above four or five of those fine people you see, of either sex, who are able to pay their servants' wages, or who are not hunted every moment by duns, for the very clothes on their backs. To remedy this by a short method, they have recourse to gaming and sharping; but the numerous associations of gamblers, who lie in wait for them, being much greater adepts in this species of villany, and carrying on the trade in concert, frequently turn their dependence on chance into absolute ruin. Is gaming a fashion too? said I. O yes, said she, and one of the queen's most favourite passions. Family is another. She hath established it as a rule, that nobody in her dominions shall be truly a person of fashion, to whom wealth hath not descended, through at least seven generations of ancestors, so as that the contemptible son of a dunghill, who first raised his race out of obscurity, is wholly forgotten as a nonentity. This prevailing principle detaches respect from office, and wonderfully weakens the power of magistracy. As it requires a length of time to set up a family, so it does to pull it down again, after extravagance and vice have wasted the estate. You see the airs of that shabby woman there. She is by birth a person of distinction, but subsists at present only on the niggardly bounty of some gentry, which she receives with the haughtiness of one conscious of older blood than that of her benefactors, and will tell you, that they are but upstarts in comparison of her——

As she was saying this, the whole court, city, and country crowded round an altar, where they where going to make a sacrifice to the queen, of themselves, their health, fortune, reputation, life, conscience, soul. Ha! said my guide, infatuated wretches, what are you about to do? The words were hardly out of her mouth, when a confused medley of tailors, dukes, milliners, duchesses, frisseurs, ladies of earls and shoemakers, dancing-masters, mistresses of boarding-

schools, gamblers, gentlemen ushers, masters of ceremonies, and I know not who else, fell upon her all at once, spit at her, buffeted her, trampled her under their feet, and having tied her on the altar, set fire to the fuel under her. Seeing this, I had but just began to interpose in her defence, when a volley of spittle was discharged on me too, and lady U, to shew the fineness of her leg, gave me so violent a chuck under the chin with her toe, that, shocked at her impudence, and tortured with my own pain, I instantly awoke.

HYLEMA.

SEVERAL writers, and they not of the first magnitude, have given the title of Sylva, wood, or forest, to their performances. This would be too magnificent an appellation for the following medley. It deserves no better name, than that of an underwood, copse, or shrubbery; wherein there is a mixture, without order, of plants, many of them wild, some higher, some lower; some of more, and some of less thickness; from a tree of middling growth, down to a weed or flower; some straight, some crooked, some stunted; many medicinal, none poisonous; briers, brambles, thorns; all thrown, just as chance, or nature gave them a root. Here, reader, you are not to expect a beam for the roof of a palace, nor a top-mast for a first-rate man of war; but you may be fitted for a walking staff, or switch, to a short ladder. Here you shall not find a tulip, a ranunculas, or a carnation. Such do not grow spontaneous in my soil or climate. But you may pick up, here and there, a daisy, a primrose, a hyacinth. Here is no quinquina, nor ginseng, nor balm of gilead; but valerian, camomile, and gladiolus, grow up and down in plenty. I have no grapes, nor peaches, nor oranges, nor pine-apples for you; if however you can be content with nuts, strawberries, and raspberries, you may have them here for pulling. Use your freedom. Take what you want. Though all is in confusion, you can hardly lose yourself, as few of the trees are higher than your own head. I only recommend it to you, to defend your shins from the briers, and your eyes from the thorns.

1. Ignorance, knavery, diffidence, accidents, make business a crooked road. All that the most skilful can do towards expediting his affairs, is to keep the inside of the course, and turn the corners as short as safety will permit him.

2. If digestion, when applied to memory and the acquisition of knowledge, is a metaphor, it is certainly one of the most just and beautiful metaphors ever made use of. But it seems to be more, and to express the thing intended

directly and properly as it is in itself. To digest, signifies to set off and separate the several parts of a compound or aggregate, into distinct places or receptacles. To digest our food is to separate the nutritious from the useless part, to throw out this through the natural orifices of evacuation, and to send that through the lacteals, into the mass of blood, and from thence by subsequent strainers or concoctions, into the several parts of the body as new supplies are wanted. A regular appetite and digestions are necessary to health and strength; and so is wholesome food. A defect in these is, in proportion, the occasion of sickness or debility; an excess, of crudities, obesity, and of still more violent disorders. It is just in like manner that knowledge is brought in by reading, conversation, experience, reflection; and the ideas of which it consists, either discarded as useless, or stored in the memory for the farther purposes of the understanding. Distinction, which is but another word for digestion, is necessary in this first concoction, and afterward to the regular classing of our ideas in their repository, to their being easily and clearly recollected, and to their being brought without confusion before the judging faculty, in order to a right formation of propositions. A strong but regular appetite of knowledge, with a power of well digesting, and classing our ideas, produce sound judging, right reasoning, true wisdom, and even virtue, which constitute the health and vigour of the mind, provided the materials of our knowledge are of a proper and useful kind. A defect in these occasions ignorance, stupidity, absurdity, errors, and vice itself, wherein consists the state of a disorderly mind. There is an atrophy of mind, for want of curiosity and retention, or for want of that digestion which is necessary to retention. And there is a *pingue ingenium*, an obesity of understanding the result of much reading, and of little or no power or care to distinguish. Of the two it is better to disgorge our ideas as soon as received than retain them in huddled assemblages, which produce nothing but wild imaginations and false reasonings. It is better to be ignorant than to pervert the religion, philosophy, or politics of mankind, as these bloated and overgrown scholars hardly ever fail to do. A depraved appetite does not produce worse effects in the stomach than

an impertinent curiosity does in the memory. Continual reading is to the mind, what gluttony is to the body. No glutton can possibly be long of a comely or wholesome constitution. No eternal reader or plodder was ever remarkable for good sense, ever thought, spoke, or wrote well. Distinction and exercise, particularly in conversation, or cool debate with men of understanding, will soon raise a man of moderate parts and of moderate reading in well chosen books, into a considerable degree of eminence as to knowledge.

3. I was once acquainted with a lady (reader, did you ever know such a one?) who having studied and practised all those particular airs, accents, gestures, which made her appear to the greatest advantage, carefully kept herself within her art of being pretty. She had the skill also to add a sweetness, easiness, modesty, tenderness of heart, which set in the esteem of her acquaintances considerably above the generality of her sex. Among others one very agreeable man made his addresses to her. She did not wholly discourage him. He took occasion however one day, as without design, to speak with esteem, approaching to admiration, of a rival beauty in the neighbourhood. This suddenly changed the amiable creature, I am speaking of, into a sort of monster, with features as harsh, and with a carriage as savage, as those of a Hottentot. Her expressions likewise were too rude to be repeated. Driven by this accident from all her arts of pleasing, she appeared no longer the same creature, and her admirer, whether dismissed by her or himself, eloped from the broken spell of her enchantments.

4. No man can have any rational hope of living fifty years; yet should any one be perfectly well assured of his dying precisely fifty years hence, he would ten to one be more uneasy than under his former hazard of dying to-morrow, or protracting his life to a hundred years; so far do our wishes outrun our reason.

5. On meeting with ill treatment from our neighbours, by far the greatest part of our grievance arises not from the real harm sustained by the injury, but from our own indignation and resentment. To remove this additional disturbance, the best way will be, to consider that though the

ill usage is from men, the affliction is from God, and intended for a correction, so that it is to be received as a benefit at the hand of Providence, rather than as an injury at that of the doer. If this is the case, how dare we be angry at it? How dare we retaliate?

6. There is always some love in esteem, and some esteem in love; some hatred in contempt, some contempt in hatred. These things are pretty plain; but it is not so obvious, though equally true, that hatred is never without a greater or less degree of esteem. We should have far less malice among mankind were every one convinced that his hatred aggrandizes its object, yet if it did not, how comes it to cease when we have humbled the man we hate by some signal act of revenge?

7. Young Bumphino was bred in a remote part of the country, and not as a person of much distinction, even there, till the age of twenty-one, when he came to the possession of a fine estate by the death of his father, who had been a noted miser. In this situation he saw nothing of the polite world, but had contracted all the rusticity of the homely folks with whom he had lived since his childhood. His aunt Citadella, at his first coming to town, was ever and anon setting him right in this or that point of behaviour, and employed a dancing-master to regulate his carriage and gestures. Bumphino told a country acquaintance whom he met in the street, that he did indeed hope in coming to town, to see many strange sights and wonders; yet that if he had never been told it he could not have been more amazed than he was, to find it agreed upon by every body, that he could neither eat nor drink, speak nor look, sit, stand, or walk, nor, in short, do any one of those common things, he had been doing all his days. Why, said he, when I was in the country, I could have eat twice as much, and twice as fast as another; aye, and drank too like a fish: yet here I am to learn the art of eating and drinking, just as if a morsel or drop had never gone into my head before. I was never a great sitter, it is true; but I have sat a thousand times in our house, the church, and elsewhere; and why must I now be frowned at by my aunt, and laughed at by the company, only for sitting? As for speaking, I give it up, and am resolved to be as dumb as my

father's tobacco-box, for I find nobody knows what I say, nor I, what they say; so, though talk is cheap, I will hold my tongue. Although on foot, I have been often in at the death of a fox, when all my well mounted neighbours were left behind, yet here, I perceive, I cannot so much as walk, without a great deal of pains to learn the deep science of setting one foot before the other. My aunt, two days ago, told me I no more knew how to look, ay, look! (cannot I look?) than she to speak Hebrew, and hath given me a mouth to practise, which lays a grievous confinement, as bad as a double bridle, on my under lip.

8. The generality of great engrossers in conversation have a few topics, on which they have read a little, thought less, and talked a great deal. Into one or other of these they endeavour with great art, to draw the chat of every company they are in, and when they have brought it about to a subject of their own, instantly turn the company into an audience, to which they assume the province of dictating, till they have exhausted themselves; and then the conversation is suffered to recover its freedom, that entertaining and instructing freedom of varying the subject, ere people are tired with it, which gives every one an opportunity of contributing his quota to the general fund. I knew a story-teller, whose artifice, for this purpose was but clumsy, yet a little comical. In a mixed company, the prattle running high on somewhat, he affected a sudden start, and cried out, ha! did you not hear a gun go off? No, said every one. Well, quoth he, I thought I did; but now, that we are talking of a gun, I will tell you a story of a gun. The topic of a talker is his garrison; wherein, sensible that his forces are few, he fortifies himself, seldom venturing into the open field of subjects, touched on by others, more generally knowing than himself. If you happen to draw him from his fastness (for he will not sally), he hath a thousand arts of wheeling and retreating to his hold, and there engaging you under the cannon of a battery, which he hath some skill in pointing. All you have to do in this case, is to let him blow away his ammunition, and then say, Pray, sir, proceed.

9. The mind of man is a little intellectual monarchy in itself. Reason is the sovereign; and the passions, affec-

tions, imagination, &c. are the subjects. When these regularly execute the dictates, or move by the direction of reason, there is peace and happiness within. When any of them turns usurper, and sets up, not only to act of itself, but to put its fellow-subjects on action, then are felt that anarchy, and misery, which are the usual effects of insurrection. The mind enfeebled, suffers much within, and fails in its attempts abroad. Sometimes the sovereign acts the tyrant, as among the stoics, and instead of restraining, stifles, instead of governing, oppresses her subjects. On the contrary, among the sceptics, she is treated as a cypher, or deposed as an idiot. Sometimes she commits great mistakes, and shews herself ignorant of the political maxims, by which she ought to govern. Sometimes she attempts to quell her rebellious subjects by authority and power, but often fails for want of a party among them to support her. Sometimes, like a weak prince, she endeavours to govern by a premier passion, and soon finds herself the slave of her own subjects. Sometimes the passions, each assisted by an outward or foreign ally; ambition by power, avarice by wealth, love by pleasure, &c. take their turns to sit at the helm; or sometimes sit together in a sort of triumvirate, which soon flames out into a civil war. Ambition cannot bear the effeminacy of love; nor love the labours and dangers of ambition; nor avarice the extravagances of either. When reason rules, the mind is a monarchy; when one passion, it is a tyranny; when all, an anarchy; when two or three, an aristocracy. From this necessity of a monarchy in the mind, we may infer, at least the utility of that form of government in a nation, inasmuch as generals should follow the forms of their particulars. In natural bodies every thing approaches to, and rests in, the figure of its insensible parts, salts in chrystals, probably similar to their own figure, and fluids in a globular figure, which is certainly that of their atoms. Agreeably hereunto, we cannot help observing a tendency in all republican governments towards a monarchical, as their point of rest.

10. As we draw nearer to any object, we discover still somewhat, which we could not discern at a greater distance. The mind hath this in common with the eye; we know more of one another by acquaintance, than character,

by intimacy, than by acquaintance, and by friendship, than intimacy ; new virtues or vices, new passions, inclinations, aversions, starting up to view, as we draw closer together, till esteem and contempt, love and hatred, too hastily formed, mutually take the places of each other. There are a thousand prudential reasons, why people should not, all at once, discover their qualities to others. This may be the principal cause, why, before marriage, men generally think women, and women men, the better sex, and the worse after it; for no other reason, I believe, but because neither are as honest and good, as the mere self-interest of a man or woman requires they should be. At the distance of acquaintance, or, nearer still, of courtship, they do all they can to conceal their faults, and set off their excellences; but, as soon as they marry, the scenery is removed, and each is disappointed. Were young people to take my advice, they would follow the very contrary conduct, be exceeding open with each other in courtship, and, after marriage, carefully stifle, or at least conceal, every fault, and set out to view every perfection. A wise and good couple, on the other hand, are always discovering new virtues, new graces, new excellences, in each other, and growing every day in mutual esteem and love. Each of them has a treasure of good qualities, formerly locked up, from which they perpetually draw out new amiablenesses, and so are ever endearingly new to each other.

11. A partial consideration of our condition is very apt to hurt our quiet. Dwelling too much on a disadvantageous circumstance frequently gives us a disrelish to the whole. Phlegon had a post of easy attendance, and considerable profit, which however obliged him to live in the neighbourhood of Crates, with whom he could never agree. He therefore exchanged it for another of less income, and more labour, but to his mortification found two or three Crateses, appendant to his new employment, for he could not exchange himself. Phlegon was Phlegon still. Every Phlegon will find a Crates.

12. Reading in youth, when the memory and other faculties, are alive, and with due taste and attention, is to sow the garden of knowledge in the proper season; but the seed should be sown, not at random, but separately,

that they may thrive the better, and that we may know where to go for what we want.

13. How delightful is the transition from confinement to liberty, and from pain to pleasure! but how much more, from the perturbation of tempestuous passions, to a settled serenity of mind! This is peace after war, light after darkness, beauty after deformity, order after confusion, and happiness after misery. Here conscience, as well as our feelings, is concerned.

14. The imputation of selfishness falls away on the pains we take for our bodies, or our worldly affairs; never for those we lay out on our souls. The soul then must be the true self, that self, which to consult and serve, is not a vice, even in the opinion of him, who is at no pains for his soul. Besides, the care we have for our souls hurts nobody, and may benefit many. Mankind therefore are no way interested to thwart us here; and so are willing to give a better name than that of selfishness, to a species of sedulity, that does not interfere with their pursuits. The man who crosses us in our way to riches, or titles, never thinks of stopping us in our way to heaven. Spirits do not occupy space, and therefore need not justle.

15. My prosperity having tempted me into sin, God reversed my condition, and brought me, through affliction, to a better mind. How have I merited such a mark of paternal pity? How merciful is God even in his severities? How can such a wretch be an object of love to a Being so infinitely holy? And yet, he saith, 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.'

16. We have better herbs of our own to help out a breakfast, than tea; but they grow in the next field or garden, and therefore are good for nothing. Every leaf and insect exhibits a glaring proof of divine wisdom and power; every sunbeam and shower of rain, of his goodness, who made the world for our accommodation. What occasion then for recourse to philosophical researches for proof of these things? What occasion to go to the farther end of a room for a chair, when there are two or three just at hand? There is little more than pride and affectation in philosophy, as well as in tea-drinking.

17. When we know not the motives or designs of this

or that conduct in a man, we find it often extremely difficult to account for his actions; yet if we have a good opinion of his understanding, we do not presently pronounce that conduct foolish. The different regards he aims at (if he hath several ends at once in view, especially if he hath his eye on the past, the present, and the future) make it sometimes exceedingly difficult to guess, what he would be at. The very thing, his large grasp of thought, which does high honour to his understanding, gives it all its appearance of folly or inconsistency in our eyes, which gave us a sight only of one or two of his views. Though I am a rational creature, as well as he, yet perhaps I have not force of thought sufficient to comprehend his schemes, were they explained to me in the most intelligible manner they admit of. How then shall I comprehend the schemes of Providence? There is hardly one thing in nature that hath not a thousand faces, or respects to other things. While Providence is adjusting the endless variety of relations to one another, and rendering every thing so many ways useful to other things, and taking into consideration the past, the present, the future; the shortsighted wretch, fixing his eye on some single regard, which does not appear to be immediately provided for, objects to a disposal, as unwise or unjust, for no other reason but because it is, in so many different respects, the highest instance of wisdom and justice. Yet this very man finds the time of day by his watch, the machinery of which he so little understands, that nothing could appear more trifling and impertinent to him, than some of its parts, when detached from the rest. However, he gives the workmen credit for the good contrivance of the whole. He, who gives up to a watchmaker, calls in question the wisdom of God. As to the dispensations of Providence towards mankind, considered as moral agents, there is one common article of faith, which, if well understood, and applied, would not only make us content under all sorts of troubles, but enable us either to account for, or cheerfully acquiesce in, every thing that befalls us; which is, that this life is a state of trial.

18. Hosius hath so many virtues, and carries them all to so high a degree of perfection, that he could not fail to be almost universally hated and persecuted, were he not

subject to such a happy mixture of weaknesses, and sometimes sins, as excuse his virtues, and procure him a toleration.

19. There is hardly any thing in nature from whence a contemplative mind may not draw either useful admonitions, or apt representations of our condition here. Every thing acts its proverb, or utters its parable, to a right thinker. I have now my eye on a fruitful meadow, wherein I see a picture of human life. All the various vegetables, which people (if I may be allowed the expression) its whole extent, though they draw their being and aliment from the same soil, yet, each following its own nature, how widely do they differ in size, colour, shape, and other qualities, not obvious to the eye! How the strong and the weak, the upright and the crooked, the tall and the low, the beautiful and the ugly, the wholesome and the baneful, spring together from the earth, and grow promiscuous! How the lower fret the stems of the higher! and how the higher drain the nourishment from the roots of the lower, and with their tops intercept the sunshine and the dews! How the plebeian grass crowds itself into one appearance, and is not seen but together! How the higher plants, for the most part, weeds, overtop their neighbours with the state and grandeur of nobles, and assume the appearance of protecting, while they do but oppress the inferior vegetables near them! How those thrive that rose in a proper season! How they dwindle that made their appearance too soon or too late, or are situated under the ill influence of overgrown neighbours! How such as are up hinder those from rising that are down! How the beautiful flowers or wholesome herbs, are hidden or overborne by the noxious weeds! While I am amused with this meditation, behold! a mower enters, and with his ruthless scythe cuts down all before him. Neither the stiffness of the strong, nor the pliancy of the weak; neither the uprightness of the straight, nor the crookedness of the straggling; neither the stateliness of the tall, nor the lowliness of the humble; neither the prettiness of the beautiful, nor the ugliness of the ungraceful; neither the usefulness of the wholesome, nor the noxiousness of the baneful, can defend them from the fatal stroke of this promiscuous leveller. With impartial cruelty he mows down

all. Against another season, the lord of the meadow shall extirpate the useless and noxious plants, shall improve the soil, and raise again the nutritious and medicinal plants, with the fragrant and beautiful flowers, to a sun that shall shine upon them, without night or winter.

20. After the battle of Salamis, every Grecian chief, in their suffrages for preference, voted himself the most meritorious, and Themistocles the second. Each religious sect votes his own way of worship the best, and the church of England the next, in soundness and conformity to Scripture. In these instances, second signifies first. A man, in choosing a husband for his daughter, says, that personal merit is the first, and fortune only the second recommendation in a pretender. Another goes into holy orders, and says his primary view is to serve God, and save souls, and his secondary, to acquire a comfortable maintenance. In these instances, generally speaking, secondary signifies primary, and primary signifies nothing.

21. Which was Cæsar's greatest victory? that of Pharsalia, in which he conquered Pompey? or that of Munda, wherein he conquered Pompey's son? Neither; but his kind treatment of Catullus, who had lampooned him with a great deal of wit and severity. In this he conquered the conqueror of Pompey and Pompey's son.

22. It is true I was educated a Christian; but what should hinder me from turning a Deist, or Infidel, as well as many others, so educated, and some too in holy orders? If I am by institution prejudiced in favour of Christianity, have I not as strong passions, affections, and love of moral liberty, to use a soft expression, as any of them? And may not these lay as strong a bias on the one side of my mind, as education hath laid on the other? It is by my knowledge of God and myself, that I regulate my thoughts of religion. I know there is but one God, and that he is holy, just, and good. I know that my own nature is corrupt, and ill-disposed, both to virtue, and the necessary means of my own happiness, for without a thorough reformation, I cannot be happy. Knowing these things, and laying them down as data to my religious reasonings, I apply myself to Paganism, and find it smiles upon me with the promise of liberty, to be as loose and dissolute as its gods. Gods! there is but

one God. Dissolute! I am lost, if I am dissolute. I therefore cannot be a Pagan. Next, I apply myself to Mahometism, which indulges my inclination to lust, rapine, and slaughter. These vices, God cannot indulge me in nor can I hope to be happy, if I do not abhor them, and love the contrary virtues. I therefore cannot be a Mahometan. Again, I apply myself to Deism, which bids me be my own priest and lawgiver, bids me fear nothing, bids me follow the bent of my own nature in every thing. How soothing! But here I cannot rest, because I know my own nature is the worst guide I can choose, and I myself the worst priest and lawgiver for myself. My nature could not have taught me a right knowledge of God, no more than it did the Negroes or Labradors; and teaches me no farther knowledge of myself, than that I am corrupt and miserable, and unable either to mend myself or my condition. As sure therefore as there is a God, and he is good, he must have made a farther provision for my reformation and happiness, and consequently I cannot be a Deist. Again, I apply myself to Judaism, and by ten thousand irrefragable proofs perceive it came from God; but perceive at the same time, that, by Judaism itself, God forbids me to rest in mere outward ordinances, and represents this religion, as only preparatory to another, more internal, more universal, and therefore more excellent, whereof Judaism is but the shadow. I therefore cannot be a Jew, any farther, than in order to somewhat infinitely more worthy of God, as author of religion, and more capable of reforming, and making me happy. Lastly, I apply myself to Christianity, and, instead of smiling upon me, I find it frowns upon me at first, calls me a sinner, threatens me with everlasting misery, proposes mysteries to my faith, which my reason cannot easily digest, and austerities to my passions and affections, which it is still harder to bring my licentious nature to comply with. But then I see plainly, it represents God to me, just as he is, and me to myself, just as I am. I perceive in the sanctions it sets before me, and the grace it offers me, the most efficacious means of my own reformation, which if I labour to promote in myself, it begins to smile upon me, in ravishing hopes of pardon, through the great atonement, which it provides, of paternal love from God, in case I do my utmost to be like

him. Its mysteries shew themselves to be necessary truths, and its austerities necessary medicines for the disorders of my soul. It teaches me to know my God as just and merciful, and consequently to fear and love him. It teaches me to know myself as corrupt and miserable, and consequently to use my utmost endeavours to become a better and a happier man. I find no prospect, but of perdition, in resting where I am. To Christianity therefore I fly from this deluge of vice and misery, which overwhelms the world, as to the only ark of safety.

23. Was there ever in any man so great a stock of tenderness, as in Blastus? He never fishes, fowls, hunts, because he thinks it cruel to destroy, or even terrify his fellow-creatures; horribly cruel to make a sport of their sufferings. He thinks Nero a good creature to Domitian, on account of his particular pique to the flies. How happy is he that day, wherein he hath rescued one of those flutterers from a spider! How melancholy, when he meets with the carcase of a murdered worm or beetle! It is true, Blastus shews no mercy to his tenants or servants. He oppresses both with a cruelty exceeding that of all other tyrants. But then, they are only men. It is vastly more uncommon and refined to shew a tenderness for insects. However, I fear, after all this refinement, could Blastus find his account in squeez ing, and tormenting flies, he would shew them as little compassion, as if they were of his own species.

24. There are some cases, in which the giver obliges the receiver, and others, wherein the receiver obliges the giver. Advice is of this latter kind. Margites hath made more friends by asking their advice, than he could have made by presents of some value. The ability and willingness to give advice, make together, a dangerous quality; but the art of asking it, is one of the most refined secrets of popularity. You are envied, if you are able to advise, and hated, if you do advise. But to be still paying court to the understanding of your acquaintances, by consulting them on this or that emergency, is, of all others, the most endearing compliment you can make them. Sensible of this, Margites never sees company, without a difficulty or two to lay before them. He hath always some instance of his own defect in point of prudence, ready to gratify the vanity of those, who,

while they seize the sweet occasion of triumphing in the superiority of their own wisdom, secretly conceive an affection for the man, whom they consider as their admirer, though he asks their opinion, only because he knows they cannot give it, without giving their affection with it. To enhance the gratification, and secure its effect, he easily leads them, by the nature of the case, or his own address, to such a piece of advice, as he is previously resolved to follow, and when he hath carried it into execution, takes care to let them know, with his warmest thanks, that he hath done exactly as they had advised him to do. This gentleman, not long ago, did a friend the honour to consult him on an affair of seeming importance, and in a way of secrecy, to make the favour as considerable as possible. But his friend, long accustomed to the artifice, affected great surprise at his inability to manage his own affairs, after the use, for above twenty years, of all the wisdom his acquaintances were masters of. You are not, Margites, said he, a secretary of state, you are not a privy-counsellor, nor even a magistrate ; but in all respects a private gentleman, with as narrow a circle of business to manage, as any man I know. How comes it then, that you are ever at so great a loss, even at this day, to conduct yourself? Advice is but thrown away upon you, if you really want it; and if you do not, what is your asking it, but a banter on the vanity of your counsellors? But, added he, if I could be provoked again to advise one, who confesses his weakness, only from a motive of conceit, I should advise you never to ask advice hereafter.

25. Useful knowledge and true good sense, are not to be obtained by either reading or conversation, but by both. Reading may furnish us with high and weighty pieces of knowledge, and with learned terms to express it. One, thus filled, was talking one day in a very exalted strain to a mixed company, when a young fellow of much humour, asked a young lady near him, if she could give him change for what the gentleman was saying. Conversation alone can supply a very learned banker with this small, but useful currency. It is not enough that we read and converse, we should choose our books, and companions, and suit them to each other. To read nothing but mathematics, and

converse with nobody but poets, would be like talking to a friend in Greek, who can speak nothing but English. We should brew the knowledge of men and books together, by passing it frequently from the one to the other, till it loses its original distinctions, and settles into somewhat both weighty and wieldy. Books, judiciously chosen, will furnish a fund for conversation, and conversation will refine the ore, dug from the mine of reading, and stamp it for common use. The great reader, and the ready converser, are seldom the same man. Hence so many frothy talkers, and so many pedants. The finished man knows how to converse with books, and read men, and knows how to mix the study and drawing-room, without the awkwardness of a jumble.

26. If gaming proceeds from avarice (and from what else can it proceed?) it is plainly an attempt to make chance transfer the money of another to ourselves. He who is satisfied to get money on no better title, would, on the same principle, look on himself as the owner of a purse, dropped in his sight by accident, or carelessness, for it is chance only, in either case, that puts him in possession, and gives him all his right. No, he says, if another found his purse, and could conceal it, he would never restore it. Suppose this true, would he like it? Losing and finding then is, among this sort of people, the same thing with gaming. Playing for entertainment is only suspending the irksomeness we feel from the stupidity of the company we keep. I wonder the duellists never call one another into the field for proposing cards.

27. It is odd, that few are led to reflect on their own mortality, by the deaths of persons inferior to them in rank and fortune. This is pride, but of a very extraordinary kind. Megabysus was surprised and frightened the other day with the news of Nonaginta's death, and cried out, poor Nonaginta! Art thou gone? Lord prepare us all for our departure, for we know not when we are to die. I must add a codicil to my will, for the disposal of a thousand pounds, acquired since I made it. Oh how I tremble, when I consider that I might have been called away ere I had settled this part of my effects, and died unprepared! Full of these alarming reflections, he stepped over to the

late Nonaginta's, where he was comforted with an assurance that the deceased died in his ninetieth year, and worth only 30,000*l.* Ha, said Megabysus, this man's death had like to have startled me; I took him for a plumb; besides, he was three years older than me.

28. The happiest state of mind we experience in this life, is in an absence of all tumultuary passions; when the mind is rather calm than indolent, and hath, at the same time, somewhat of a comfortable nature to employ itself upon. This composure may be called, the fair weather of the soul, and this comfort, the delicious fruits, that thrive under the influence of an indulgent sky, and ripen in a warm sun. At such times are felt those refined and sedate pleasures which arise from contemplation, and gently, but powerfully, stir the soul with the most pure and exquisite touches. If in this state of inward tranquillity, the goodness of God, the beauty of his works, or the recollection of our own charity towards our fellow-creatures, employ our contemplations, suppose, in the coolness of a fine morning, or a still evening, when a serenity and a sedateness of the air corresponds with those of our spirits, we then feel a degree of happiness never exceeded on this side of heaven. Here is the celestial harmony of a mind in tune. Here is an assemblage, or concert of ideas, the most pleasing, which seems to be the human part of that hymn which is sung to their Maker, by the whole intellectual world. Here is a light and warmth, superior to those of the sun, which play through the faculties and sensations of the soul, like those of that luminary on the verdant groves, the fragrant flowers, the dancing lambkins, the exulting fawns, and the musical choiristers, of a beautiful landscape.

29. The first struggles of a reformation, from a sensual to a virtuous life, are sometimes attended with pangs, which nothing but a very steady resolution can endure. We meet with a farther, and not a less difficulty, when disgusted with the pleasures of sense, and not yet able to relish those of the spirit, we pause between, and find nothing in this absence of engagements, to keep our thoughts in play, but a dying remorse for past sins, and a just kindling hope of mercy from God. Fleshly pleasures, and intellectual consolations, are of natures so incompatible, as not to be even

conceived at once. So pure are the latter, that they will not enter till the former are ejected, by a total forgetfulness, or a deep abhorrence, that is, till the mind, by a kind of quarantine, hath proved itself free from its old infection. Across the gulf of this vacuity, remorse and hope alone can throw a bridge. The sharp remembrance of what we suffered in a life of sensuality, may help to push us from it, and the prospect of what we are to enjoy in a life of piety and virtue may draw us towards it; so that, if we suffer both to work with all their force, they will greatly shorten the passage, and soon land us on that blissful shore, where solid happiness springs from a soil, ploughed and harrowed by repentance, warmed and enlighted by wisdom.

30. Change of condition is a nice point, wherein few have discretion enough to carry themselves handsomely. If we sink from wealth to poverty, we are dejected; if we rise from poverty to wealth, we are elated, in both cases, always either below or above the degree, which reason would have us stop at. It is indeed hard to sit unshaken on a carriage, driven by fortune, over a road that is very rugged. In the ups we labour, in the downs we are jolted. Varillo at one and twenty inherited a small estate of 300*l.* a year, and was so good an economist, that at thirty-five he had saved 1000*l.* and then, by the death of an uncle, was raised to an estate of 4000*l.* a year. But now he lived as if it had been 8000*l.* and ere he was fifty found himself in debt and want. On the contrary, Peres, who had an employment of 1000*l.* a year, lived so extravagantly at first, as to contract a large debt, and was glad, after losing his more lucrative place, to take up with one of about half the income, on which he now manages so well, that if he lives but ten years more, he will have paid off the debt, and made a tolerable provision for his family. Hence it appears, that it is not the number of acres, not the hundreds or thousands a year, that can make a man rich, but the prudent adjustment of his mind and expenses to his circumstances.

31. It is not unusual to see stoicism and dissolution of manners, prevail in the same country, and at the same time, as if precept and practice were opposites, which cannot rest but in extremes. On the contrary, they should be brought together. If practice is to be conformed to pre-

cept, precept should so far bend to nature as to be possible, if not easy, in practice. Stoicism in one man, and dissolution of manners in another, though contemporaries, are compatible things; but in the same man constitute a moral monster.

32. Will you throw a main, said Grampius to Barcas? With all my heart, replied the latter, provided you stake one hundred to one. That is very unequal. True, as to the money; but I cannot play without bringing my wife and children on the table, and I rate them at ninety-nine.

33. Our outward means might give us contentment, supposing freedom from sickness and pain, were it not for a fatal perversity in ourselves, by which our opinions of things are made to run counter to our sensations of them. We judge of them otherwise than we see, feel, and experience them. Is not that general sensible of danger, toil, and wounds, like other men? He is. Why then is his life laid out on watching, marching, fighting? His opinion of grandeur and glory, as the highest happiness, sets him above the consideration of the many evils he is exposed to. Why does that farmer, who, in his present condition, hath all the means of health, peace, plenty, and consequently contentment, wish to be a lord? It is his opinion that a lord is a much happier man, though both his lordship and common observation, deny it. It is true, opinion sometimes deceives us into comforts and pleasures against common sense, and even our actual feelings. We frequently on the strength of opinion, suffer our happiness, and enjoy our misery; but it is so much more difficult to cajole ourselves into enjoyments, than sufferings, that it were better for us not to deal at all in opinions, but to build wholly on facts and feelings? A rational man will no more build his happiness on mere notions and imaginations, than his house on a cloud.

34. Some, after seeing themselves in the unflattering mirror of holy Scripture, go away and soon forget what manner of men they are, not caring to recollect a face so ugly, and a mein so rude. Others can see every one but themselves in this mirror, for want of candour and self-examination. It is not any light issuing originally from the looking-glass that shews us to ourselves, but a light, which

coming from ourselves to the glass, is thence reflected to our optics. In this however, the scriptural hath the advantage of all other mirrors, in that it furnishes both light and representation, but only to him who can see.

35. It is difficult for a rich man to be humble, but impossible for a proud man to be wise.

36. It is enough for the present state of things, that men act well. Of their motives none but God can judge. Yet how many do we see, who deify themselves in assuming this attribute of omniscience, this judicial prerogative of God, and judging the hearts of others, at the same time that they know little or nothing of their own! But in this they look rather like fiends than gods, for they never do it, but to accuse their neighbours of those dark and sinister ends, whereof they are secretly conscious in themselves.

37. Of all men, no one hath so faithful a memory, at least to its owner, as he who forgets all promises and engagements, and remembers nothing, but that which he considers as advantageous to himself. How happy would he be, if he could remember this one thing, more advantageous than all the rest, that eternity is before him, and that God is always about him, and spieth out all his ways!

38. If we keep our sensual desires on the slip in prospect of the pleasing object, we shall render them ungovernably eager, and ourselves continually restless; if we let them loose, they will quickly sate themselves, and produce a disrelish to the object. The happiness then of a rational creature cannot consist either in that inquietude, nor in this lassitude, no, nor in the pleasure felt for a moment between, but in such enjoyments, as whet our desires to a still greater keenness, and yet are always at hand to be indulged.

39. In almost every instance, variety implies uniformity, or it would signify only the same with difference, dissonance, or contrariety. Uniformity also implies variety, or it would signify nothing but sameness. We say, there is little variety in a tune, which consists of a few notes and divisions. We may say there is multiplicity, but not uniformity, in a long repetition of the same note. This observation takes place in the styles of authors, in laying out of gardens, and in landscapes. The works of God seem to

be planned on this principle, with others respecting utility, that variety and uniformity should go hand in hand, throughout the whole; or, what can hardly ever enter into the works of men, a variety carried up to contrariety, as in elemental mixtures; and on a junction of spirit and matter, of natures seemingly incompatible, as in the make of a man, a thing impossible to all created wisdom and power. In his works, that, which at first glance, looks like irregularity, is nothing else but variety, contrariety, and incompatibility adjusted into harmony and beauty, if well understood. That which is not well understood (and the greater part of nature is not, cannot be, so understood by men), should be believed to be as wisely adapted, one part to another, and all to the general end, as that, which we can most easily and clearly account for. Hence the necessity of faith in God, as a creator, no less than in God as a revealer, the mysteries of nature being infinitely more in number and in depth, than those of revelation. From what hath been here said, if well considered, it follows incontestibly, that the thorough infidel must be an Atheist, or something worse, a declared rebel against God.

40. Imagination works with the greatest force, when we are asleep; reason, when we are awake; both in the dark, because in the dark, the powers of our minds are not derived through different channels upon variety of objects, but concentred in the one object of meditation, or chain of thoughts, which employs it. The internal light is disturbed by the external. This is the reason, that a blind man usually so far exceeds a seeing man in strength of thought on such subjects as lie equally open to the inlets and faculties of both. Sir Isaac Newton, sensible of this advantage in a blind man, studied his most difficult problems in the dark.

41. If change of condition changes the man, it is plain, he either is not, or was not, what he ought to be, perhaps neither.

42. It is a nice point to know how to do, but a nicer still, how to receive a favour with a good grace. A dumb gratitude, like a dumb love, or grief, is often the strongest. Passions of all kinds are but moderate, when they can express themselves.

43. As hypocrisy generally over-does the virtues it af-

fects, so he that would not be taken for an hypocrite, must not be a very good man. There is no bearing a faultless man, and therefore the rest of mankind, when they know of no ill action done by him, always take it for granted, that he is no better than themselves, after all, and is guilty of many secret vices. A considerable mixture of known vices, to keep envy in play, and bring us to a level with others, is often requisite to procure toleration for our virtues, and even towards the establishment of an universally good character. We cannot hope to be universally well reported, if we are not like the reporters, that is, if we are not like the generality of mankind, who are corrupt and wicked in a very high degree. Christ therefore said, 'woe be to you, when all men speak well of you.'

44. In philosophical disquisitions on the general nature of man, we are to judge of all men by what we perceive in ourselves. But as to all other matters, wherein men resemble, or differ from one another occasionally, the best way is to judge of ourselves by others. The experiments are more numerous, and our candour greater. It is usual for us to say, on a very foolish or bad action being done by one of our acquaintances, I would not have done so; and we think as we speak. But when we come to be circumstanced in the same manner with him, we act as he did. We erred in judging of him by ourselves, and should have had a better chance to have judged aright, and avoided the action too, by suspecting ourselves of that weakness we observed in him. It is always safest for a man to think himself one of the weakest and worst of men, capable of all the follies and vices of all mankind, if tempted as they are. This opinion of himself will make him charitable and vigilant, as well as humble, and greatly help to make him one of the best men in the world.

45. The parts of any thing are best examined by going close to it, and considering each by itself; the whole, by standing off, and taking it together. A minute inspection best helps the former judgment, a comprehensive grasp of thought, the latter.

46. The natural delicacy of their sex renders women more religious than men. There may be another reason, namely, that the preachers are men.

47. Should a man imagine himself capable of understanding those with whom he converses, because he is well versed in the language made use of, as English or French, he will find himself greatly mistaken, after a thorough intercourse with the world. He will find the same words stand for different things, in different mouths, though the words of the speakers are intended by them to convey the same meanings with those in the dictionary. We are not to judge of a man's meaning, by his words, but of his words by a knowledge of his principles, temper, way of thinking, party, &c. Entire strangers to one another, would find themselves as incapable of conversation, as so many deaf and dumb people, were it not for the perfect indifference, or rather total insignificance to every one of them, of the subjects on which they must speak, as the weather, if in the country, or the new play, or new gallantry of a duchess, if in town. But could these strangers be supposed (we have known instances of it) to have each of them, a drift or design upon the rest, in his discourse with them, the scene must be extremely whimsical and diverting. If one should make tenders of civility and friendship to another, how could he be understood, in case no vote or interest was to be solicited? If one was to tell the rest, that the prime-minister had paid off 5,000,000*l.* of the national debt, or that Mr. Wilkes had by a popular subscription, supported five hundred poor prisoners in the King's Bench prison, all the time of his confinement, how could they, who should hear him, guess at his meaning, if they did not know the speaker to be a ministerial, or patriotic gentleman? But were the company, all of them, well acquainted with one another, the tenders of friendship might easily be interpreted into mere futility, the 5,000,000*l.* into 500,000*l.* and five hundred into five, or none. If one of them should give an account of a gentleman's rental, unless they knew him to be a friend of that gentleman, how could they defalk a third, or add as much, if they did know him to be his enemy? And how surely must they mistake, if they did neither? Every man speaks an individual dialect of his own, the knowledge of which depends on the knowledge of the man.

48. It is not difficult to discover somewhat like different species among mankind, so widely may they be distin-

guished from one another in their mental make or habits. It is not more difficult to find a variety of individuals in the same man. We think we know a man by his face. But I am acquainted with a face under which I have at times distinguished a dozen different men. It consists of a long nose, black eyes, lank cheeks, a forked chin, and is covered by a fair skin. The first time I saw this mask, it was worn by a good humoured gentleman, who shewed all the smoothness of his temper, by the agreeable smiles into which he curled it, as often as he spoke or was spoken to. The very next time I met it, I could not have known it but by the prominent nose, and too-pointed chin, for the man who then wore it did so thrust out its lips, distend its nostrils, knit its brows, as to prove himself too choleric to be safely conversed with. I found it carried abroad afterward by a supple flatterer, a haughty master, an abject coward, an insolent bravo, and in short, too many different persons to be here detailed, but all crowded by an undistinguishing world into one, whom they call Stilicho.

49. I seldom see a dead corpse without a blush, which I perceive by an unusual warmth in my face, arising, I believe, from a consciousness that I must one day make the same figure, as a criminal, tried, condemned, and executed for sin. A dead man indeed is the most shameful sight in the world.

50. Never since I was eight years old, did I go to bed, or rise from it without offering up my prayers to God, but one day when at the age of twenty-one, I was taken out of my bed by three or four of my companions, and hurried out to a play, called in the north of Ireland, long bullets. On that very day I received a blow with a three pound ball, just over my left eye. This flattened the projecting part of my skull, which, together with the extreme abstinence and large evacuations, necessary to prevent a fever, greatly shattered an excellent constitution. Origen, going out one morning, contrary to his constant custom, without addressing himself to God, was seized, carried before a Roman governor, who was persecuting the Christians at Alexandria, freely offered his body to the flames, rather than throw incense on an altar, but was prevailed with to do it, by a

menace infinitely more dreadful than that of death, unfit to name. This fall made him a very unhappy man for a long time afterward. You say, how many, for months together, omit their prayers, and meet with no such mischief? I know not how many; but do heartily bless God for the blow I received, as a proof of his watchfulness over me, and cannot help expressing some fear, that they who ask not God's protection, and yet go unchastised, are deserted by him.

51. It will seem a paradox, if not a falsity, to say, that drugs, both simple and compound are only so far medicinal as they are poisonous. But to a healthful body, all the parts of which duly perform their respective offices, and all its juices are of a right consistence and properly impregnated, that is, to a constitution well balanced, every medicine must be hurtful, as it is the use of a medicine to restore this balance when lost, by adding somewhat on the light or defective side, which if added to an evenly poised state of the solids and fluids must impair that balance. Emetics, purgatives, alteratives, relaxers, bracers, coolers, cordials, acids, alcailes, administered by a skilful physician are administered only on the opinion he entertains of ill health in the patient, arising from impurities in the primæ viæ, of peccant humours in the mass of blood, of too tense, or too flaccid a state of the solids, of an inflammatory or phlegmatic, of a putrid or acescent preponderancy in the habit. It is to bring matters even again, that these are thrown in, that any thing is carried off or added, which to a healthful body must be pernicious, in the same proportion that they are sanative to a sick one. Poison is that, which hurts a man in perfect health. All medicines, properly so called, would do this; and if they did not, would be of no use to the distempered. Some of the strongest poisons, mercurials, antimonials, opiates, to instance no more, are found to be medicines of the greatest efficacy in the hands of a true physician. We hear people every day saying not only in a medical but in dietetical sense, that such things are wholesome or unwholesome, without adding to whom, or in what cases. Nothing can be more absurd. The best kinds of food are not wholesome, but with respect to the feeder.

A man may be poisoned by the qualities (to say nothing of quantity) of beef, mutton, wine, &c. though all of them sound and good in their kind.

52. One should think every thing well paid that is paid in kind, a bow with a bow, a smile with a smile, a benefit with a benefit. Charmidas will not accept of this kind of payment. He expects a solid service for a civil salutation. It is but a week ago since he broke with two court dependants for not seeming willing to discount with him on these terms.

53. In point of figuring, the light we are set in is all. A very little merit more than ordinary may give a man a sort of splendour in the obscurity of a country life, who would not be taken notice of on a more conspicuous stage. Elphenor was a man of eminence at the assizes and sessions of his county; but, from the time he went to town, he was never once seen or heard of. A rivulet may appear considerable when dilated on its own flats, but is lost the instant it enters the ocean. It is a Nile or Danube only, that can continue its stream to some distance from the shore, and be a river even in the sea.

54. Habits of body are subdued by a long course of medicines or methods, contrary to such habits. Those of the mind are seldom broken, but by sudden and violent efforts, seconded by a suitable perseverance to splinter it up to its new posture, and prevent its returning to its old bent. Here afflictions and fears are often, and grace always necessary.

55. Some assert the liberty, and some the slavery of human nature. That they are able on each side, to bring arguments of very considerable strength, is owing to this truth, that the elections of almost every man are partly determined by his choice, and partly by influences foreign to himself. Were reason sufficiently clear and strong, and were our passions always governable, we should be free. But since the corruption of our nature, we are prone, through a weakness of reason and a violence of appetite, to pursue what we should avoid, and fly from that which we ought to pursue. This is slavery. Every man sometimes exercises that freedom, and is sometimes subject to this slavery. But Christianity, by imparting religious truth, purposes to

set us at liberty. By this we may know the truth, and the truth may make us free. Future rewards and punishments, the grace of God, and a due observance of the divine institutions, are sufficient to counterbalance the prevalence of our animal nature and set us upright. A libertine calls these the sources of slavery, because he places liberty in licentiousness, its greatest enemy, just as a lawless mob is to a well constituted government. A creature to be free, that is, to be free as a creature should wish to be, must be subject, subject, I mean, through right reason to God, and his appointed substitutes.

56. There are two things which attach our contemplations to objects at a distance. The first is curiosity, or a natural fondness for foreign varieties, which, when purely contemplative, is a truly laudable and noble propensity; but becomes vicious and the source of all our miseries, when it transports us out of ourselves to a love of things hurtful to us or unattainable. The other is, that pleasure we find in being wafted by the eye, whether internal or external, without stirring from the place we are in to distant scenes of beauty and wonder. How delightful is it to a mind fond of room to range in, to travel in a right line, and in a moment from the summit of some exalted mountain, not only to the cities, lakes, seas, which it would cost us a journey to reach on any other vehicle, and to the shores of other countries, which it would be a voyage to go to; but to other worlds, which may be viewed in groupe or separately, as the mind is disposed to employ its contemplations! We consider the faculty of seeing as enlarged, when the space to be seen through is extended. We outstrip the swiftness of wings, and travel on the rays of light. Here however we make but a slow progress, in comparison of the sally, which our thoughts enable us to make from matter into the world of spirits, the true relations of the soul; and pass through objects of inferior excellence if compared to those angels, archangels, powers, thrones, cherubim, and seraphim, placed above us in the scale of intellectual being. Here, what beauty! what glory! what felicity! all founded on obedience and virtue. To one of these, and one of them each of us may be hereafter, if we will contend for the high prize of our calling in Christ Jesus, all

the suns and worlds of the universe are as nothing; and these again, to that boundless source of being, of goodness, of happiness, of glory, of whom are all things, and to whom, as their centre, the whole world of spirits ought to tend with all the rapidity, which love, and every faculty of the soul can lend them.

57. Happiness is to be sought for and planned within one's self, by reason and religion. There the wise man seeks for it, and there finds it. Others look for it without them, I mean in the enjoyment of outward things; of whom they make the nearest approach to it, who pursue it in things nearest to themselves, as more attainable, than such as lie farther off, perhaps beyond the verge of their activity and power. Some can be content with the produce of their own little patch of ground laboured by their own hands. These are the happiest of all the vulgar. Others cannot be satisfied without every thing their own country affords them. Others again, the great vulgar, multiply and extend their wants, to the produce of the whole earth. The diffusive poverty of these is not to be relieved, but by the possession of things unattainable and impossible. What a condition would these indigents be reduced to, should the French refuse them their wines and silks; the Italians their pictures; the West Indians their sugars; the East Indians their teas? They must be destitute of meat, drink, and clothes. They could not subsist. Take away promotion from the ambitious, and riches from the covetous, and what miserable wretches must they be! But how far are these, or may they be, beyond their power? Farther than from east to west, from north to south, from none of which promotion cometh, for it moves not horizontally along the face of the earth, but perpendicularly from him, who raiseth up one, and putteth down another, on motives and in pursuit of ends, unfathomable to these sort of men, and generally opposite to theirs.

58. Every system of moral philosophy, considered merely as such, hath been grounded on a partial attention to some one particular in human nature, while all the rest were overlooked. The Stoics considered the ill effects of our passions, and therefore aimed at nothing, but the total suppression of them. The Epicureans were attentive to

nothing but the pleasure felt in the indulgence of those passions, and therefore made their philosophy to consist in sensual pleasure only. The sceptics saw uncertainty in many things, and therefore asserted it in all. Shaftsbury and his copyist Hutcheson, taking the fair side of human nature, have placed all morality in sentiment; Clarke and Balguy, as reasoners, in the fitnesses of actions and things; Hobbes, as a politician, in selfishness; Wollaston, as a refiner, in the truth of actions; and Smyth, as a fellow-feeler, in sympathy. All these ingenious men have, each of them, fixed his mind on one attribute, faculty, propensity of human nature, and made the whole to consist in that. While you endeavour to draw out the leading truth of each system, you are in danger of running into this gross error, that there is no other truth to be sought for, and of imbibing the pertness and conceit of your favourite author, with a contempt for all others, and even for revealed religion, which grounds all morality, where alone it can be grounded, on faith in a future account. Man, having been made by the author of this system, finds therein a species of philosophy, adequate to his whole nature. All the partial systems of human philosophy, so far as there is any truth in them, converge into this, and neither have, nor can have, any weight, but as they lead the soul to the tribunal of God. Yet all their inventors have laboured, to the uttermost of their power, to carry off the attention of their readers from the judicial authority of God, to distinct systems of independent morality. It is only for a name, that they are perpetually giving us new standards of morality, as if morality could have more standards than one, or any other, but the will of God. The reason why they will neither borrow from the Scriptures, nor lean on revelation, is, because they would exclude them from the high honours of inventors. As long as there are moral professorships in universities, it will be expected, that the ingenious gentlemen, chosen into those places, should, each of them, give the world a book of morality; and a new book, without a new system, cannot satisfy that expectation, nor bring any credit to its author. New systems therefore must be perpetually invented, and we must shift our principle of duty and virtue, perpetually to the new standard and fashion of mo-

rality, or must be at the endless trouble of debating the merits of a decennial system with its inventor and his admirers.

59. It sometimes happens by mere accident, that a train of wit or humour, like a train of gunpowder, flies about and flashes, in a company, consisting of persons, who were before, and shall be after, as dull as so many aldermen.

60. I am very glad, I do not often understand why my king and his ministers act in this or that manner; for could I see into their schemes, I am sure our rivals or enemies on the continent, must much more easily see into them, and I should be sorry, the kingdom were trusting to no better politicians than myself. I am thankful, that their designs are too deep for my penetration; nay, I verily believe, I should not always comprehend them, did they vouchsafe to explain them to me. This my modesty is every day shocked with the pamplets, or conversation of mighty politicians, who know perfectly how to govern the kingdom, though wholly at a loss to conduct the narrow affairs of their own families. These men easily penetrate the most secret councils of kings, dictate plans of administration to government, or correct those that have been carried into execution. What politic, and wise counsels have taken birth in a coffee-house? What an advantageous peace, or how glorious a war, do we often hear planned behind a counter? What heroic exploits performed in a tavern? What a loss it is to us, that they are so little known, or regarded! Religion suffers in the same manner, from the loss of all that theology, which the divines, of the same class with these politicians, are perpetually uttering to a few obscure creatures, in a corner, who do not understand it, who do not mind it. The political and theological pamphleteers do but half supply our wants, in either article. It is a pity, that neither the state nor the church, can avail itself of the wisdom of those who cannot write.

61. Imitation is the child of admiration, indeed its bastard only, when a great disparity between the imitator, and the person imitated is found in the very thing to be compared. How stupid is he, who cannot see infinite meanness in that pride, which puts him on thinking, speaking, dressing, building, drinking, and being attended, like

one of a fortune greatly superior to his. All the vanity foppery, extravagance, of the polite, or would-be-polite, world, is derived from this pride, and make despicable by this meanness. It is this makes bankrupts and beggars. This puts those on drinking wine, who can hardly afford themselves ale. This, clothes the shoemaker's wife in silks, and gives her tea for her breakfast, while her husband is sweating at a pair of shoes for some plainer woman. This, notwithstanding a constitution as robust, and a behaviour as rude, as those of a whey woman, gives those vapours to Abigail, which she had from Mrs. Puny, which Mrs. Puny had from Mrs. Squeamish, which Mrs. Squeamish had from lady Dainty. The decorum of dress consists in its proper adjustment to the person, the mien, the circumstances of the wearer. Could the low unpolished part of the world, be made sensible of this, they would not endeavour to distinguish themselves by such attire, as could only draw the eyes of others upon their clumsy persons, and their disdainful reflections upon their scanty means. Nothing is truly great, which the imitation of inferiors can set in so ridiculous a light. Why then do people of distinction ever put themselves to so great expense for those false appearances of grandeur, which are subject to the egregious banter of being copied by the vulgar?

62. The power of example is never carried so far as when two persons do a thing, which each abhors, because each thinks the other addicted to it. For instance; you dine with me, and though you wish to keep yourself sober, as much as I do, yet I must press you to drink more than either of us cares for, and press so long, and so peremptorily, as to convince you, that I shall be unhappy, if you refuse. I knew an old beggar-man who made his advantage of this piece of knowledge in human nature, by choosing, when he could do it, to attack a group of gentlemen together, and if he could prevail on one to give him somewhat, seldom failed to levy the contributions of them all, through that shame in all, to be behind others in an act of charity. A pistol at their breasts could hardly have proved more cogent.

63. The attempt to become independent by power, on the first view, seems feasable; yet, if the matter is well considered, nothing can be more absurd, or ill-grounded. Power

is a chain, whereof the lower links depend on those above, and all on a pin or fulcrum, the highest as well as the rest; or it is a building, wherein the higher parts rest on the lower, give a covering, but borrow a support; or it is a wheel in motion, every part of which, circulates by a pull from before, or a propulsion from behind. All human power is raised, and like the couplings of a house, which stand on the walls, and lean on each other, is kept up, by divine or human aid, or rather by both. This is the origin and band of civil society, in which every person pays just so much dependence, as he borrows power. Here whosoever is powerful, derives his strength from that weakness and inability in himself, and all the other members, to live separate and independent. The beggar, who hath the least power, is most independent, inasmuch as he is beholding to others for no more than the bare necessaries of nature. The king, who is vested with the supreme authority, is more dependent than any of his subjects; and as he is more absolute, is still more dependent; for is he not more absolute, merely because his revenues are greater, and his army stronger, than those of a more limited monarch? Does he not therefore depend on larger contributions, and on a greater number of men? And may not the former, on the caprice of his subjects, be refused; and the latter, on hope of better pay, rise up against him, in favour of a domestic usurper, or a foreign invader?

64. I have learned in affliction to bend like a reed in a high wind, and to recover my erect posture again, when the trouble is over. It required a good deal of pains, and took up much time, in bending backward and forward, to subdue the stiffness of my nature, and render me sufficiently limber, for, originally, I had no small share of the oak in me. It cost me near as much pains and time to recover the spring of my mind again, and to restore it to its wonted firmness, after long bending under affliction. It is difficult to be both supple and strong; to be at once a reed and an oak.

65. When we put to sea from a shore, diversified with a prospect of towns, spires, hills, mountains, as the distance gradually dims and flattens the prospect, so the smaller objects disappear soonest, and such as are more glaring and bulky maintain their figure in the eye longest, till at length,

the houses, the steeples, the hills, the mountains, fade away, and sink out of sight. So it is with us in regard to the things of this world, when our thoughts and affections are setting out for another. Step by step, we withdraw our attention from every thing we are leaving; and continue to retain our esteem and affection longest for those persons and things, which stand highest in our hearts. Friendships, lawsuits, riches, resentments, hopes of promotion, fears of affliction, children, wives, &c. retire from our thoughts, one after another, till the whole medley of human affairs contracts itself into one confused mass, which still lessens as we withdraw to a greater distance, till, at last, all vanishes out of the mind. From this point, the things of another life begin to shew themselves, and continually rise on the eye of faith in magnitude and lustre; the mountains of the promised land, the buildings of the New Jerusalem, all sparkling with precious stones; its beautiful inhabitants, arrayed in azure and purple, all seen in Christ, the light of God, to which the sun is darkness. Soon after this prospect, we begin to hear with ravishment, the sound of that universal hymn, mentioned by St. John; 'Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. Amen.' 'Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might be unto our God, for ever and ever. Amen.' These two prospects cannot be seen with the same eye, nor with any degree of clearness at once. We cannot look backward at this world with a fleshly eye, and forward at the next with the eye of faith, at the same time. Nor is it possible to hear the heavenly hymn with bodily ears. The music of this cannot be perceived, but by that spiritual and harmonic nerve, which true religion attunes to the concert on high.

66. Truth which should be absolute, is, of all things, the most thoroughly enslaved. Education, fashion, authority, pride, party, pleasure, pain, courage, fear, interest, every thing in short, exercises a tyranny over it. There is not a family so inconsiderable, wherein the head, be it master or mistress, does not assume the prerogative of determining what shall be true or false, right or wrong, within the little domestic empire, even in such things as have little or no analogy to economy. Not only his children and domestics must take the law at his mouth, but his visiters too, must

receive those dictates for truths, which he founds on his mastership, and proves by dint of dinner. You shall frequently find a proposition true at this house, erroneous at that, and neither, at a third, perhaps in the space of one day. If you are a hackney visiter, beware of being dogmatical. Be ready to change your sentiments as you change your house. Be prepared to deny that here, which you affirmed there, and to hold either side, or no side, as occasion may require. If you are not a latitudinarian, a universal conformist, or one not yet attached to any opinion, you may lay your account to be excommunicated for a refractory fool, void of sense and good breeding, who knows not the lordship of your entertainer over all principles and opinions; who is not aware of the heavy penalties he can inflict on such, as invade his privilege with sentiments, not authorized, perhaps proscribed, at his table; who does not submit to his right of dictating, as built on his power of entertaining.

67. There are, properly speaking, no phrenetic nor idiotic brutes. What we call madness in dogs, cats, &c. is probably but a fever, which soon terminates in a cure or death. The madness and idiotcy in human nature is both an effect and a proof of depravity in man, whereby he is violently thrust out of his natural course, and for the time, to all intents, degraded from his species.

68. Let no man hope to see heaven and earth at once. When he cannot see the earth, as at night, he may then see the heavens. In a moral sense, affliction, whether providential, or voluntary in acts of self-mortification, gives us this night, more lucid to the soul, than the glare of day is to the fleshly eye.

69. Evil ought not to be done, that good may come of it, because evil is evil, and ought never to be done; neither does the guardian of good want its assistance. On the other hand, to do good that evil may come of it, is to steal from God, what we mean to bestow on the devil. In this sense the evil spirit often tempts his servants to do good.

70. A man intended by his natural make and talents for solid studies, such as mathematics, or for trade, who addicts himself to poetry, is in the state of a large draught horse taught to amble.

71. If health or sickness, prosperity or adversity, pleasing or displeasing accidents, can raise or lower the mercury of our spirits, our happiness, and through that, our virtue, are rendered proportionably precarious. Religion only, which elevates the soul, can place us on the summit of that Tenerif, where all is serene. Few can bear the thin air of this altitude.

72. It is certain, nothing can so effectually contribute to our content, as seriously to consider how much worse our condition hath been, or may be, than it now is. If I deserve and dread two evils, and escape one of them, why shall I not consider myself rather as a happy, than a miserable man? I knew a father whose only children were two sons. The man was assured by his neighbours, that both were drowned. This he felt with every pang of nature. But, some time after, finding that one of them was still alive, he seemed to forget that the other was dead. Joy and gratitude to Providence took up the whole place of grief in his breast.

73. How much am I indebted to the goodness of God, who hath made me the object of his bounty, though I have left myself no title to his mercy?

74. The pride of many hangs on the pin of an opinion in some, while it treads on that of others, till the fulcrum breaking, they sink beneath the contempt of all.

75. There is a due distance from men as well as pictures. The rough colouring of some characters requires to be seen from afar, or from below; which does better to mellow it. Others may be known a little nearer. Few can bear a close inspection. Hence the different classes of men, out of whom we may furnish ourselves with acquaintances, intimates, and friends. Old friends and new acquaintances, like old wine and fresh small beer, are best. Old acquaintances have talked out all their fund, and are now good for nothing; but new ones have perhaps somewhat to entertain us with, which we have not heard before.

76. Riddle me this, He that drinks much, drinks little; and he that drinks little, drinks much.

77. It is very hard to keep Notonomus at a distance. He bears in upon your acquaintance, nay, pushes for an intimacy with you, in spite of that well-bred coolness,

wherewith you attempt to keep him off. Would you know how to keep him at the staff's end? I will tell you. Give him a sound rap with it on the knuckles.

78. I had almost ceased to be a young man, ere I found out, that I was a fool. In those days I could hardly bear in my seniors the one half of that privilege in advising or dictating, which I now assume. Quere, am I not a greater fool than ever? Now, that I plainly perceive, my talk is ascribed to vanity, and contemned by the young?

79. It is hard to say, whether young people do more want the experience of the old; or old people the cheerfulness and vivacity of the young. Yet, as if strangers to their own wants, on both sides, they disrelish the company of each other. How petulant, how noisy, is that young puppy! saith the old man. How morose or dull is that fellow, quoth the young one. He talks away, and lectures, as if he had been born at the age of sixty. I will engage, he was as great a fool, and as wild at my age as I am. The old, therefore, that they may have a vote in the conduct of the young, and that they may recruit their spirits with the gaiety of their juniors, should endeavour at a decent degree of festivity in themselves, and softly slide in their wisdom now and then, as a pill that cannot go over, without that gilding.

80. Friends contend in kindnesses, enemies in injuries. Enemies should be matches, or the enmity will not be lasting. Friends should be well paired too, or their kind contentions must soon come to an end. We may talk as finely as we please about the disinterestedness of true friendship; but after all, we must own, its very being subsists on good will, and good will on kind offices, so that gratitude and the love of others, if well inspected, will discover self-love at the bottom. Inequality therefore destroys the mutuality of friendship, because, on one side at least, there is not a sufficient fund of power to oblige.

81. Why, Megacles, in every argument between you and me, must I encounter with your great estate, your high place at court, your illustrious ancestors in a body? What have these to do with innate ideas? May not the necessity of revelation be a real necessity, though I maintain it, who am possessed of but 50*l.* a year, and own myself

the son of a farmer? And may not the mere light of nature be an insufficient guide to virtue and happiness, though you patronize it, who reckon up a dozen lords in your line, and 10,000*l.* in your rental? Is it a victory only you seek for? No, you say it is truth alone. Disband then your foreign forces. Come down from that eminence. Let us be on a level in the argument. Let us be distinguished by nothing but the strength of our reasons. What! still a lord! had you a sceptre in one hand, and a globe in the other, they could not convince me; they could only silence me. That, indeed, is all you aim at. Go on then. Harangue as long as you please. I am your lordship's most humble servant.

82. Are not the works of God distinguished from those of men by the marks of infinitely greater wisdom and power, which they discover? A wisdom and power intelligible to every capacity, and mysterious to every capacity? The lowest can perceive, that no human wisdom could stretch so far, no human power perform such things; the highest cannot, in many particulars, discover the reasons, nor comprehend the designs of God in his works of creation and providence. But all, highest and lowest, in point of understanding, see and comprehend so much as may thoroughly satisfy them, that what they do not comprehend is equally wise and good. They ask, how and why? If they get a satisfactory answer, it is well. If they do not, they acquiesce, because it is God who works, and the very limited intellect of man that judges. Thus all, but the Atheist, read the book of nature. And thus all, but he, will read the book of revelation also. All mankind, but the Atheist, who in Scripture is called the ungodly, sees, or may see, that the Bible is the word or book of God; and seeing this, who shall ask how and why? If they receive a satisfactory answer, it is well. If they do not, they believe and acquiesce, as they, who having received a mystery from God, when he spoke to them through his works, are still more ready to take a mystery at his hands, when he speaks to them of himself, who is infinitely the most mysterious and incomprehensible of all beings. A man is a system of miracles, mysteries, and wonders to himself; why then should he think it strange, that the nature of God should be mysteri-

ous to him? Consider that morsel of bread you are going to eat. Can you tell us how a grain of wheat germinates in the ground, how it produces a new plant, how that plant grows up to its full size, how the new grains are fed, filled, matured in the husk; how after bread is made of them, that bread is digested in your stomach, the finer separated from the grosser part, turned into chyle, then into blood, and distributed into muscles, bones, nerves, animal spirits? Can you tell us, how you bend your finger? No. Why then shall you make a difficulty of believing in a religious mystery? Is it because you hate religion, and dread the change it must make in your course of life, if received, from indulgence to self-denial? After all, perhaps you stand in absolute need of that mystery, which seems most unaccountable to your understanding, I mean a miracle. Can any thing short of a miracle educe conviction from a mind so hardened to religion or virtue, from a heart so dissolved in vice?

83. Every one thinks himself a philosopher, some time or other; yet none is really so, who is not so always. Prosperity generally relaxes all those rigid schemes of virtue which we plan in time of adversity, like the plants of a cooler climate, which wither under the line. On the other side, adversity kills those we form when all goes well with us, and they perish like the anana in the open air of Norway. A look from a little girl, or the first glass of good wine, puts an end to the former sort of philosophy; and a dose of opium or a pistol, to the latter. That virtue must have the root and firmness of an oak, which can subsist, nay thrive in all climates. True religion only, and the Spirit of God, can furnish such a root with its native and necessary soil. Yet oak, though the true philosophy should prove itself to be, by its stability and duration, it bends to a storm scatters its leaves, and sometimes suffers the loss of a branch. True religion is unconquerable in itself, but is never found, nor can be found, perfect in man, who possesses this inestimable gift in an earthen vessel. But we should be careful not to attribute the frailty of that which contains, to the thing contained. Could a mortal man be perfectly religious, nothing could shake his resolution, nothing disturb his soul.

84. The first onset of joy or sorrow, if in the extreme, is apt to prove mortal, but the onset of extreme joy more so than that of sorrow, perhaps because we are less accustomed to excessive joy, or rather because we concur with joy, and resist sorrow. Be this as it will, the danger in both cases lies at the entrance, or first attack; for if that can be put by, and time afforded, the stream of ideas which passes perpetually through the mind from business, amusements, conversation, accidents, all the objects that surround us, and bear in continually on our senses, but above all, from religion, and the consideration of infinitely greater joy or sorrow in expectation, sweeps away somewhat of our too quick and violent feelings; and in case there is nothing very rough or rocky in the channel itself, runs every day smoother, and smoother, till it rests as on a flat, in a perfect calmness and composure, wherein we wonder what is become of our perturbation. In this, as indeed in every thing else, we ought to admire the wisdom and goodness of our Maker in the frame of our nature.

85. He is called a miser, who denies himself the comforts, nay often the very necessaries of life, that he may heap up wealth, which he knows he must surrender when he dies. This man thinks himself much wiser, than him who gathers what he intends to part with in a month or year, because he plans possession on probably a longer tenure. But he is but a fool to that miser, who is resolved never to give up his riches, but to hoard them for enjoyment beyond the grave. This is that egregious miser, who builds his avarice on these words, ‘ It is more blessed to give, than to receive;’ and on these, ‘ Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven,’ where they may be eternally secured on that bond, ‘ he that giveth to the poor, lendeth unto the Lord, and look, what he layeth out it shall be paid him again.’ This for his capital. But he must have interest too, which is secured to him by this deed; ‘ Blessed is the man who provideth for the sick and needy; the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.

86. To the natural eye this world is opaque, and shews only its surface; to the eye of faith, it is transparent, and may be seen through, so as to afford a view of somewhat beyond it. All who look at it with a natural eye, are there-

fore but superficially delighted, or tormented. All who look through it at somewhat of much greater consequence, rest their prospect in that which is substantial. Every thing of short duration, or of mere appearance, only, I call superficial and insignificant; but that which is of eternal duration, and cannot be mistaken, I call solid and substantial. Let the reader who can see with each sort of eye, be long, or short sighted, which he pleases. All are bound for one place, but one steers towards the next gathering of froth and sea grass; another, to the rock or mountain, at a distance where both wish to land. The eye of faith is akin to the eye of God, which sees through every thing, and stops only at an end or purpose, worthy of him who sees with it.

87. The following singular instances of generosity and gratitude ought not, I think to be forgotten. Let them then be remembered, as long as these things shall be read.

88. The bishopric of Bristol is one of the lowest in point of income among the English sees. Hence it was, that Dr. Smallridge, at his decease, was not able to leave even a tolerable subsistence to his widow, and two daughters. In this state of exigence, those ladies were visited by Mr. Wainright, who had been some years register to that diocess, and had by the profits of his place, and other practice of the law, acquired 3000*l.* This sum, his all, he with difficulty prevailed on the widow and her daughters to accept. The widow, not long afterward found means to make queen Caroline acquainted with the act of Mr. Wainright, and with his character in other respects, of very high eclat among the narrow circle of his acquaintances. That good hearted queen, though Smallridge had been of the Tory party, sent Mr. Wainright over a Baron of the Irish Exchequer. Here the abilities of Mr. Wainright shewed themselves equal to the dignity and importance of his new place; and his integrity, to the noble act of generosity, whereby he had been made known to the world. His piety, which made him one of the best judges that ever adorned a bench, was equal to that of Wilson, bishop of Sodor and Man. He finished his truly Christian course in this world by suffering a sort of martyrdom to the discharge of his duty; for going circuit, he found a prisoner at Waterford so ill of the jail fever, that he could not with

safety be brought out of the dungeon to trial; and therefore, went down into that miserable place, there tried the prisoner, there caught the infection, of which he soon afterward died. The reader may think, he went too far in this last act of his life; but surely we ought to suppose his motives equal to the risk, to which he exposed himself, the jury, and the witnesses. Howsoever deeply we regret the loss of so excellent a man, we must do that justice to his memory, to believe, he might have had some reason, previous to the trial, for considering the poor prisoner as innocent of the fact charged in his indictment, and as one who must perish, if left in confinement for the next general jail delivery. Mr. Wainright acted wisely, for he believed in God, who, no doubt hath received him into an infinitely better world, than that out of which he took him.

89. A Scottish gentlewoman, whose name was Macdowel, had, in her days of prosperity, been a kind mistress to Elspy Campbel; but, when turned of fifty, fell into extreme poverty by a total loss of her effects, and the death of all her relations. Elspy, who had been many years removed from Mrs. Macdowel, tracing her out by the melancholy news of her distress, went to her, wept over her, and said, Though I am near as old as you, yet I am a great deal stronger, and can work, which, through your manner of life, and growing infirmities, you are unable to do. Come then with me to my little house. It is a warm one, and with it, I have half an acre of land, which yields me more potatoes than we both can destroy. After trying what I can do for you, or rather, what God will do for us both, you may leave me, if you can do better, or stay with me if you cannot. Take heart, mistress; I am a very sturdy old hag, and shall find victuals for you, if they are above ground, and when they are not, will dig for them under it. O Elspy, said the mistress, I will go with you, and will live and die with you. I am sure the blessing of God will be where you are, Elspy. This short, but sweet dialogue ended, they set out for Elspy's hermitage, where Mrs. Macdowel found a very little and a very warm cottage, with a coarse, but clean bed, on the farther side of a little fire-place, which was sheltered by a mud wall from the wind of the door. At the other end of the house there was a small window or

hole for the admission of light, when the wind did not blow that way; when it did, this aperture was filled with a bundle of rushes, and Elspy contented herself with the light from her door and chimney. Soon after she was honoured with so respectable a guest, she wove a thin kind of matting for curtains to the bed, a better defence against cold, than the most costly damask. In this bed lay Mrs. Macdowel with her feet in Elspy's lap, who could never be prevailed on to lie up beside her mistress, but always at the foot of the bed, bent like a hoop round Mrs. Macdowel's limbs. To the benefactress, she ever added the servant in spite of daily invitations to an equality. Such was her way of endeavouring to prevent a too keen sense of her fall in the decayed gentlewoman. Good potatoes, a little oaten bread, sometimes an egg, and always milk, were provided in sufficient plenty. The best potatoe, the freshest egg, and the larger portion of the milk were constantly placed before Mrs. Macdowel. An old Bible, and two or three half worn books of piety and devotion, gave a zest to their entertainments, unhappily not known among people in high life. It may be wondered how Elspy could procure all this plenty. For the potatoes, which she herself set, and dug out, I have already accounted. The rest was earned by Elspy's other labours, particularly spinning, and reaping corn in harvest time, for which she was better qualified, than younger women, by an involuntary bend in her back, which brought her eyes and hands much nearer to the ground than theirs. At times, when provisions rose to too high a price to be laid in by these means, this admirable woman gathered them from the neighbourhood by begging. In doing this her method was most efficacious. She went only to the houses of the most substantial farmers, and standing within the door, she thus accosted the inhabitants: I am come to ask something, not for myself, for I can live on any thing, but for Mrs. Macdowel, a gentlewoman, the daughter of laird such a one, and grand-daughter of sir James such a one. If they helped her according to her very moderate expectations, she always said, the blessing of God, of Mrs. Macdowel, and of Elspy Campbel, come plentifully on this house, and all that is therein. But if they refused to give her any thing, her form of speech

was constantly this ; the black curse of God, of Mrs. Macdowel, and of Elspy Campbel, fall suddenly on this house, and all that is in it. The reader will easily believe, her success in collecting, not only victuals but also old clothes, and pence to buy shoes, &c. must have been considerable, as her ways and means were little short of compulsory, with such neighbours as hers. Her mistress was a gentlewoman, and while served by Elspy, must continue a gentlewoman, that is, must never work, or wet her feet. One day, as this inimitable servant was carrying on her back a cleeve of manure to her potatoe ground, her mistress stole out with a pitcher for a little water, and was returning with it from the well. Elspy spied her, let fall the cleeve, flew to her, seized the pitcher, spilled the water, went and filled it again, and as she carried it to the house, cried out to her mistress, Get in, you daughter of laird such a one, and grand-daughter of sir James such a one. You shall draw no water while I am alive. Having heard these things, and many more of the same kind, I sent her some money, and as long as she lived, that was for four or five years after I heard her story, when I was asked in company for a toast, always gave Elspy Campbel. The vulgarity of her name generally occasioned an inquiry about my beauty ; and my account of her ever began with, Elspy is an old beggar-woman.—An old beggar-woman ! Yes, but hear me out. Then followed the substance of the above narrative, and then a little collection of crowns and half guineas. These frequently remitted to my toast, gave her occasion one day, to say to my messenger, God save us ! who is he this, that is always sending me money, and yet I never saw him ? The glorious servility of this heroine was no sudden and evanescent glow of gratitude, but a vigorous fire, which burnt for upwards of twenty years, in full and equal strength, till death raked it up under the ashes of her body, from whence it will blaze out again with superior lustre in the morning of a day, that is to have no end.

91. There lived about sixty years ago, near the town of Fintona, my present place of abode, one Donnelly, a native Irishman, and a very consummate rogue, but of the low pilfering class. This fellow had a spirit of ambition, and wished of all things, to see his sons advanced to the more

honourable employment of robbing. To this end he gave them the most qualifying education in his power. He trained them carefully to a contempt for religion, for the laws of their country, and above all, for the appropriation of private wealth, such as money, cattle, and the like. Having laid this foundation, he now and then exercised them in the safer feats of bravery, and cruelty. One night particularly, to make an experiment of their capacities, he turned out his sons John and Peter, fastening in the best manner he could, both the front and back doors of his house, and giving them to understand, that there was no admittance, no supper, nor bed for them, without force. He took the defence of the front door upon himself, and to his wife assigned that of the back door, which was the stronger of the two, and had a better bar. The hopeful young men attacked the house with great fierceness, and the defence was made with equal firmness. However, after a vigorous contest, the heroes broke in. Peter knocked down his father, but John offered no violence to his mother, after forcing the door upon her. The father embracing his son Peter with a transport of affection, loaded him with praises, as a boy of most promising spirit; but, as to you, Shane (Shane is Irish for John), you are, said he, a poor soft-hearted wretch, or you would either have cut off your mother's nose, or broken her head. Peter is cut out for a great man, and you for a scrub. However, it was not long after this, that John as well as Peter, declared open war against his majesty, his subjects, and all his forces; or, in other words, commenced robbers. They collected money by forcible entries into houses where it was to be had, and on his majesty's own road; but the ferocity of Peter being restrained by the humanity of Shane, no murder was committed, nor any unnecessary violence offered to the persons of such as liked to sleep in a whole skin. It was in this period of his life, that John Donnelly became famous over all Ulster by the name of Shane Barnagh, the latter signifying, toothless, in Irish; for, it seems, he never had any teeth in his under jaw. At this time also the governors of Ireland had no other shift, than to offer a reward for the heads of those heroes, by public proclamation. Shane Barnagh, who was in some measure forced into this state of hostility with a kingdom by filial duty, and never

really liked it, obtained a promise from the going judges of assize to solicit a pardon for him and his brother, on their submitting and engaging to take the county of Tyrone under their keeping and protection. But ere this could be effected, two or three young Fermanagh men, allured by the reward, had the two brothers set, and gave them chase on the mountains near this place. Several shots on each side were exchanged ; and the ammunition of the brothers first running out, Peter was shot in one of his legs, so that his agility began greatly to fail him. In this distress, he said to his brother, O Shane, surely you will not forsake me. The answer was worthy of memory ; No, Peter, though I could easily escape, for our enemies begin to flag in their pursuit, I will live or die with you. Having said this, he lent an arm to Peter, and leading him round the skirt of a hill, they got out of sight of their pursuers, and then lay down in the heath, as no exertion of Barnagh's strength could carry his brother farther. The Fermanagh men, now resolving to give up the pursuit, an Irishman, who lived near the place, and had seen which way Shane Barnagh fled with his wounded brother, discovered to Armstrong, one of the tory-hunters, the place, or near it, where they lay concealed. Thither he went, and shot Peter through the head, which he had raised a little to examine, whether any one was in view. On this, Shane Barnagh started up, and presented his unloaded piece at Armstrong, who threw it up with his, ran in upon him, stabbed him with his own dagger, and gave him the coupe-de-grace in decollation, the end of a delinquent lord. Thus fell the Alexander of his age, as honest a man as he of Macedon, nothing near so great a robber ; a robber of necessaries rather than of superfluities ; more tender of human blood, and not less brave. Thus he fell, not poorly by excess in drinking, as that conqueror did, but by what the generality of mankind will call an excess of brotherly love and generosity. Had his education furnished him with better principles and habits ; and had his fortune set him on a higher stage of action ; it is probable, his whole life would have shone out with a lustre, similar to its conclusion, than which, nothing more noble can be pointed out in the most distinguished characters of ancient or modern history.

2. Our principles, opinions, sentiments, are the springs

of our actions; our actions, the springs of our happiness and misery. Too much care therefore cannot be employed in forming our principles, &c. Yet our principles, &c. are generally prescribed, almost at random, by prejudice or passion, as if they were of little or no moment to us. Reason, which should govern the choice of these, hath it imposed by blind dictators, and works upon them as axioms. Thus reason, enslaved to her natural servants, degenerates into cunning, instead of improving into wisdom; now cunning is nothing but artificial folly.

93. He who hopes his faults shall be spared for his good qualities and actions, must be miserably disappointed, when he finds the world so highly provoked at his virtues, as to give no quarter to his vices.

94. Cleanthes gave a hundred pounds to the poor relation of Zelotypus. I can never forgive Cleanthes, said Zelotypus, for doing that which, of all men, I should have been the first to do. It is often with some difficulty, that a man prevails on himself to do good, but with more, that he can get leave from others to do it, and with more still, that he bears the ill treatment, given him in return, by envy and ingratitude. But hath not every Christian fair warning given him of this latter difficulty, in these words; 'all that will live godly in Christ Jesus' (that is, that will do good) 'shall suffer persecution,' as Christ and his apostles did, for doing the greatest good. Dare to be wise, saith Horace. Dare to be good, would be an excellent maxim in the mouth of a Christian.

95. The onset or irruption of very extraordinary occurrences frequently surprises a wise man into foolish, and a good man into bad actions. This is a weakness, to which all are liable, but they least, who by experience are familiarized to great things. Error too frequently assumes so fair a face of truth, that it would look like stupidity and obstinacy not to assent to that, which a little after, on better light, and maturer thoughts, we blush for having yielded to. The most knowing are the least apt to be caught in this snare. Faith in God alone, and vigilance over ourselves, are the best preservatives against both sorts of surprise. The mind that is at anchor on well grounded principles,

may be shook a little, but can neither be sunk in an abyss of vice, nor carried away by the winds of false doctrine.

96. The chief benefit we derive from the foresight of an inevitable misfortune, is that we are not surprised at its arrival, nor carried away into such excesses of grief or weakness, as must have happened had it seized us unawares. Many by anticipation extract almost the whole bitterness of an approaching evil, and so dilute it, as it were, with time, that when it comes, they suffer but little by it. Others through a melancholy turn of mind, so brood on an evil foreseen, and so magnify it in their imaginations, which they can in no degree restrain or govern, that, ere the dreaded event, they are wholly unmanned, and unable to stand the shock, which others would play with. The former are much better fitted to consult with a soothsayer than the latter. There is a class as large as both, already mentioned, perhaps consisting of all mankind, who so anticipate the joy of a happy event, foreseen, as to reduce it on arrival to an occurrence, almost indifferent to their feelings. These are apt to complain, that the enjoyments of this life are empty things; and so indeed they must be, if they are previously drained and exhausted by the pleasure of expectation. The proverb used with children, should be given in answer to such complaints, you cannot eat your bread and have it.

97. Not to be surprised into foolish or wicked actions by sudden temptations; not to be hurried into error by false appearances of truth, but to stay for examination; not to sink under unforeseen misfortunes; not to be indecently exalted by unhoped for occasions of comfort or joy; is true virtue, and constitutes the highest felicity this life can afford. There is no wise man who will not readily subscribe to this piece of philosophy. What then? is restraint (for all this is restraint) more conducive to human happiness than liberty? Yes, and there is no liberty (strange as the paradox may seem) without this restraint. No man is free but he who hath the power of self-government. Most true. But what is self-government, if not the power of right reason, exhibited in the exercise of coercion over the brutal, the exorbitant part of our nature? Now, not the

happiest natural disposition; not the utmost force of reason; not the most vigorous efforts of philosophy; not even the longest and most perfect experience, can raise the human mind to such an exemption from perturbation. Religion only can give us this power by lifting the eye, through faith, from the trifles that are seen, to the infinitely important things that are not seen, I mean, by any other eye than that which opens to itself the prospect of futurity. To this eye, cleared and taught by divine wisdom to see as that sees, the valleys of worldly poverty are raised, the mountains of worldly wealth and pomp lowered, and every thing here reduced almost to a plain. It is on this plain that Christ comes, with all the beauty of holiness, to a believing soul. Yet total indifference to this world is not possible, as long as we are surrounded with flesh and blood, and are still struggling with the passions and frailties of our present nature. Peter, through fear, denies his Master, and prevaricates in presence of the judaizing Christians; yet Peter dies on the cross for Christ and Christian truth.

98. The ambitious, who climbs the hill of worldly power and grandeur, feels the storms of passion and fortune growing more boisterous the higher he ascends; and at the top finds but a point to stand on, where if it were calm, the giddiness of his head, at such a height would put it out of his power to balance. How difficult then must it be for him so to poise himself, and root his feet, as not to be thrown headlong, when passion and fortune play off their whole artillery on him with greater fury than ever? Had it not been better for him to have kept in the valley? The ambitious, who climbs the hill of religion and virtue, feels the storms of passion and corruption increase upon him only to a height not at all considerable; above which, if he can surmount it, he perceives the air settling, his prospect widening, and the hill thrusting its head, still higher, into a region serene and bright, and finds in himself a stronger tendency upward, than his natural heaviness formerly gave him downward. Virtue then is higher than power, by all that elevation, which rises above the region of passion.

99. It is generally easier to speak for truth, than against it, because the arguments which support a truth are at hand, are naturally convincing; whereas error cannot be upheld,

but by far-fetched sophisms, which, detected, expose the speaker to the imputation of folly or knavery. Yet there are ingenious and artful speakers, who figure most on the wrong side of a question. In this case the hearers ascribe the elocution not to his cause, but to the superiority of the haranguer's talents. The disputants, or rather orators, of this class, sensible of the advantage, hardly ever fail to take the side of error, diligently study what may be said for it, how the truth may be undermined, and what colours may be given to the absurdity they would gloss. Truth carries off the credit of all that is, or can be, said for it; but the abettor of a falsity runs off with the honour of an ingenuity, uncommon and surprising, even when it is not perceived that his cause is a bad one, if he speaks against generally received opinions. If you have the address (no easy matter I assure you) to put him on the defence of a known truth, for such he must sometimes use, as an axiom, though misapplied, to favour his fallacy; hold him to that truth, attack it with all your might, harangue, turn it, and all he says for it, into ridicule; and you will quickly perceive the man is out of his element; baffled, thrown into confusion, vexed, ashamed. The company will immediately second you, and aid you with new arguments, at least with a laugh, which in all such cases is decisive.

100. In matters of pleasure we love variety, for the fit of pleasure is shorter than the appetite, which, though sated with the enjoyment of one object, is quickly on the look out for another. The case is otherwise in regard to our condition of life, if we like it. In this respect, the prudent wishes, not for a change, but moulds himself to the state he is in, not so much endeavouring to accommodate his circumstances to his wishes, as to settle himself to his situation. True wisdom justifies him in this, only to a certain length; for what if his situation and circumstances should be changed by Providence, accident, or an unexpected turn of affairs? Then the round man will not fit the square place, he is thrown into; and ere he can well change his figure, he may be dodged off to a new one, which shall require a new cast and turn of mind. Resignation, therefore, rather than contentment, in regard to worldly things, is precisely that point, to which we should labour to bring

our minds. A man should not be perfectly content with his condition, till it ceases to admit of changes. This is to second the design of Providence, which sets every thing here afloat, our passions, appetites, and affections within; and our affairs, without, that we may rest in nothing below. These and the different stages of life, from childhood to old age, perpetually vary the scene upon us, that we may not attempt to stop upon a road, where we are to travel, not inhabit, till we come to that abiding place, prepared for our everlasting residence, where there is permanency of condition, and variety of pleasure, perfectly reconciled. If to this we shape ourselves by the model of religion, we shall pass through the world, sometimes amused with our fellow travellers on the road, or at the inn; with the rocks, rivers, towns, we see on either hand; and not greatly ruffled, if in some places the ways should be deep and sloughy, or infested with robbers, who cannot take from us any thing we highly value, nor stop our journey homeward.

101. Conscience is a perennial stream of pure water. Build by this, and not by the torrent of appetite, so muddy and so soon running out.

102. There is much of vanity in riches, honours, pleasures, power, and even in health and long life, for not one of them, nor all of them together, can satisfy, or last for any considerable time. But the vanity of vanities consists in much learning. More wealth than we can use is superfluity and folly; so too is more knowledge, which is but the more ridiculous for wearing the garb of wisdom. After all your researches into human science; after all your elaborate disquisitions, subtle disputations, and travels to the remoter verges of knowledge; are you satisfied in every point? Have you cleared up all your doubts? Are you no longer liable to error? Are you a much wiser, and better, and happier man, than when you were a novice? O yes, say you, whatever I am yet ignorant of, I know more than others. Wretched boast! If all are ignorant, who shall value himself upon his knowledge? Can you tell him how you wink with your eye-lids, or set one foot before the other in walking? No. But you know more than many others. Of what, pray? You do not know better how to make a pair of shoes, than the shoemaker. In this very useful

branch then, he knows more than you, or you might go barefoot. I know one thing, which you do not know, and which I would not exchange for all your learning, and it is this, that you know nothing. Well, but you do not repent of your labours, for you have made considerable advances in those branches of science, whereby useful arts are invented. Have you then found out the longitude? Or can you teach a good farmer to raise twice the quantity of wheat from an acre of ground, than he is able to bring by his own skill? Or have you found out a better system of civil government than the Spartan, or the English? If you have, publish your invention, that your age and country may glory in the production of so great a man. But you have found out a new demonstration for the being of a God. We had ten thousand before, to the full as convincing, and more level to all capacities, than yours. You can prove the beauty of virtue, and the deformity of vice. Why every clown can prove that virtue is better than vice, and that a man feels pleasure in doing good, and pain in doing bad actions, if he is a good man. You can prove too, I suppose, that the sun shines at mid-day. So can I, who never studied the point. Here is a professed Atheist; and here is one who says, he finds more beauty and pleasure in vice than virtue; and experimentally proves, he does so by a most wicked course of life. Convert either of them, and we shall allow, you have laid out fifty years on books, and hard study, to some purpose. Socrates was the wisest man in Greece, when Greece was at its highest improvement in knowledge, and he declared, he had discovered but one thing, namely, that he himself knew nothing; a pinnacle of knowledge which no other philosopher was able to climb to. Have you turned your penetrating thoughts to the mysteries of religion? Yes, you say, to such points as are called mysteries, and have found them to be no way mystical. Then you are a fool, and it will require ten times as much study to set your head to rights, as you have hitherto employed to pervert it.

103. Query, whether we know least of ourselves or others? It would require a large volume to answer this. But it is very easy to see, that every one pretends to know more of others, than he really knows of himself.

104. We ought not to take the characters of men from single actions, even when they are very noble, or very enormous, for if we should, the manner of Otho's death would set him much higher in our esteem, than David, taken on his conduct to Uriah. Yet such striking actions, as they must proceed from an uncommon force of principle, or of passion, may generally serve to shew the man more perfectly, than thousands of a lower nature, and approaching nearer to indifference, where opinions or dispositions, less characteristic, may have been the sole prompters. We may know a lion by his paw, for it is large; but lesser beasts cannot be so easily distinguished by theirs, which are nearly of a size, and of a figure, too minute to exhibit, on a slight inspection, a very observable difference.

105. The fool hath said in his heart there is no God. I believe no man ever said it in his head. But in some men the heart is above the head, and yet viler parts above the heart. This inversion of the man may produce a moral madness, and that may end in somewhat, not far from Atheism.

106. To be determined in our actions by prudence and principles of true religion, and virtue, is to be virtuous. But how few are so determined? We generally act at all adventures, or as the fortuitous course of outward occurrences direct or necessitate us; and therefore how few among us are either wise or good men? That the world is not long ago turned into a Bedlam, or a hell, is owing wholly to the providence of God, which gives a certain degree of regularity to accident, of wisdom to our folly, and of rectitude, at least, in the result, to our wickedness.

107. He who consults the present at the expense of the future, should resolve not to exist, but for the present. To lay by for happiness is wisdom; for misery, is madness. To believe in the immortality of the soul, and yet to provide for future and endless misery, is that sort of madness which must be confined in an infernal Bedlam.

108. In this world we are subject to perpetual changes, whether stationary, or accidental. We are never in so fair a way to be truly happy, as when we are to the lowest ebb of worldly misfortune. Afflictions reform our minds, and by making us incapable of pleasure, make us capable of hap-

piness. Happiness here is always in motion as well as we, and moves in a circle. He who pursues it by pleasure, riches, fame, or power, seems ready every moment to seize it; but as he moves in the same direction, and with no greater speed, he never overtakes it. He who sets out for it in sorrow and trouble, as he leaves it just at his back, and moves the contrary way, seems to take a very preposterous course towards his end; yet if he perseveres, is almost sure to meet it somewhere in the circle. The good temper, the resignation, the wisdom, but, above all the piety, of some, contract this to a circle of very short diameter. The untoward dispositions and impatience of others, so extend it, as to give it the appearance of a right line, especially to such as are too short-sighted to see more of it at once, than a small segment; but infidelity throws it off in a tangent. On the other hand, we are never so near to misery, as when we are at the very summit of temporal prosperity, either because our ambition places our happiness in going still higher, and we can go no higher, or because there is no standing at the top of a wheel in motion; the mark too of envy, revenge, malice, perhaps even Providence, displeased at our pride. The moon is never eclipsed, but at the full.

109. The Ptolemaic system was a piece of astronomical vanity, whereby its author, and his followers, complimented themselves, and this world, with the central, position in the universe, making the sun, moon, and stars, to dance a regular attendance round a little ball of clay, for no better reason, than their living on it, and seeing it under a larger angle, than the celestial bodies, which were placed at a vastly greater distance. The same vanity in every man is apt to place him in an imaginary centre of business, bustle, and importance, so that as the whole active world seems to tend his way, and to move round him. He thinks the spot he inhabits, howsoever remote and obscure it may be, the place of the greatest consequence in the world, and so it is indeed to him; and as for other places, they only share his respect, in proportion as they are situated nearer to, or farther from, the centre of his pride, himself. Nature herself helps our vanity to form this sentiment. The mind measures the importance of things by the impressions they make upon it. And they make impressions, greater or less,

more faint or vivid, according to their distances. It is only by the force of abstraction, that I find out the spot, I pass my days in, to be one of the most obscure and unimportant corners of the universe. But when this is not consulted, my senses and imagination impose it on me for the very hinge of all. What a pitiful figure does the great Mogul, and the emperor of China, with their guards, armies, empires, thrones, make in my eyes! how dim their splendour! how mean their magnificence! how contracted their dominions! when compared in my imagination with what I see about me here in the county of Tyrone! with the power of its magistrates! the august assemblies at its sessions! its awful and important assizes! the port and majesty of its judges! my map of this county is much larger, than my map of the whole world, as being projected on a vastly larger scale. I am tempted to think as the Savoyard did, who hearing that the king of France was in great want of money, wondered his Gallic majesty did not get himself made secretary to the duke of Savoy. If the crown is so much in debt, say I, why does it not apply to our grand jury for a presentment? Wherever we move, the orbicular figure of the eye rounds the heavens, the earth, and the whole prospect from all sides, into a circle, whereof each of us is the centre, and wherein every thing is beheld, as larger, or less, according to its nearer, or more distant position. As we move from place to place, every thing is forced to shift its situation and appearance; the woods, the lakes, the cities, the valleys, the mountains, perpetually varying their bearings; rising and swelling into magnitude, as they are promoted nearer to ourselves, and dwindling again into almost nothing, as they retire in disgrace towards the distant limits of the circle. The very heavens rise above us, wherever we go, lest the heads of beings so gigantic should disturb the stars. There is a sort of mental orbicularity, analogous to this of the eye, which gathers the affairs, as this does the prospects, of the world, into a circle about us, and bestows a more or less important figure on each, as it is brought into a greater or less approximation to our own concerns.

Divide and govern is an old political maxim, of but

precarious and temporary success. Divide and conquer is better warranted by experience.

110. One story is good, till another is heard, is a proverb which satirizes the common practice of mankind, and points to a very judicial rule, namely, to esteem one story good for nothing, till another, or a contrary story shall be heard.

111. Enough is as good as a feast, should be mended into, enough is better than a feast.

112. To the proverb, Deal with all men as if they were rogues, I would add, but converse with them, as if they were honest men. A perfect knowledge of mankind would remove all suspicion, by pointing out the man whom we might safely trust, and him too, with whom we ought to deal cautiously, and only on security. But a very imperfect degree of this knowledge exposes us, either to perpetual quarrels, or to imposition. It is the fool who makes the knave, in the same man, or in another. If you trust no farther than you know, you will do the utmost in your power to make your neighbours honest, who, as a consequence to this prudent conduct of yours, will at length find out the truth of that proverb, which far exceeds all others, ever made by human wisdom, Honesty is the best policy. It will be next to impossible for the experience of the longest and busiest life to put you beyond that saying of Solomon, He that hateth suretiship is sure.

113. The Divine Being, as one simple uncompounded essence, is eternal and immutable. Man is a compound being, consisting of an intelligent soul, wherein there are various faculties and powers; of an animal soul, wherein there are various sensations, affections, passions, &c. and of an organized and vegetative body, wherein is found a great variety of elements and parts, assigned to different uses. When he came from the hands of his Maker, all these were so poised and adjusted as to constitute a work worthy of infinite goodness, wisdom, and power. Hence resulted the primeval virtue and happiness of man; and hence the impossibility of dissolution during the continuance of a constitution, so well balanced. Hence, though a compound being, he bore a resemblance of the simpli-

city, goodness, and even eternity, through his immortality, of God himself. As soon as our enemy had made himself acquainted with the nature of our composition, he made his attack on our animal soul, and forcing in his temptation among our passions and affections, he, as with a wedge, made a breach between the intellectual and corporeal parts of the compound, whence hath resulted that discordance, that loss of balance, that struggle, between the higher and lower constituents of our nature, which we call vice, and that dissolution of the compound, which we call death. In our present corrupted nature the several ingredients, whereof we consist, are in a state of war among themselves, one faculty of the mind impairing, and as it were devouring another; this desire, or affection, or passion, clashing with that; sense rebelling against reason, and reason labouring to recover her original superiority; the flesh raging against the spirit, and the spirit contending for its natural sovereignty over the flesh. These differences are kept up by the objects and drifts, which from without bear in continually on the respective faculties or affections, whereto they are peculiarly adapted. Virtue, peace, and happiness, can never be restored, till somewhat like the original simplicity and equipoise can be recovered. To effect this, some power must be called in, which may unite the reason and passion of man in one view, affix them to one drift and end, and so bind them together again, that the whole man may act in concert. This power can be derived into our nature from nothing but God and true religion. The infinite only can subdue and correct the indefinite. The divine inspection, with heaven and hell, strongly believed in, and the aid of an Almighty Spirit, are necessary to this purpose. These alone can make a man one with himself, and one with God. These alone can procure that retrieval, which may be called the new creation of faith. Civil society must always be such as are the individuals, of which it is composed; wise, potent, happy; or foolish, impotent, and miserable; according to the correspondent qualities of its members. If the members of civil society are principled alike; if they unanimously concentre their views in the good of the society; if they pursue one common end and interest; if they keep themselves within the bounds of

their respective stations and departments in the administration; the body politic flourishes, enjoys a vigorous and healthfulconstitution, peace at home, and strength abroad. Every man acts with, and is defended by, the strength of all the rest. But when the magistrates encroach on the liberty of the people; or the people on the constitutional prerogative and authority of the magistrates; or when the several constituent parts of the community, detaching themselves from that sameness of interest, which should unite and actuate the whole, to separate views and interests, fall off into parties and factions, especially if into religious sects at the same time; the society must necessarily suffer convulsions, proportionable to the virulence of the party spirit; must, if no political cure can be in time provided, run into confusion and distraction; must be soon either wholly enslaved, or dissolved. What now is the cure? Nothing but true religion. Nothing can bring about a reunion, but that which lifts the minds of mankind to a coolness in worldly things, by attaching them strongly to things of infinitely greater moment. A civil society, made up entirely of true Christians, must be strong, happy, indissoluble. A man must be lost to common sense, who does not see the nearly approaching ruin of our British empire, pointed out in the foregoing reflections on sects and parties; and who does not perceive the death of his country in the almost total extinction of religion among us.

114. If we see a man greatly admired by people much above or below him, but persecuted by people of his own rank or employment, we may safely take it for granted, he is a man of genius, because he is an object of envy, which either finds, or endeavours to make an equality, when it cannot attain to a superiority. There is a detraction, which is the highest applause; and there is a species of praise, which is infamy.

115. Every man is the centre of his own character, with darkness near, and lustre at a distance, or *vice versa*. The former is the case of good writers, who are envied by those who know them, and admired by such as know only their works. The reverse is the case of good men, who are esteemed by those who are near, and taste of their virtues, but, at a considerable distance, pass but for men; but then

they must be too good, or too unfortunate, to be competitors for wealth, honour, or power.

116. To convince the world of the good qualities of the man you commend, you must demonstrate the truth of your panegyric; but your bare assertion will go for granted, if you run any one down. Nay, an insinuation here will do the whole work of ocular proof. In praise, what incredulity! In detraction what faith! Is this owing to our opinion, that there is more vice than virtue in the world? Or to a fact, that there is more envy, than humanity among mankind? What odious wretches are they, who can think as they please, and are always more disposed to think ill than well of others! Were this the property of human nature, one would rather be a dog than a man.

117. Bless us! what is all that noise about? Whither are these crowds running in such fury? Who is it they call madman, deceiver, wine-bibber, upstart? O! they have caught him! see how they buffet, spit on, scourge him! Ah! they nail him to a cross, and feast their eyes with his agonies! What hath he done? What enormous villany hath he been guilty of? Hath he committed a rape on his mother, or murdered his father? His crime was this, he was the only man who never did an ill action, who did all the good in his power, who reprimanded the wicked, comforted the disconsolate, instructed the ignorant, cured the sick, and prolonged the life of the dying. He spake as never man spake, and did as never man did. For this he suffers, for this he dies, as a nuisance to mankind. What then are men?

118. Vanity consists in a high opinion of one's self, and an expectation of, and fondness for praise. This we all agree in, but nevertheless cannot easily distinguish the modest from the vain. You say, Flavius is, of all men, the most modest and humble, an absolute stranger to vanity. Why? Is it not because he is always of your opinion? But then, is he not always of mine too, even when he hears us contradicting each other? You hear him yes all your arguments; and do you not see him nod mine as fast? To his acquaintances he seems to sacrifice all his own opinions, those favourites, dearer to him than his wife and children, than his altars and temples; for he knows they will not subscribe to his merit, if he does not subscribe

to their judgment. He seldom ventures to assert any thing; and when he does, it is something he knows you will dissent from. Whenever this happens to be the case, you convert him in the twinkling of an argument. With him you are the sheerest reasoner, and with you he is the most judicious and agreeable man in the world. Do you not observe, that he consults his own vanity by artfully practising on yours? These sort of men, were of old called assentators. A good meal was then their end. But this man assents only, that you may assent in your turn. He is the echo of all men, and the prostitute of your opinions in particular, in hope of being paid by your good opinion and applause. He trades in praise; you say, on the fairest, and I say, on the most profitable terms. You speak of Eunomius as the most conceited of all living creatures, because he is rough, blunt, and apt to be of an opinion contrary to yours. At least with you, therefore, he does not consult his vanity, for he knows you think and speak of him, not only as a disagreeable, but as a very contemptible mortal. Take him in the worst light you can, all you can say is, that he would rather be despised as a worshipper of his own understanding, than purchase your good liking at the expense of a seemingly disingenuous compliance. But perhaps he contradicts you merely because he will not servilely desert the truth. Reconsider his arguments, examine yourself with candour, if you can, and possibly you may find the vanity you rail at is lodged in your own bosom. It is true, he will dispute with you as long as you please, and only in this shews some vanity; but he will never begin a dispute with you; nor manage one begun by you, with vehemence or passion; will take no unfair advantages in the course of your debate; will shew no fondness to his own opinion, because it is his, nor aversion to yours, merely as yours; will give up, if you convince him; will do no violence to your vanity by exacting a recantation, though he may have run you fairly aground. No doctors, lords, or kings, neither learning, nor numbers, can beat him from his judgment. He shall allow you to be a very wise man, without granting your assertion to be therefore one hair the wiser. He will allow you to be as great a lover of truth as ever beheld that

naked beauty, but he will by no means confess you see with clearer eyes than all other men, when he perceives you are speaking of a counterfeit beauty, all patch and paint. He will recognise your title of a lord, but not of a lord in matters of opinion. This you call vanity in him, purely because he does not take you to be infallible, perhaps because he can see no better proof of infallibility in you, than of that which is pretended to by the pope. Were I to form a judgment from the carriage of you both to each other, I should conclude that the character of a knowing man is much easier acquired by listening than talking; that admiration is purchased by admiring; and that the ear may render better service to vanity than the tongue.

119. There is an itch of the mind, as well as of the body, caught by contact with an infectious person. The latter may soon be cured, though much spread, and deeply rooted, by the application of a little sulphur; but the former, if inveterate, is not curable by all the sulphur of hell.

120. The attempt to know much more than is useful generally ends in ignorance of that which is necessary. Luxury in knowledge teaches us to loath those necessary, simple, and obvious truths, whereon our hope of salvation is founded, and creates in the mind a false appetite for artificial and far-fetched refinements, for the cœnadubia of invention and conjecture. How wise is the foolishness of God! How foolish the wisdom of man! It is a senseless humour, but is that of all refiners in religion, to grope in daylight, and to direct themselves by their own candle, when the light of God, who is the sun of spirits, shines full upon them.

121. In some men judgment and invention act apart. These produce, and censure their own productions, just as if there were two persons in each of them. Hence those slow and difficult births, which disqualify these men for conversation. In others, judgment and invention operate together, and in the same act, strike out and finish a sentiment at once, sometimes so equally just and admirable, that it looks like the effect of inspiration. This sort of head, like a well-charged gun, gives fire and direction in the same instant. This we call a happiness, as if the effect were the child of chance, because we ourselves cannot

in the same moment, conceive, and elaborate, even a more ordinary thought. Whence, we say, can such beautiful and poignant fruit be produced in full maturity, without budding or blooming?

122. Man is not only a gregarious, but intended for a social animal. Yet he can live well, neither in nor out of society. Had any individual of us been intended to live wholly by himself, he must have been furnished with wings, or at least much swifter feet, to escape from danger, and to overtake his prey, and with teeth and fangs to master it. Yet you no sooner introduce him to society, than he discovers so much perversity, treachery, cruelty, that he appears almost equally unfit to give, or receive, assistance from others. Man, therefore, is not as he was, when he came from the hand of his Maker, for he is, after all, the highest, and must have been intended for the happiest creature, in this world, by that infinite wisdom and goodness to which he owes his being. His present nature considered, he is now in the state of a wild plant, which requires culture, as much to make it useful as graceful. To give him this culture, he must by religion be replanted in the garden of God, there fenced from noxious beasts, there sheltered from inclement weather, there nourished by a fruitful soil, and there dressed to the form originally intended. I say dressed, let Rousseau say what he will; but observe, by dressed, I mean not, that he should be transformed by impertinent refinements, by fashions or customs of the world, by arts and inventions, only qualified to obliterate his primitive nature; but rather re-dressed, as I said, to his true original, natural form. The true religion, more authoritatively, than Rousseau, forbids him to be conformed to this world; but it does not order him to run on all four, nor to depend on his teeth and nails for food, and neither to give nor take the aids of social life, as that paradoxical writer does.

123. It is almost natural for us to consider time, as somewhat, which moves towards us, and passes by us. We may accelerate this motion by quickening our own, as they are said to do, who live fast. Hope, fear, desire, make time seem to move slowly, in proportion to their violence and impatience. Once it passes, it seems to mend its pace. We look back on forty years past, as on a day or week

only, so soon does it vanish almost wholly out of sight. We think the time past of little moment to us, and are attentive to the present and future. But to make the present useful, and to provide for the future, we should by reflection avail ourselves of the past; otherwise we shall be always infants. The man of reflection and experience arrests the progress of time, keeps it still present, and having seized it by its hinder lock, knows better how to catch it afterward by that which hangs from its front. Experience aided by a sound memory, is a lake with a larger inlet than outlet, which, whenever it overflows, discovers the fatness of the Nile, and the golden sand of the Pactolus, which it receives and detains.

124. All our churches are unhappily situated close to the cataracts of the river Nile.

125. The mind of a Christian is a barometer, in which affliction, pressing on our affections, where they are exposed to it, forces them upward, contrary to their natural heaviness, in that part, where they are defended from outward pressure.

126. If you and I examine a point by reason, how comes it about, that we differ in our judgment? Surely, because we give the same name of reason, to two different things, your reason, and my reason. Which of us hath the true and right reason? I say, it is with me. You say, it is with you. It is however certain, it cannot be with both. Perhaps it is with neither. Is there then no such thing as right reason? Another may have it, though we have it not. But how shall we find out who hath it? how distinguish between right and wrong reason? There the criterion is as difficult, as the thing to be known by it; nay, it is the same thing, for nothing but right reason can tell us what is right reason. The opinion of every man is, that his own reason is right reason. As to the act of reasoning, there are rules whereby men judge, whether in this or that instance, the reasoning is right. But the difficulty still recurs, for nothing but right reasoning can make a right application of these rules, in order to find out whether the reasoning is right or not. I know no other way out of this circle, but that of never applying our reason to things above it, and always confining the use of it to such points as God

hath made very plain, either by nature or revelation. When we attempt to carry our reasonings farther, we put from the shore of certainty, and ought never to sail so far, as to lose sight of it, till we know much better, than we do at present how to navigate the wide ocean of opinion.

127. History makes us some amends for the shortness of life. We can now be acquainted with as many persons, and interest ourselves in as many transactions, in short, know as much in a life of sixty, as an Antediluvian in one of nine hundred years. We can live a whole generation in a day, a century in a week; we can live the world over again in a year. There was little other knowledge but religion in the first ages of the world; but what they had was clear. The Antediluvians drank from the fountain of nature, and revelation; but we from a river, greatly swelled by the influx of innumerable streams, mixed with mud, and so infested with crocodiles, that there is some danger in staying to take a large draught. Besides, if the first men might have wanted what was sufficient to slake their thirst, we run the risk of being drowned. That infidel said well, who speaking of his own age, the last century, called himself and his cotemporaries the ancients, that is, the old age of the world, in comparison with men of old, whom he spoke of as children in regard to knowledge. What think you, would he say, were he now on earth, and acquainted with the present state of religious and political controversies. Might he not call these times the dotage of the world?

128. Nothing can be so fantastical and senseless as the satisfaction hoped for in wealth and grandeur. All who are possessed of them, suffer infinitely either in the acquisition or expenditure, or both. But the lower part of the world see not this suffering, but admire the outward parade and trappings, with which the miseries of the great are gilded. They do not know, that one used to pomp and show, to magnificent houses, apparel, tables, attendance, finds little or no pleasure in them; and yet is torn by outrageous passions, and subject to such anxieties, such distempers, terrors, as are never felt, cannot indeed, for want of effeminacy, be felt in low life. I could never conceive any other delight accruing to the great from riches and splendour, but that which they take in the stupid admira-

tion of the vulgar, paid to pomp and show. Now this delight is the delight of a madman laced with paper and crowned with straw. The great man compliments himself and plumes his vanity with the shout of a mob, who cry out as he flaunts by, See how fine he is! What a rattle his coach makes! How his party-coloured, ruffled, ribanded servants prance before and behind. O he is a very great man! Off with your hats. Bow, and clear the way. O dear! O dear! A great man! A great man! and twice as fine as our squire! This incense he receives from the little mob, and is proud of it. That which he receives from the mob of greater people is exactly of the same kind, paid to the same flourish, and only zested a little by the envy of such as are outshone in the same attack on admiration.

129. Among all the objections made by infidels to the holy Scriptures and the religious system contained therein, not one hath shewn so great folly, nor so malicious an endeavour to carp at his credit, as this, that there are no instances of friendship in those Scriptures, nor provision for its encouragement and regulation in the gospel morality. The fact in the first part of this goodly cavil hath been refuted by the instance of David and Jonathan. As to the latter part, it was not the intention of our blessed Saviour to encourage a detached affection between two persons excepting in the case of matrimony, where nature and necessity lead to it; but to establish in the heart of every man a love for all mankind. His intention was to make up one great society of all his followers, calculated for mutual aid and comfort in this life, and for a union with the host of heaven in the next. Of this society which he calls a body, he himself is the head, and love the band; a love so ardent, as to produce in him, whom it warms, a readiness to lay down his life for the brethren. If we are all one body, and every one of us in particular, a member of that body; and if we are all brethren in Christ, and in the family of God, who is our Father, what need of greater love? What need of a closer tie? Or, is it possible there can be a closer? Or were it possible, is it fit? Can we have a stronger attachment to any being, than to Christ, who hath laid down his life for us? And is not Christ in all the members of his body? Does he not expressly say

the poor Christian is he himself? 'Inasmuch as ye did it to one of these, ye did it to me.' Would these infidels reduce us again to that sort of friendship, which both before, and in our Saviour's time, had been attended with the most horrible consequences? How loud would have been the cry of infidels against his religion, had he but seemed to open a door for such friendships, as they were then called?

Was it because the Christian covenant or vow does not make brethren of us all; does not oblige us to every act of kindness towards all men, particularly towards all our fellow-members in Christ Jesus; does not prompt us to mutual and universal love by motives sufficiently inducing; does not form us into a society of any importance to our happiness, nor give that society such a head, or such laws, ordinances, and constitutions, as are able to govern it wisely, and establish it firmly; that numbers of men (for women are excluded) associate for mutual aid and comfort, in the freemason club? Can they anew bind themselves by repeated oaths to the same brotherly beneficence, already provided by the Christian vow, without disowning that vow as obligatory? Or have they found out some new ends of thus uniting, forgotten by the gospel, which are of moment enough to justify the use of three or four other vows, not a little prolix? Or do they think themselves at liberty to prostitute the solemnity of a vow to matters of small importance, or to abuse it by an application to matters not foreign only, but inconsistent with the matter of their prior vow ratified in baptism? Are these vows justifiably applied to a secrecy in things too nugatory to be published, or in things, which if published, might be of use to all mankind? What sort of utility is it, that women, one half of the species, must not share in; or that all other men, but the initiated, must be forbidden to partake of? Have these brothers bespoke a building (for they speak of themselves as builders and architects) in heaven, accommodated to the assemblage of a lodge, when the host of heaven may be excluded, and the eye of God shut out? How shall they manage in eternal daylight, to whose assemblies night and darkness are made absolutely necessary? There are no nocturnal doings in the kingdom of Christ who is the light, whether we consider that kingdom as commencing in

this life or perfected in the next. Christ, our head and representative, loved all men, died for all men, and prescribed his spirit of love and charity as the distinguishing sign and characteristic of his followers, towards all men, not in this or that particular act of beneficence, but in all acts of beneficence, in every proof or fruit of a kind heart towards every image of God. We cannot be members of his body, if not governed by the mind of him our head. But they are not governed by the mind or will of this head, who bound their charity, and appropriate it to a select number, especially by a vow, in any degree warmer or stronger, than to the other members of Christ, who stand equally in need of their assistance. This narrow-hearted detachment of love forms a most unsightly wen on the body of Christ, or rather an unnatural extravasation of its vital blood and spirit on its very heart. Long before the present king of Prussia abolished freemasonry out of his dominions, I thought it an association detrimental, and on some conjectures, dangerous to civil government. It sets up *imperium in imperio*. It is a solemn league and covenant under the sanction of more oaths than one, whereby a numerous and formidable body of men are bound together for ends and purposes—What ends and purposes? It seems these are not to be known, or but in part. Why not wholly? So far as they are known, they are either nugatory or derogatory to true religion, which is the sole basis of civil society. However, it can hardly be supposed that so many persons some of them otherwise of good understanding, should be so solemnly sworn together and governed by a grand lodge in the capital, for nothing than mere puerilities, or ends much better already provided for by the church of Christ and the laws of our country. Let the state look to it. For my own part, I have frequently known this benevolent fraternity get drunk after the wise business of the lodge was over, commit horrible outrages on one another, and still more frequently join in acts of enormous villany, oppression, and cruelty against the non-initiated. Nay I have seen a freemason culprit, with the cast of a sign or two, turn the judge and jury from the due course of law and justice, directly against the clearest evidence, and against the dictates of their own consciences, if they had any consciences but

those of freemasons. This is no news to the public. Thousands can join me in this report, and would as openly make it, as I do, were they not terrified with the thoughts of irritating so large a body of men. Blessed be God, I am not, and do say these things from motives of piety and humanity, hoping for protection from my Master, or willing to suffer in his cause; and not without reason to believe, that the worthy nobility and gentry, thus unfortunately associated by curiosity at first, and now by oaths, which perhaps it is sinful to keep, may on these remonstrances, either quit the fraternity, or suffer it no longer to be extended to the illiberal and barbarous part of mankind, at random.

130. Some men exhaust their understandings on a multiplicity of trifles, and are much at a loss in matters of moment. A man at sea in a storm, sensible that he is soon to perish, with all on board, is little or not at all concerned about the cash or goods he may have embarked. Yet this man, should he escape, shall be more anxious, when at land, about his worldly substance, than about his present and future happiness, which consists not in the abundance of the things he possesses, purely because he now thinks he may live awhile longer here, and almost forgets that eternity and heaven, to which life and riches bear no proportion, are before him. This man hath lost his senses, and knows not that men die at land as well as at sea, and that he himself shall die in a moment, for the longest life is but a moment, or less than a moment, to eternity. Ere he can recover the use of his reason he must be again on shipboard in a storm.

131. How came it to pass, saith the infidel, that, if Christ wrought so many miracles openly in the sight of multitudes, all mankind did not flock in to him? So many evident proofs of a divine power, especially shewn in healing the sick, raising the dead, and other acts as demonstrative of infinite goodness, seem irresistible. Christ himself complains of the Jews for their unbelief under these causes of conviction; and even believers are surprised at it. The infidel does not put this question because he is sure he would have believed, had he seen all the miracles, but to insinuate an improbability that any miracles were really wrought.

But this man should know, that it is one thing to astonish, and another to convince; one thing to convince a mind under no contrary biasses, and another to convince when such are strongly rooted; one thing to convince the judgment, and quite another to convert the heart. He does not at all conceive how the heart can possibly be concerned in conviction or faith, though his own heart hath ten thousand times prevailed with him to act against his convictions; that his head and heart are closely connected by his natural make; and that he never acts with vigour, on mere conviction, when it is not seconded by the warmth of his affections or passions. How many people are there, who, in matters of curiosity and wonder, stop at that which astonishes, and make none, or very slight reflections on the causes or end of that which strikes them with surprise? But is this infidel sure, had he seen the miracles of Christ, and been commanded, as a proof of his faith, to forsake his riches, to abdicate his ambitious views, to renounce his sensual pleasures, to mortify all his fleshly desires, to take up his cross, and to follow Christ through persecution and death; is he sure, I say, that he would have believed with all his heart, as well as with all his understanding? It is very plain he would not, for, at this day, there is more than sufficient cause of conviction offered to him, in the unanswerable proofs, that the miracles were actually wrought, that a cloud of prophecies, delivered long before, were actually fulfilled in Christ, and that a number of prophecies, published by Christ and his apostles, are, every day, fulfilled before our eyes in these latter times. Yet he is still an infidel; and why? but because repentance and virtue, and a course of life wholly contrary to his habitual desires, wishes, schemes, is the necessary consequence of believing in Christ. He is at law, and we will suppose, for it is possible enough, hath a bad cause; yet no force of reason, so strong is the bias of interest, can give him the least room to doubt its soundness. Or he is furiously enraged against his neighbour upon a groundless apprehension of injury, yet, till he cools, the united reasonings of all mankind, even of his wife or brother, who, to his knowledge, most tenderly love him, cannot in the least satisfy him that he wrongs his neighbour, or even that he is too warm in loading him with

reflections or reproaches of the bitterest kind, and calling him out to a duel. This man nevertheless thinks he knows himself, knows he would have been a thorough Christian, had he seen the miracles of Christ; and so, on this supposed knowledge he is persuaded, or believes (for he can but believe) that no such miracles were ever performed. Take him in regard to faith, and he is all head. Take him in regard to the affairs of life, to his lawsuit and his quarrel, and he is all heart. Do not too readily credit him as to the first; credit your own eyes as to the second. Our Saviour had to do with a great majority of men, thus rationally open, and thus passionately shut to conviction. A rich young man, struck with his miracles, and the wisdom of his preaching, became his declared disciple, but as soon as he talked of self-denial, of voluntary poverty, and of taking up a cross to follow him, the young gentleman quickly perceived that he wrought no miracles, and that his doctrines were not worth a farthing. Of the very same stamp were the thousands of loaf disciples, who could even fatten on miracles, which however could circulate no nourishment to their heads. The miracles operated with great force on the understandings of many beholders, on whose hearts ease, wealth, and pleasure, operated with still more. The sight of a man, whose heart goes foremost, and whose head follows, is very common, is no miracle, nor even a phenomenon. At a dead pinch between head and heart, many who saw the miracles, ascribed them to the devil. Our modern infidel laughs at this, the devil having taken care never to appear to him, but in the shape of gold, a bottle, or a wench, no frightful things to him. Christ's chosen apostles followed him at first, rather because they hoped he would restore the kingdom to Israel, than in obedience to the highest conviction; and one of them, contrary to it, sold him for thirty small pieces of silver. Judas was not, could not be, an infidel; but his heart was uppermost. It is the predominancy of the heart, that defends some men from the faith, and makes others who embrace it, act against it. Had it been the scheme of Christ to raise the Jews to universal monarchy, and in order to it, had he but destroyed with a word, two or three thousand Romans, for a sample of his power, it is to me a clear point, that every Jew would have

followed him through blood, slaughter, and rapine, to the lordship over the world, which they at that time modestly expected.

132. The eyes, were once on a time, indicted, *in foro conscientiæ*, for invading the province of the ears, and it was fully proved, that, contrary to their allegiance to reason, they had pronounced the singing of Cœlia to be most musical and ravishing, though the jury of musicians, with Sappho at their head, had singly condemned her voice to be no better, than that of a screech-owl, and her ear and manner as abominable as those of a peacock. A peacock! said the eyes, in their defence, was ever bird so musical? Surely one feather in his tail, is sufficient to shew, that, of all birds, he is most harmonious. Gentlemen of the jury, look at this feather; did you ever see any thing so beautiful, Cœlia's eyes only excepted? Look at her eyes, and say, does she not sing with more harmony and sweetness, than all the Benedittos and Senecinis, that ever you saw? How seraphic! You are not blind, for I see you extract your music from your books. Look again at her eyes, and give your verdict. They looked, and all but Sappho brought her in the most ravishing singer they had ever—heard—seen, you mean, said the counsellor for the ears.

133. Nothing so fully shews the great pliancy of human nature, as the prodigious difference between people of different ages and countries. Variety of education, example, condition, religion, and diversity of sex, separate us almost into a variety of species. My imagination hath several times brought the patriarch Abraham, and one of our finest court ladies together, each dressed in their respective mode and manner of appearing in public. To help me out, I have supposed the patriarch perfectly well acquainted with the English language. I have seen them take each other for animals of little or no analogy, in the nature of things, as monsters in the creation; and, on speaking articulately, as somewhat supernatural. I have even heard them attempt a dialogue in words well understood by both, but ending in a total ignorance, on each side, of all that was said by the other party. I have heard him speak in plain English, of religious faith, whereof she did not comprehend a tittle, and he as little of her discourse about fashions, reputations, and

public diversions. I remember her extreme curiosity led her to ask him, if he had been at the last masquerade. On his saying he knew not what she meant by a masquerade, she gave him a description of it. He gaped, stroaked his beard, and said, he believed nature was banished out of the world. To this she replied, that nobody could follow nature more closely than she did in private, but that nature was downright nonsense in public.

134. There is this difference generally made by education between the mind of a man, and of a woman, that his resembles a wide prospect diversified with woods, rocks, mountains, interspersed with thorns and brambles; hers a pleasure garden, neatly inclosed, of but small extent, and set off with plants, rather pretty than profitable, such as flowers of the most beautiful and fragrant kinds, but sometimes poisonous.

135. He must be unhappy who lives without a scheme. His whole life is out of joint, and every part of it deprived of that aid, which might be drawn from any, or all the rest. The want of reflection cuts off every thing done by experience in others, and the want of forecast prevents all provision for the future. His past life hath done nothing for the present, nor is the present doing any thing for that which is to succeed. In writings, as here in these detached thoughts of mine, a want of connexion reduces every thing to its own intrinsic weight, and deprives it of all the force and beauty which it might have derived from a judicious arrangement. Here, however, a candid reader will find something for his use or entertainment, and will excuse me readily for not detaining him longer, than while he can run off a single paragraph. But in the course of a man's life, neither fortune, nor other men, with whom he hath to do, will tolerate the random of actions purely extempore, where premeditation and prudence on his part, might have put it in the power of his neighbours to take their measures in concert with him, which is equally necessary to his happiness, and that of all, with whom he may be concerned.

136. A character, once established, of great talents for conversation, particularly of wit, humour, and elocution, gives its possessor a sway in company, like that of a prince, whose power is become formidable to his neighbours,

whose ambassadors prevail ere they speak, and whose troops conquer, before they arrive. So he, who hath infused a general opinion of his wit, may keep up that opinion with infinitely less cleverness than was necessary to raise it. That which would not be taken notice of, or perhaps contemned, in another, is applauded in him. In arguments he hath the assent, and in raillery the laugh, of every companion; the sheer thing he is going to say, does not less entertain them, than it tickles him, in coming up. Hence his insolence, impatience of contradiction, and merciless animadversions. Like a prince, who from the darling of his people becomes their tyrant, this despotic talker, regardless of age and sex, friends and foes, truth and error, reigns the terror and pest of his admirers.

137. Personalities are as apt to be hereditary as fortunes, and sometimes adhere longer to a family. That engaging smile, that curling of the cheek, and those innumerable manœuvres of her eyes, in approbation, dislike, surprise, encouragement, &c. which have enabled Victoria to make such havoc, were given by her mamma, as a family treasure, with a charge to train her daughters to them, as soon as their features should become docile, and with an assurance, that this art of looking pretty, had come down to her through many generations, having been first found out, in the reign of Edward the Third, and copied from Alice Pierce; that as it was handed down only by oral tradition, it had undergone many alterations, sometimes improved, sometimes impaired, as long or round faces, large or little eyes, lank or plump cheeks, were in fashion at court; that however it had done remarkable execution in every reign since its first invention; that particularly in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the copy of it, taken in an interview of but half an hour, had divorced queen Catharine, set all the universities in Europe a wrangling, and destroyed the Papal supremacy in England; that Charles the Second had felt the effects of it in her great grandmother, after she had been seven years married; that her grandmother, though with a complexion, unhappily embrowned by a mixture of the royal blood, had been more absolute on the strength of it, than king William, during the latter part of his reign; that her mother though a brunette

too, and with a very irregular set of features, had been kept in play by it, till near the death of George the First, and that she herself, having been blessed with a brilliant pair of eyes, an oval face, and a skin transparently white and silky, had so improved the art, as to ascribe more to it than to her natural advantages, in the immense conquests she had made during a space of five and twenty years, and yet hoped to make, though on the borders of fifty-six.

138. In climbing the ladder of ambition it is an advantage in most cases, to go up gradually. There are few natural slaters whose heads do not grow giddy on a very sudden exaltation.

139. In our make imagination was intended to be the handmaid of reason, to entertain and dress her, but this servant grown too bold and free, will needs advise and dictate to her mistress, will set her off in frippery and extravagance, more like a courtezan than a matron. Indeed the lady herself, for one so old, and of so grave a character, is too fond of shew and fashion. Hence numberless errors in her conduct, and hence that vulgarity of mien derived from the low taste of a servant, instead of that majesty which suits the dignity of a queen.

140. Wit may be uttered by the eyes, face, and hands, as well as by the tongue. But either may give expression to false wit, or rather to folly, taken by silly people for the true. Puns, anagrams, conundrums, find their way through the tongue and pen; monkey tricks, grimace, and a vast manufacture of bagatelles, through the face and hands.

The dramatic has this advantage over all other kinds of poetry, that in dealing with the eyes as well as with internal feelings, it approaches nearer to truth and nature. It actually exposes to view what the other kinds only describe or relate. Tragedy is a representation of high life, and of the distress and terror, incident thereto; comedy, of low life, and of the festivity and gaiety, often enjoyed by a rank of people, whom fortune does not think it worth her while to plague. If you would rather be a subject for comedy than tragedy, be not ambitious.

141. A fool as such, cannot, and a bad man, as such, ought not, to be served. Throw not away your favours on

wretches incapable of enjoying, and even of receiving them as long as others may be found, who can do both, and thank you for them too.

142. If you destroy a book by answering it, you saw off the branch, on which you sit.

143. Pleasure and pain, prosperity, and adversity, contend with, and yet exalt each other. How is pleasure enhanced by being enjoyed after pain? How is pain aggravated by being suffered after pleasure? How much happier is the rich who was once poor? How much more miserable the poor, who was once rich, than such as was always so? Yet these are so widely opposite that one man frequently hazards his life to arrive at that condition, which another kills himself to get rid of. How absolute is the tyranny of opinion?

144. We do not swell on the applause, nor sink on the censure, of a madman or fool, purely because he cannot judge either of persons, or actions. Why then do we rise or fall in our own scales, on the opinion of those who know us not, though they could judge, if they did? Why, others may think, they know us, since they hear them applaud or blame us. And is it true then, that self-adulation or self-contempt, can build on the ignorance of others? Is not this the same with being elated or dejected, on the opinion of a madman. There is no one who would not infinitely resent his being so grossly imposed upon by others, as he is by himself. If you are conscious to yourself of real worth, why are you cast down at the poisonous censures of such, as do not, cannot know you? If you know yourself to be a scoundrel, how can you think of soaring, like a bubble, on the stinking breath of ill-founded praise, dictated by selfish views in your encomiast, and ventured in your face, upon a thorough persuasion, that you are a blockhead? of praise worse than ironical?

145. As few heads can bear books, as wine. Many women would be sooner intoxicated with reading, than brandy.

146. Why do men laugh seldomer than children, and wise men than fools? good sense and experience makes us too nice to be pleased with every trifle. Wisdom is not therefore intelligible, because, in proportion as it sets us

above little ludicrous pleasures, it ensures to us those that are more solid and satisfactory.

147. He is a most impudent blockhead, who rails at others, for the faults he is guilty of himself. But he sometimes does it to shut their mouths, or divert their attention from such a life, as cannot bear inspection. A most preposterous method! but it now and then succeeds. Like the light of the sun on the mirror of a reflecting telescope, he sets those spots to view in others which he conceals in himself; or if he owns them, takes pains to impute them too, like the fool who content to wear his cap, would often clap it on the head of another.

148. A hypocrite is as ostentatious in the display of his actions, as he is careful to conceal his motives. Like the tree in Virgil, which exalts its head as high towards heaven, as it strikes its root downward towards hell.

149. The peevish man punishes himself for the faults, as well imaginary, as real, of others; and because his neighbour hath done him an injury, writes a note to him to desire he would come and kill him. This is intended for revenge; but death and the demon of false honour, grin at it, as the most ridiculous thing a fool can possibly be tempted to.

150. The link-boy stumbles through the dirt, and gives his light and the even part of the street to the person who pays him. Some of these link-boys go in gowns.

151. A man's actions are his monument; those of the truly great give him a mausoleum; those of the little, who can go no farther, than to a parcel of insignificant singularities, afford them only a flat stone with a curt and quaint epitaph.

152. Is it not a little odd, that the most plain and obvious things in nature, should still be unsettled, even among the knowing part of mankind. It is not yet agreed among people who live within seven miles of one another, when day and night begin. No almanac-maker nor natural philosopher, nor astronomer, can settle it. Just where I am, the farmer living next to me, begins his day, at four in the morning. I go eastward, and find the citizen begins his, at six, which is two degrees of longitude to the westward; I go still eastward, but about fifteen feet, and,

perceive his wife begins her day at eight, two degrees more to the westward. I go half a mile more to the eastward still, and find the court lady and rake beginning their day at twelve, four degrees more to the westward still, though I am sure I have moved forwards to the east. This is enough to distract all astronomical observation, and prevent the possibility of discovering the longitude, at least a common longitude, unless we can agree that the city of London, commonly, but, it seems erroneously, fixed for the first degree of longitude, is eight degrees of longitude distant from itself.

153. All things appear to us very much according to the frame of our own mind, and the sensations we are disposed to feel of this or that object. To the sullen, all mankind appear dark and ill-humoured; to the selfish, narrow-hearted; to the subtle, designing. The resentful see indignation; and the jealous, suspicion in every body. How unhappy is he, who makes so bad a world for himself! On the other hand, the honest, the benevolent, the generous, for the most part, meet with themselves in others, and see a thousand good qualities even in villains. Be good and you shall have a good world to live in, I mean on a footing more solid, than your mere opinion; for people usually suit themselves to those they converse or deal with, and treat as they expect to be treated. We know not how to be civil to the sullen; and he who stands on all the nice punctilios of honour with a known scoundrel, is an honourable man indeed. Again, an ingenuous and kind disposition excites an occasional honesty and good-will from persons apt to be knavish and cruel to creatures of their own stamp. The world is, or (which amounts to somewhat like it in effect) seems to be, good to the good, and bad to the wicked. The same may be said, in regard to happiness and misery. What a beautiful, what a happy scene of things does this life appear to the happy! but how full of tombs and tears, to the miserable! What a gay world to the young! how decayed and degenerate to the aged! The women grow uglier and the stones harder, as we advance in years.

154. You seem conceited, not so much for thinking too highly of yourself, as for not thinking highly of others. That is, as highly as they think of themselves.

155. In giving advice, every man points out his own road to that which he takes for happiness, though he knows you take it to consist in somewhat else. Yet he might as well talk to you continually of a good ear for music, if he were to teach you the art of painting. The man of this world will give you abundance of sage advice, how to manage your affairs, how to cultivate an interest with the great ones, how to carry your lawsuit, &c. Yet, all this time, he hath reason enough to believe, on the strength of your repeated declarations, that you mean not to be a man of this world, but rather to provide for your happiness in a better. It is plain by his manner of advising, that he does not give credit to your declarations, or that he knows not how to speak on any but worldly matters, or that he thinks nothing else worth speaking of.

156. Singularity is always regarded as whimsical, and therefore when the generality of mankind are silly, capricious, or whimsical, the epithet of whimsical, is always given to the wise man. Hence it was, that many said that Christ was beside himself. A drunken man is the most apt to think others drunk, and a madman to call others mad. If the Scriptures are the word of God, and if with God there are infinite wisdom and truth, it will follow that the bulk of mankind are beside themselves, as is evident by their going two different ways at once, going to riches, honours, or pleasures, without end, by inclination choice and labour, while they are going to death, in a very few years, by natural necessity.

157. When I first set out in the world, I imagined, it would be sufficient, in order to keep well with all, to say ill of none. But I had travelled but a very little way, when I perceived that if I did not speak as well of others, as they thought of themselves, which, to say the truth, was no easy matter, I was not to hope for much of their good liking, or good will. Finding matters in this posture, I was willing to barter a little commendation with my acquaintances, in expectation of a return in kind from them, and only on the square of trade. Here I was again mistaken. They valued what I said at so low, and what they said themselves at so high a rate, that it was plain I must pay applause for approbation, and invoke Apollo and the nine muses,

without omitting a single nymph, must call for the trumpet of fame, and for a hundred iron tongues, to sound his praises about, who thought it enough to say, I was no fool, and less he could not say for his own sake. Well, perceiving how things went, I cried every body up to the stars, and had a hundred men, every one of whom was absolutely the wisest, the bravest, the best man alive, and as many beauties, every one of whom was the loveliest girl of the age. This did purely for a while, and I got a great character, by giving enormous ones; the character of a judicious person, who, of all men, knew best how to do justice to merit. This, however, did not last long. Each hero found out, I made heroes of all, whereas praise without preference, or universal preference, is not praise. By this time I found out, that I was not to hope for the good word of every one, and therefore began to drive a closer kind of traffic. I singled out a few, and made each of them an object of admiration to myself, and a subject of panegyric to others, for some particular excellence, taking care never to ascribe the same to more than one. By this expedient I kept my characters, distinct and separate, without suffering my Cæsar to break in upon my Socrates; nor my Cicero, though too eager for it, to interfere with my Homer. I throve pretty well on this narrow way of dealing; for as these few were my only worthies, so I was their only judge of men and actions, I mean, for some time. It was not long ere my heroes, dissatisfied with their own praises, drew as largely on me for satire and ridicule, in regard to others. This would not be content to be made a demi-god, unless I made another a toad. One could not enjoy the saintship I had given him, if I did not brand another for a devil. Had I attempted this, I should have made many bitter enemies, for one cool friend. On my refusal therefore, I was cashiered as a panegyrist, because I would not be employed as a satirist, and considered afterward, as no judge of merit, because I seemed blind to its opposite.

158. Were you to converse with Gelon and Xanthus, you would imagine, they had passed their lives in two widely different worlds. Gelon, as an officer in the army, hath been quartered in a thousand different places, and was the

delight of every place he came to, as a man of good sense and of an easy and cheerful turn. He hath met with nothing but civility and kindness from mankind, for he knows how to be properly civil and kind to every one. Mankind in his report, are but a little lower than angels. On the contrary, Xanthus is ever telling you stories of the brutality of one, and the treachery of another, and the extreme severity of a third, all exercised on himself. In his account, men are but a little higher than devils. But then Xanthus is sour, suspicious, and disobliging. Which of these two are we to believe? Both, as to facts. Gelon makes friends by being a friend; Xanthus, enemies by being an enemy. From a redundancy of good nature, Gelon thinks he hath been better treated, than he was, and Xanthus, from an excess of the opposite quality, magnifies the ill usage he hath received. It is true, mankind should deal by others, as they wish others to deal by them. If they are not so just, they at least generally follow a maxim which is the counterfeit of this, namely, to do as they are done by. A very few do good, without a view to returns, and even do good for evil. The rest of mankind trade in good or bad offices, in the former receiving less, and in the latter more than value. But they can do no better.

159. If time, according to the definition of philosophers and astronomers, is that portion of duration, which is bounded and distinguished by the revolutions of the earth and the other planets, I am not much concerned in it. The other idea of it, as bounded by the womb and grave, comes nearer to my purpose. This era, setting out with my birth is distinguished into several smaller portions by the revolutions, which my mind and body undergo in the different stages of life. Changes of place or condition, with every disorder or recovery, every event, whether to or against my wish, every fall from, or rise to virtue, subdivide these again into more particular epochas. Here I have periods of my own, for a system of chronology wherein I am greatly interested. I am not equally beholding to the sun and moon, to the Olympiads, the Julian or Gregorian calendars, for marking out a duration, that is not mine. I mean the same thing by life and time, and compute it, not by what passes without, but within me. I gaze at no star, nor constellation of stars,

to predict the fair weather of virtue and peace, or the storms of passion and vice, to which my microcosm shall be subject; but at the great luminaries of faith and conscience, in my understanding and heart. On these I endeavour to found my ephemerides and almanack; and it is only owing to a defect in my observations, or a neglect of my journal, that I am not as great an astronomer as Kepler or Newton, and even a much greater astrologer than Lilly. Hours, days, months, years, do not, of themselves, and as such, exercise any considerable influence over my affairs, my temper of mind, my habit of body, or my religious principles, which prescribe, or ought to prescribe, every thing I think or do. By these are afforded the proper seasons and opportunities for the conduct that becomes a rational being; the spring for his labours, and the autumn for his fruits. How preposterous is it to strain or disjoint the tenor of our actions, that they may follow the hand of a clock, and to lose the occasion of succeeding in our schemes because the shadow on the dial is not yet come to the time! It stirs my indignation to hear a man say, he hath lived so many years, for, were life to be so computed, the visiting and carding lady, the sot, the saunterer, might be said to live as long, as he that hath, out of nothing, but his own industry, made competent provision for a large family of children, and trained them up to be useful members of society, and good servants to God; or as long as lady Arabella Denny. It is certain, let the vulgar era of life run as much as you please, on days and weeks, life is contracted by idleness, and extended by action. We lose all that space which passes while we are thoughtless or inactive. The action that preceded, closes with the action that succeeds it, and expunges the intermediate vacuity from our account of time. Birth and death are drawn so much nearer together, and life consequently shortened, in proportion as less thought and action are interposed. On the contrary, the thinking and the active, as they force in thought between thought, and wedge in one action beside another, stretch their lives, and set their extremities at a greater distance. Admitting this method of computation, some surprising paradoxes will be established; such as, that many persons, who eat, drink, and digest victuals, are not alive; that the dead swallow nearly as much food

as the living; that one man may die extremely old at thirty, and another in his minority, though arrived at his ninetieth year; that the generality of the great ones do only lie in state, but not embowelled, to be gazed at by those who labour to feed, dress, and carry them about, just as if they were still in being; and that the greater part of mankind live and die by turns, it may be, twice or thrice a day, as they are murdered by inaction, or find a resurrection on a call of business or pleasure. If we are resolved however to receive the sun for the regulator of our time in the country, and the moon in town, what astronomer shall furnish us with an equation table, or rather each of us with an individual equation, to adjust his tardy motions to the impatient, or his too quick ones to the cunctator? Who shall regulate the too fugitive time of night between the moon and her lunar subjects, or teach them to set, ere the daylight arises to expose their horns? Fond of my own system, I cannot help asserting, that every man is a fool, or an almanack-maker.

160. We laugh at children for their ambitious emulation about who shall have the finer plaything; but do not consider, that the higher post or title is but the gewgaw of an older child. After all, it is among the bearded children nothing more, than who shall have the lobster's claw, or who shall be put off with that of the crab.

161. The very essence of affectation consists in impertinence, in looks, gesticulations, and modes of speaking, which have nothing to do, in the nature of things, with what we are about. Conceit gives silly people an unhappy fertility of invention in such matters, which may denominate a man or woman, a genius at affectation, an original of the most ridiculous sort. But there is an humble class of the affected, who are content to borrow a parcel of little airs and ways from the manner of others, on whom they sit naturally enough, but look wretchedly in the copy. He is silly, who hopes to look better in another's clothes, that do not fit him, than in his own which do. The open-mouthed laugh of Flavia is extremely awkward, and besides, exposes her ill-coloured and irregular teeth. She was not aware of this, when she copied it from Lydia, whose teeth are pearls, and whose cheek never discovers that deadly dimple, for which

she is so admired, but when she laughs. It is a poor thing to be a fool, but to be a fool by choice, and at second-hand, is the most despicable thing in the world. Could such a one bray himself in a mortar, and give a new form to the mass, it would not be half so graceful, as that which nature hath already given. A man is but a bungling man-maker.

162. There is not an objection urged against Christianity more frequently, nor with greater force, than the divisions in principle, and the animosities among churches, so shamefully visible wherever it is professed. The professors of other religions, we are told, and it is confessed, have not differed so widely, nor contended so bitterly with one another, when they did differ about their credenda, or modes of worship. Now among the many unanswerable arguments for Christianity, this objection to it is not one of the meanest, considered, as its effect upon weak understandings, or irregular tempers. It is only its interesting weight, which gives occasion to the close and minute scrutiny into its doctrines, and afterward to that fury, with which the disputes about those doctrines, when differently understood, are maintained. Mankind never fall out about what they do not value. Do we ever see a polemical book or pamphlet, which does not set forth the opinions of its author, as so many fundamental articles of Christianity, and as absolutely necessary to salvation? Is not heaven and hell brought into every controversy? Did not our religion go deeper into the heart, and more affectingly engage our passions, than any other, it would never excite a greater warmth in disputation, than other religions have done; it would not be better worth a dispute, than others. The heathens who are capable of argumentation, could have found a pleasure, and gratified their ambition, by striking out new opinions, and leading parties, as well as our Christian controvertists; but they held their religion in too great contempt to hope for a name by any exercise of their talents upon the modes, or even articles, of a system so perfectly absurd and insignificant. They saw plainly, that diversity, and conformity, in downright stupidity, were not worth minding; so they suffered time, poetry, legislation, whim, to make a thousand changes in it every day. Had not this been the case, we should have heard of some bickerings about the gods of na-

tions, who often went to war about their sheep. No, their gods were of a very pacific nature. The deity of wood gave no disturbance to the divinity of stone; nor did he envy the magnificence of him, who stood in brass, silver, or gold. They could keep the peace in one country, in one temple, and even in one hearth. Their worshippers too, who dug them out of the quarry, or cut them out of the tree, were not in haste to butcher one another about them. It was not for Apollo, but the wealth of his temple, that the Phocian war was kindled. We do not fight about a little dirt or stubble, but about gold and silver. Yet I hardly think the objector will throw away his money, because many individuals, nay, and so many nations every day, knock one another on the head about money. What we graft on a strong stem is apt to grow bigger and bear more fruit, whether good or bad, than if grafted on a dwindling stock. It is from the root of truth and importance that the heresies and schisms of our religion draw their strength, and shew the vigour of the root in the wide spread of their branches, the profusion of their leaves, and the load of fruits, sweet or sour, nutritious or poisonous, according to the canals that convey the sap which they produce. Religion is not the worse for being abused by ignorant, designing, or contentious men; and if it is attended with violent effects when misconceived by the wrong-headed, or misapplied by wrong-hearted persons, it shews at least, that the cannon could fire home, and wanted only to be properly pointed. It is an old adage, and a true one, that the corruption of the best things, is the worst sort of corruption. This applied to all religions, will do particular honour to the Christian.

163. An upright is always an easier than a stooping posture, because it is more natural, and one part is better supported by another; so it is easier to be an honest man than a knave. It is also more graceful.

164. Life is a game you must play, and requires a great deal of skill to play it well, for many of the people you are to play with are sharpers. If you would succeed in it, you must practise it much. Looking on will never do. The best gamesters are those who have lost most. If you are obliged to play before you understand the game, get an old hand to direct you, or play for little. If you would take a

short way to be easy about it, and to make an amusement of that which others make their business, despise the world, and play for nothing.

165. Eunomus and Ismenias seem to be possessed of the same talent for humour, which consists in exposing the absurdities of others, whether as to their discourse or actions. But their talents are very different. That of Eunomus is nothing else than clear judgment, which measuring every thing by a straight and perfect rule, quickly discovers its crookedness and deviation, which expressed, affords that entertainment so liked by the generality of companies he goes into. Whereas the distorted head of Ismenias distorts all the persons and actions that fall under his observations, and this imputative deformity never fails to excite a laugh. His talent lies in caracatura. Eunomus sets before you the pictures of objects deformed, but Ismenias shews you deformed pictures of objects.

166. Bigotry is a strong and furious attachment to opinions, adopted by prejudice, party, affection, aversion, chance, and nursed by time and habit. All parties fling the imputation of bigotry bitterly in one another's faces, and are in the right, for, she is of all sides; scolds, contends, fights, for all sides; gives demonstration to arguments on all sides; makes every body in the right, levels truth and error, and brings them to be matches. She raises no differences herself, but foments all that are raised by interest, education, &c. She can blow up a slight dispute, once kindled, into a war, such as that between the Swiss cantons and Charles duke of Burgundy, about a load of dry skins, which ended in the ruin of the Burgundian family. She can make two political writers embroil two nations, or two polemical divines two churches, and lead them out to fire their powder and ball, or their still hotter invectives, one on the other, with no larger a weapon than a goose-quill. She is in her element, when on the wrong side of a debate, and looks awkwardly on the right. One bigoted to the truth, looks like a sound-limbed man on crutches, or a seeing man led by a blind. She is so heady, that her slaves must not assist themselves with reason, though it is for them; so blind, that she strikes herself against all obstacles; runs into all difficulties; opposes the tenets she would establish;

contends for those she would overturn; governs all parties; is disowned by all, and ever objected by all to their opponents, as the bitterest reproach that can be flung at them. Reason is ashamed of her, when they are together, and almost always passes for folly, while abetted by bigotry. When they are opposed reason lies by for a time, till bigotry hath swaggered herself off her mettle, and ran her horse, faction, out of breath; and then stepping up to the horse and taking him by the ear, for he hath no bridle, turns him round, on which he and his rider continuing the violence of their career, rush into a bog or down a precipice.

167. The writer of a party may be compared to a barbell in a tavern. He is rung by all, and supplies all with food for prejudice and zeal.

168. I lodge in the house, feed at the table, drink the wine, use the servants and horses, of Hermes. In short I have as thorough an enjoyment of his fortune, as to every convenience and comfort of life, as he hath, without the smallest expectation on his part of adulation, or any other compliances, than such as I am ready to make in regard to all other men. Am I not as rich as Hermes? By no means, for he gives, and I receive, and 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'

169. Thais was bred up from her infancy in an opinion that an old family and wherewithal to live genteelly, make a gentlewoman, and that a gentlewoman needs no other appellation to entitle her to respect. Her fortune failing at the age of twenty, her principle forced her, for she had no other, to seek a maintenance by her beauty. She hath now passed several years in very handsome lodgings, been amply supported and well attended. She pleases herself with the fancy that she is still a gentlewoman. Try it when you will, and you shall find that meanness is the essence of pride, properly so called.

170. Chremes at sixty, keeps a wench, and hath disinherited his son for marrying a virtuous and amiable young woman, but of a fortune below his pretensions. Chremes hath two passions, avarice and the love of women; and thinks it reasonable that a hoary father should act by the latter and his youthful son by the former.

171. He cannot know himself, whose condition hath

never varied, because his understanding and passions have had but one set of trials and path to go in, which his continual sameness of motions hath beaten into so great a degree of smoothness, that he can hardly stumble in it. Marius, the rugged, the rigid, the hardy soldier, becomes a mere debauchee, when advanced to affluence and power. His virtue melts in the sunshine of fortune, like the prowess of those northern nations whom he conquered on their descent into a much warmer climate. Fortune, that could not frighten him with her frowns, reduces him with her smiles. The tower that stands a battery, is overturned by a sap. What a fool is Phrino, saith Corus, for the part he hath acted, since he came into his government? To be guilty of such errors in conduct without even a temptation to them! Behold, Corus is advanced to the same post, and every one now cries out, Phrino was a wise man. We know not what we are capable of till we are tried. When a man's fortune hurries one way, he is in great danger of a fall, on a sudden reverse of her motion, if he is not master of more than common strength and agility in turning as she turns, as to every thing, but that which religious principle hath rendered unalterable.

172. The servants of Grindus make loud complaints of their master's cruelty, suffered by them in cold and hunger. Unreasonable creatures! do they not live as plentiful as he? Would they indulge in bean bread and slink veal, while their master lives on leeks and cold potatoes? 'He that is evil to himself, to whom will he be good?' Ecclus. xiv. 5.

173. It is true I live well, says Gandes; but how much more gloriously should I figure it, if I had not so many children. Not a whit, Gandes, for in that case, you would pay more for your food and clothing, and a larger sum in servants wages. Nature would not suffer fortune to do more for you than she does.

174. It is a vulgar mistake to think there are two sorts of chastity, one of the mind and another of the body. This virtue is only of the mind. What signifies it what care she takes of her body, whose heart is common? Would you be satisfied to glean the affections of a woman who invites every fop and pretty fellow to reap before you, with

all the flutter of lace powder, snuff, and all the grimace of cringes, senseless speeches, soft ogles, easy sonnets? Of the two, would you not think yourself much more interestingly wronged by a prostitution of your wife's heart, than of any thing else about her? You are a fool, if you do not think a force committed on the person of your wife, a trifle to a voluntary surrender of her affections to some other man, perhaps to a score of men, after which you must judge it wholly in vain, to guard against the alienation of her body. If a wife is a friend, a comforter, a helpmate, a coquette cannot be converted into a wife.

175. When Alcidas bows to me, I draw back my foot, imagining he is stooping to wipe my shoe; but quickly perceive he does it only to shew me how finely he can bow, for I plainly perceive he holds me in contempt for the dryness and awkwardness of my congé.

176. If mankind were all alike, were equally knowing, and equally passioned, it would be proper to preach to them all in the same manner; but taking them as they are, nothing can be more idle, than speaking to them in public, on all subjects, by one and the same rule, or even to any one congregation, at all times, in one and the same method. Preachers are divided into two classes, those who endeavour to convince the judgment, and those who attempt to move the passions; and he that pushes at either purpose, scarcely ever thinks of aiming at the other, hear him who will. The mere reasoner spins as fine a thread of arguments, and that as coolly, to a country congregation, as if he were addressing himself to the fellows and students of a university. This, supposing it to be understood, adds nothing to the conviction of the heares, who believed all before they heard him, and leaves no impression. It would be to as good purpose to give them whipt syllabub only for their dinner. The mere pathetic preacher is despised as a mere declaimer by an understanding audience, who take an attempt on their hearts for an affront to their understandings. Each of these is but one half of a preacher, whether his audience is learned or illiterate. The consummate preacher unites them both in himself. His reasonings are animated, and his attack on the passions is rational. He takes in the whole man at once. You are convinced

and warmed at the same time. Like Barrow, he works upon you with every talent, clear conception, sound reasoning, a fine imagination, and in a language perfectly intelligible, but all on fire; and you hear him with every faculty of your soul, and every fibre of your heart. A discourse that does not strike at both head and heart, strikes at neither. The principal work however of a moral discourse is with the heart, for here the judgment is already settled, and the affections only want to be roused and set right. When God promulgated the moral law, he delivered himself in thunder and lightning, and with the sound of a trumpet that shook the mountains; and when Christ enforced it on his disciples, he said, 'If ye love me keep my commandments.' This was speaking to the hardened heart in terror, and to the tender, in sweetness; but both to the heart.

177. Of all the absurdities in preaching there is none so ridiculous as the affectation of hard and high flown words, which hath succeeded to Greek and Latin quotations. This matter is set in a strong light, by the following letter of a country farmer to his landlord in town.

SIR,

'When you was here I troubled you sometimes to tell me the meaning of a hard word or two, in our parson's sermons. Since you went away, he is growing worse and worse. We don't know what he is about. We believe it is very fine; but alack-a-day! what have we poor folks to do with fine things? I can just know, that he is preaching against the Papishes, and has been a good while, for he calls the pope names, and says he can prove the Romans to be blind and mistaken. Now I wish I could understand him, for I hate Popery. He uses several long words, which I can neither mouth nor spell. But there is one hard word, and pray, maister, if you ever heard it, do now tell me the meaning of it under your hand. I am sure you are not proud, but a mild gentleman, and will tell me, because he uses it so often, that we judge there must be a great deal in it. The word is, demonstration; our schoolmaster spelt it for me, though he knows no more what it is than I do. Neighbour John, he believes it is the same as monster, and that the pope is a monster, or a monstration man.

Dick Beats, says, it is glass, or some such clear thing, for parson often says, demonstration (aye, I have spelt it right again) is quite clear; so may be it is chrystal, for we say such a thing is as clear as crystal. Poh! no, says Billy Jeffry, says he, it is a gun; for he, says he, will rout and overthrow the Papishes with it. Margery Todd says, it is a sum of money. It is true, she can read, and gives a reason, for he often says he will give us a demonstration for such and such a thing; but parson would not drive a bargain on a Sunday, and in the pulpit. But now I will tell you what I think. I believe it is a mark he puts to a weak argument, as who should say, perhaps, or may be, as it were. My reason for this is, because he seems to be at a loss, or baffled, or got into a bog-hole, or a demonstration or so. Even Lord help us poor creatures, who are not book-learned, nor acquaint with hard words. What a deal of pure doctrine do we lose by not being scholards! pray good sir, let me have your answer soon, for we have a great deal of argufying here about this word, and Jeffry and I laid a wager about it yesterday, which is to be ended by your letter, if you will be so kind.

I am till death, your loving tenant,

ROBERT JACKSON.'

178. There is a lady in the town where I live, who hath a negro girl to wait on her. When this black thing came first hither, every body was frightened at her; but now she never stirs out unattended by two or three young creatures of her own sex, who prodigiously admire her, though they, I dare say, would rather be white themselves than black. The white seems to be happiest that is nearest her, and hath her by the arm. This fondness for the strange, and the foreign, is one of the most remarkable foibles of the sex. Yet I cannot tell how it comes to pass, that they so seldom admire a good man, that curiosity, that rarity, more scarce than any thing in Sloan's Museum.

179. From the day that Pasibula's brother became a man of fortune and distinction, she, though formerly well content with her condition, without the loss of a single farthing, became a distressed and miserable wretch. Her brother's advancement brought impudence and insults upon her from her equals, though they carried to her just as before;

brought contempt from people of distinction, who nevertheless behaved to her just as formerly. She was thrown into a fit of hysterics by a neighbouring woman, hardly a hair's breadth lower in the world than herself, who had the assurance to sit down beside her, as she had a hundred times done, ere Pasibula's brother became a great man.

180. One should naturally think, that the vanity of a beautiful woman must arise from the consciousness of her fine face and person; yet there is nothing she studies so carefully, nor is at such expense for, as to disguise both, and turn herself into a monster, wherein nature is industriously defaced, and the extravagance of fashion set out to view. Were it not for this humour in women, we men should be more enslaved to them than we are.

181. The painter who drew a Venus by his mistress, was surprised to find hardly any one could like the piece. In like manner you are surprised at my reasoning and talking in a different manner from you, but ought not to be, for if you are Cœlia'd in matters of opinion, I am Clarissa'd, and why not?

182. I once found a lady with her right hand bathed in blood, and asking her the reason, she said she had got a catarh in that hand, and was bathing it in the blood of a black cat, as a sovereign remedy for the humour, which had its appellation on that account, from the name of that animal. It was to no purpose to assure her, that cat is an English, and catarh a Greek word, of no analogy in the meaning. It is well if many other opinions, not only in physic, but theology and politics, are not of an original as uncouth and far-fetched as this.

183. There are single sounds, which naturally strike the ear in an agreeable manner. The inventors of music have found the way so to compound the higher and lower notes of the same, or different instruments, as to carry this pleasure still farther. There are two degrees of pleasure perceived in music. The first is that which tickles the ear only with a chime of notes, which having a sort of abstracted affinity to one another, like that of numbers in mere arithmetical proportions, but without meaning, that is, without reference to any thing, but the mere sense of hearing, communicates a small degree of pleasure. To be

at all entertained by this, we must have a metaphysical relish for the natural agreements of sounds. Nature gives, as it were, a hint of this, and habit carries it farther. The whole of this pleasurable sensation proceeds from a perception of this agreement, and differs not from that which we feel from other philosophical discoveries of similarity or uniformity. We are pleased with the music, because it shews us, that there is a natural adjustment in sounds, which at first seem so unconnected. This the mind catches in the ear only, for it penetrates no farther, as it does light and colours in the eye, into which they are refracted through a prism. It may be doubted, whether there is any other pleasure received in either case, than what arises from the mere gratification of curiosity. Our modern music is mostly of this unmeaning and unaffecting kind. It is seated almost wholly in the ear, and hardly ever goes farther, but through habit. The other degree in musical entertainment strikes deeper into the mind, and while it carries with it all the mere auditory pleasure, just mentioned, speaks to, and entertains our affections also. It is the object of an internal sense, as well as of an external. It is heard by love, by anger, by fear, by courage; or it is felt by the soul, as played on the strings of that instrument, which is placed nearest to her preceptive powers; and perhaps ought to be considered as a unison or concert, executed at once between a violin without and another within. Somewhat of this we perceive in a few of Corelli's compositions, and in more of Handel's. But our musicians affect too great a variety of notes in each tune, and aim not, or but a very little, at a meaning. Their pieces gingle prettily, but seldom speak, as the much simpler music of the ancients undoubtedly did. Some of their effects are on record, I do not mean in fabulous, but in true history, which our present art can by no means come nigh to, such as the power of David over Saul, of Timotheus over Alexander, and of the Salii, who could drive their hearers into distraction. Enthusiastic preachers have studied the power of sounds, cadences, swells, pauses, more accurately, than our greatest masters of musical composition. A fellow otherwise ignorant, and uttering little else than nonsense, shall move an audience to what degree of passion

he pleases, and throw several of them into convulsions. This he does wholly by an art of managing sounds, for he deals not in sense. I have heard notes made by a jack, a gate, or a car, which I thought capable of being brought to excellent purpose, into some species of harmony. It is to me no matter of doubt, whether a thorough genius for music, and accurately acquainted with the mechanical springs of thought, affection, passion, in the human make, might by closely copying, and judiciously introducing the select sounds of birds, beasts, thunder, but above all of mankind, in this or that passion, into a piece of music, calculated for a particular pathetic purpose, give us a musical performance, far exceeding in power all that have ever yet been performed or felt. The Grecian orators were wont to stop, in the midst of their harangues, to have a law read that was pertinent to the argument urged: If our preachers, when employed on a very moving subject, were to make a pause, and give a minute to the music for the performance of a short clause, taken from a psalm or hymn apropos, I conceive it might have an excellent effect.

184. We ought not to form an idea of, nor by any means fix a character for any man, from an observation made on one or two of his actions, unless those actions are most uncommonly good or evil, but from the general tenor of his life. Accident, or temptation, or surprise, sometimes hurry him beyond the command of his reason and his principles, and force him, as it were, to act below himself. Accidents, inducements, grace, sometimes prompt him with uncommon ardour to deeds of the noblest kind, and compel him, in some degree, to act above himself. By none of these can we fairly estimate the man. Besides, as most of our measures are taken, and our actions done, in concert with others, they are apt to partake of their understandings, principles, and passions, as well as of our own. Hence we frequently have the real characters of others given us, which, compared with our general conduct, fit us no better than their clothes. To judge of a man when he is carried out of himself by the impetuosity of some foreign cause, is much the same as to say, the air of a country is bad, because the weather was foul on that single day which we spent in it. To judge of a man by actions, wherein he is

concerned with others, is like the English, to give Marlborough, and like the Germans, to give Eugene, all the glory of the campaigns made in Queen Anne's time. Were you to take a man by a single action, or by the effect of a mere accident, you would, with the Melitans, pronounce Paul a murderer, merely because a viper will bite, and a god too, because a man may happen not to die, though he hath been bitten.

185. Of all men Cœnus hath the greatest fund of humour, and of all men gives it the greatest scope. There are few wits whose genius extends to all kinds of characters, actions, accidents, employments, personalities, &c. one is excellent at an alderman or a cit: another at matrimony with its appendages, the frailties of the fair sex, &c. Another, at religion and the clergy, on the strength of a talent confined wholly to church affairs. Each of these shines in a sphere of his own, but Cœnus in all. Nothing ridiculous or ridiculeable escapes him; no man knows so well, on what part of a person, an action, a character, an imputative absurdity may be fastened. Other wits spare their own foibles in the rest of mankind, and always point their satire outward. But Cœnus makes no more difficulty of laughing at his own follies, than at the burlesque pictures that hang on the walls of his stair-case. Void of shame himself, he lets you see he feels not yours. He will even do a silly thing for an introduction to his saying a witty one. He will participate as freely in the mirth of his company as in the wine, when both are at his own expense. Who shall furnish the occasion of a laugh, he cares not, if he supplies the jest. A young cat that plays with every thing in its way, often with its own tail, is the emblem of Cœnus.

186. It is nothing but the selfishness of an honest man which costs him liberty or his life, when accusation throws him into a jail, or murder into a grave; for had he been less tenacious of his pelf, the villain or the robber need not to have been obliged to use him so ill. It is hard, that people will not part with their substance by the milder methods of cheating and lawsuits, but must have it wrung from them by poison or a pistol. Could the villanous part of mankind, thoroughly and lastingly associate, no honest man would ever be worth a groat. But while villain preys

on villain, and neither can have all, the honest picks up a little of his own, which drops between, and runs off with it. Two villains combined, like a pair of shears, cut every thing between, till they meet and cut each other, to an incapacity of doing farther mischief. It is our happiness, that a knave working by himself, can work but slowly, and joined with another, may be soon detected.

187. Those communities, such as the empire of China, wherein honour and deference are made to wait on office, are in a fairer way to be happy, than where family is permitted to detach them from power, and often to turn them against it. Wealth and honour, separated from civil authority, are the wens of a body politic, which detain a part of its substance and strength from the due course of circulation, whereby alone the health and vigour of the whole can be rightly promoted and supported. Were figure attached solely to civil power, it would not run down, as it does among us from the king to the peasant, and from the queen to the kitchen-wench, in a channel of expense and folly, so universally ruinous. A poor creature aiming at the splendour of others, much better fortuned, is like an apple-tree which planted among elms raised its head as high as they, but with a stem too small and feeble to keep it up to the years of maturity. Were there no such thing as nobility or gentry among us, this senseless, this ridiculous, this miserable emulation would be unknown and unfelt; we should have no lords nor ladies in miniature, no splendid beggars, no raggamuffin gentry. No attempts to pay the debts of pride by revolutions, no market of votes, of interest, of oaths, to support the dignity of a family, despicable for every other vice, as well as those sorts of prostitution.

188. God speaks to all men in that language which is gone out into all lands, and thereby proclaims himself, and the origin of all things, so clearly and loudly, that all that are disposed to listen and learn, may attain to a knowledge of him, themselves, and the world he hath created for them. The creation speaks of God, but men have not learnt its language, and unless God will speak to them in their own, he is not to be understood. Just so it is between men and dogs peculiarly; to be understood by that species, we

must not talk to them in our language, but in one more particularly canine.

189. He who reads a great deal, without interposing the proper reflections and meditations, deals by his mind, as he does by his wall, when he daubs the plaster on too thick. Though here and there a patch may stick, the greater part drops off, and leaves the building more disfigured for that which remains.

190. Worldly good things are dispersed among mankind like snow on the side of a steep mountain, with somewhat not far removed from equality. Some places can better retain it than others, while clotted masses rolling down from above, gather size and weight by oppressing all, over which they come.

191. To contrive a constitution politic, so as that it may last for a long time, and impart peace and happiness to its members, all possible care must be taken to prevent competition and usurpation. For this purpose three things should be done; first, to render the constituent parts so mutually dependent on one another, that they cannot subsist asunder, or in a state of opposition, like heat and moisture in the natural body, whereof if you take away one you destroy the other, for you destroy the whole. Secondly, there should be as few motives left to ambition as possible; little wealth and no precedency, but that which is annexed to constitutional place and power. Lastly, but principally, a religion most capable of standing the test of reason, and of carrying the affections from worldly to higher things, ought to be embraced, established, and inculcated with all possible care on the minds of all, that they who rule, may do it as men who know they are to account to God for their administration; and that they who obey, may do it not for wrath, but conscience' sake. No taste can subsist but by religion, nor was any ever ruined, but by the want of it.

192. When two go hand in hand, if one slips the other can keep him up. It will be a rare chance, if both fall together; but then indeed they fall with the greater weight. When two wrestle, they strive to fling each other, and though both must fall, each is satisfied, if he can get the other undermost. When two run, each exerts himself to be

foremost, and uses not only his agility, but sometimes his skill in tripping. Married people had better walk than run, and run than wrestle.

193. If a husband and wife be one, they carry no yoke, for coupling is only applicable to two. But if they are not one, then their vow is a yoke, under which it will be better to go quietly, for fear of galling; and the way to go quietly is to go close, to direct their faces to the same point, and so to admeasure their steps as to advance an equal pace, and stop at once. If the point and pace cannot be chosen by consultation, which is the best way, authority must decide. God hath affixed authority to strength, so that the party which resists superior strength and authority too, is likely to come by the worse.

194. The gifts of nature are so much to the good, and easier kept than those of our own acquisition. Could a man make himself exactly to his wish, he would, I doubt not, be more liberal to himself in these gifts, I mean, according to his idea of excellence, than nature hath been. But though we cannot bestow this primary, we may a secondary nature, on ourselves, by habits which it is pretty much in our own power to choose. We cannot make the mind itself, but we can make it liberal or narrow, free or slavish, polite or brutish, generous or base. We can accustom it to great or mean objects; to wise or foolish, good or evil pursuits, and point its inclinations and aversions, which way we think fit. Nature may lean a little more to one side than another, but is pliable. We are born but men, and are afterward made, in a great measure, at our own election, great or little, good or bad men, by habituating ourselves to the company, the conversation, the manner of life, and course of action, which we like best. Custom brays us in its mortar; and makes us over again; but so far as we choose our customs, we may be said to dig ourselves out of nature's quarry, one for a gravel-stone, another for a brilliant, at our own discretion.

195. There cannot be a more foolish nor atheistical question put (I mean in the sense of the proposers) than this, which shallow minds are often heard to urge, namely, When mankind fell into a state of corruption and misery, why did not God destroy the sinful race, create a new one,

and so alter the world, as to prevent a second defection? In another sense, this hath been actually done, so far as was consistent with the wisdom and majesty of God, and the freedom of that creature for whom the world was made. He understands not the language of our divine religion, who knows not, that the old man dies, and a new man is born or created in every true Christian; nor does he at all conceive in what sense it is that Christ saith, immediately on his rising from the dead, 'Behold I make all things new.' The Christian is a new man, and lives on a new earth, and under a new heaven. To him they are truly such, for they no longer tempt him to idolatry and wickedness, but prompt him to gratitude, and the love of God. If the human race hath not been wholly expunged out of the creation, it hath been once almost totally destroyed for sin by a universal deluge; in which the globe itself is, with good reason, believed to have suffered a great change. The laws impressed on its nature have been frequently reversed, suspended, or overpowered by its Maker, for the demonstration of true religion, and for the reformation of mankind. The time also approaches when it shall be consumed with fire. So far the querist hath had, or shall have, his wish. But let him take care that he perish not in a worse wreck, than that of annihilation. It is owing purely to God's wisdom and goodness that no greater devastation hath been made, that we exist, and may be for ever happy. Surely we have reason to bless God for our being, for our lives, and for the world, on which we subsist in a far better manner than we deserve.

END OF VOL. V.

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